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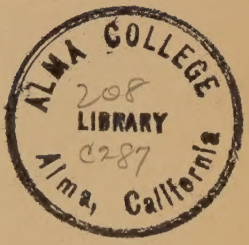

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Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?

A Short Account of the Historical Evidence for St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy.

BY

C. F. B. ALLNATT.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

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ST. JEROME (A.D. 393):—"Simon Peter, ... Prince of the Apostles, after his Episcopacy over the Church of Antioch, and after preaching to those dispersed of the Circumcision, who had believed, in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, goes to ROME in the second year of Claudius, to defeat Simon Magus, and THERE HE HELD THE EPISCOPAL CHAIR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, down to the last year of Nero, that is the fourteenth. Under whom he also suffered martyrdom, being crucified with his head downwards. . . . He was buried at Rome on the Vatican Hill, near the Triumphal Way, and is honoured with the veneration of the whole city" (*De Vir. Illust.* c. i.).

ST. HEGESIPPUS (A.D. 165) and ST. EPIPHANIUS (A.D. 315):—"The succession of the Bishops of Rome was in the following order: Peter and Paul, Linus and Cletus, Clement, Evaristus," &c. (*Epiphan. Adv. Hær.* 27.)

St. Peter in Rome.

"I am held in the communion of the Catholic Church by . . . the succession of Prelates from the very Chair of the Apostle Peter. . . For if the order of Bishops succeeding to one another is to be considered, how much more surely and really beneficially do we reckon from Peter himself. . . For to Peter succeeded Linus," &c. ST. AUGUSTINE, *Cont. Epist. Manich.* n. 5; *et Epist.* liii. *Generoso*, n. 2.

Was St. Peter ever in Rome? Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?

Both these questions have been confidently answered in the negative by the great bulk of Protestant writers since the time of Calvin; and even in these days Dr. Littledale does not scruple to declare (*Plain Reasons*, No. xi.) that "It is little more than a *guess*—though no doubt one with much in its favour—that St. Peter was ever in Rome at all; it is only a *guess* that he was ever Bishop of Rome, and for this there is very little evidence of any kind. The *only* ante-Nicene testimony which expressly assigns the See of Rome to St. Peter is the apocryphal 'Clementine Homilies,' rejected by the Roman Church as a heretical forgery."

In the following pages we propose to offer some proofs, 1st, that St. Peter was really in Rome and that he died there; 2ndly, that he was truly Bishop of Rome, or (what is the same thing), that the early Bishops of Rome were universally regarded as his true successors in the Episcopate.

I. That St. Peter was really in Rome is shown by his own words in 1 St. Peter v. 13:—"*The Church which is at Babylon saluteth you;*" for that the "Babylon" here mentioned, and from which St. Peter wrote his Epistle, was in fact ROME, was not only the universal belief of the early Church, but is now acknowledged by the ablest Protestant commentators to be a truth that admits of no further controversy or doubt. We will cite in proof of this statement some passages from two recent standard Protestant

Commentaries on the New Testament—*The Speaker's Commentary*,* edited by the late Archbishop of York, and *The Bible Commentary*, edited by Dr. Ellicott, who is now Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

The Speaker's Commentary, in its note on 1 St. Peter v. 13, says:—

"We have to remark (1) that the city of Babylon at that time was *certainly* not the seat of a Christian community; (2) that no ancient record has the slightest trace of St. Peter's presence or work in Chaldæa; (3) that *all ancient authorities are unanimous* in the assertion that the later year or years of his life were passed in the West of the Roman Empire. On the other hand, Babylon was well known in Asia Minor during the lifetime of St. John *as the symbolical designation of Rome*, and, as was before pointed out, the whole phrase has a symbolical form or tone. Accordingly we find *an absolute consensus of ancient interpreters that here Babylon must be understood as equivalent to Rome.* All the persecutions then impending, in fact already in progress, came from the city which succeeded Babylon as the type and centre of anti-Christian forces. . . . We adopt without the least misgiving this explanation of the word as alone according with the mind of the Apostle and the testimony of the early Church. So also Thiersch, Ewald, and Hilgenfeld very positively."

In the "Introduction" to St. Peter's Epistle, the same writer refutes at length and with much learning the notion that the literal Babylon could have been meant; but from his long dissertation we can only select the following brief extracts:—

"In the first place, we have to encounter *the uniform, unvarying testimony of early Christian writers.* From whatever quarter their voices reach us, they affirm that Babylon is here a recognized appellation of *Rome.* . . . In fact, *no other view of the passage was entertained or suggested before Calvin*, who argued that the old tradition was connected with false notions as to the position of the Roman Church," &c. . . "The foregoing arguments [extending through

*So called because the work was first suggested by the Speaker of the House of Commons, at the time of the Colenso controversy.

several columns] seem to leave no alternative but to accept *the old unvarying testimony of the Fathers*, who must have known the sense in which the statement was understood throughout Asia Minor, that St. Peter designates ROME by the title of Babylon." The writer adds, in a note, that the presence and martyrdom of St. Peter in Rome "are maintained by [the non-Catholic writers] Credner, Bleek, Wieseler, Meyer, Hilgenfeld, Renan, Mangold, and nearly all unbiassed critics;" and, further, that Hilgenfeld, in his "Introduction to New Testament," and in an article in his *Zeitschrift*, 1877, pp, 486-508, "entirely disposes of the arguments alleged by Lipsius and other critics against the presence and martyrdom of St. Peter in Rome."

Bishop's Ellicott's *Commentary*, in its note on the text, says:—

"It may be called *the established interpretation* that the place here meant is Rome. We never hear of Peter being in the East, and the thing itself is improbable, whereas *nothing but Protestant prejudice can stand against the historical evidence that St. Peter sojourned and died in Rome.* Whatever theological consequences may follow from it, *it is as certain that St. Peter was at Rome as that St. John was at Ephesus* . . . And it seems clear that the name (Babylon) was quite intelligible to Jewish readers, for whom it was intended. The Apocalypse is not the only place where Rome is found spoken of under this title. One of the first of living Hebraists told the present writer that no Hebrew of St. Peter's day would have had need to think twice what city was meant when 'Babylon' was here mentioned. . . . Finally, as M. Renan suggests, there were reasons of prudence for not speaking too plainly about the presence of a large Christian society in Rome. The police were still more vigilant now than when St. Paul wrote in guarded language about the Roman Empire to the Thessalonians. It might provoke hostilities if the Epistle fell into the hands of an informer, with names and places too clearly given."

In the "Introduction" to the Epistle it is further said:—"Were it not for the abuse made of the fact by the supporters of the Papacy, no one would ever have questioned

the universal and well authenticated tradition which affirms that St. Peter was, along with St. Paul, co-founder of the Church of Rome. The whole subject has, of late years, been sifted to the bottom by various German and other writers . . . Though every conceivable difference may be found between these authors respecting the dates and duration of St. Peter's sojourn at Rome, very few are so hardily sceptical as to reject altogether *evidence as strong, early, and wide as that on which we believe that Hannibal invaded Italy*," &c.

Regarding the "geographical objection," which such writers as Dr. Littledale (in the "Additions and Corrections" to his *Plain Reasons*, ed. 1881, p. xviii.), and Dr. Maguire (*St. Peter non-Roman*, p. 70), have deduced from the order in which St. Peter enumerates the provinces in 1 St. Peter i. 1, Dr. Farrar (another well-known Protestant author) declares:—"This is an argument which *will not bear a moment's consideration*" (*Early Days of Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 515); and the *Speaker's Commentary* shows that "on close examination the argument *tells in the opposite direction*." Dr. Farrar concludes:—"I strongly incline to the belief that by Babylon the Apostle intended to indicate Rome. *So the Fathers unanimously*" (*Early Days*, &c., ii. p. 516). To the Protestant authorities above cited or referred to we may add Grotius, Cave, Lardner, Whitby, Macknight, Hales, Cludius, Mynster, Schaff, Neander, Steiger, De Wette, Wieseler, and Lightfoot.

II. A second proof is derived from our Lord's words to St. Peter in *St. John* xxi. 18, in which he prophetically announced to him the time and manner of his martyrdom. For if St. Peter "glorified God" by his death through crucifixion, the *place* where he did so must have been perfectly well known in the early Church. But no other place than *Rome* was ever mentioned or thought of by any ancient Christian writer as the scene of St. Peter's martyrdom. Pope Clement I., in his Epistle to the Corinthians, A.D. 96, evidently alludes to St. Peter's sufferings in Rome as an event too recent and too notorious to require from him any special mention or details (see Lardner's *Hist. of the Apost. and Evang.* ch. xviii., and Bishop Pearson's *De Success. Rom. Epis.* diss. i. c. 8, § 9). Dr. Lardner

elsewhere remarks that "The martyrdom *of Paul* at Rome *rests on no other nor better evidence* than the martyrdom of Peter in the same city" (*Ib.* ch. xii. § 10); and that standard Protestant work, Smith and Cheetham's *Dict. of Christian Antiquities*, observes further that "As no tradition ever assigned any other place than Rome as the scene of St. Peter's martyrdom, every allusion to that event is also an indirect confirmation of his visit to the capital" (vol. ii. p. 1658).

III. Our third argument is drawn from the fact that *St. Paul* had not been in Rome before he wrote his Epistle to the Church there established (see *Rom.* i. 10—13; xv. 22, 23). By whom, then, had that Church been founded—a Church so well ordered and renowned that, as he elsewhere declares, its "*faith was spoken of throughout the whole world*" (*Rom.* i. 8); it was "*full of goodness, filled with all knowledge*" (xv. 14); and "*its obedience had come abroad unto all men*" (xvi. 19)? Evidently by ST. PETER; for the records of antiquity point to *no other* founders and teachers of the Roman Church but St. Peter and St. Paul. On this subject the reader will do well to consult Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the Church*, 2nd ed. pp. 94—96.

IV. A fourth proof may be deduced from the connection between St. Peter and the Evangelist St. Mark, whose Gospel, says the Protestant Canon Westcott, "was by the universal voice of antiquity referred to the authority *of St. Peter*" (*Canon of the New Testament*, 3rd ed. p. 103). "It was universally believed in the ancient Church," says Dean Alford, "that Mark's Gospel was *written under the influence and almost the dictation of Peter*" (*Greek Test.* vol. i. proleg. ch. ii.). Dr. Lardner cites PAPIAS (A.D. 116), IRENÆUS (A.D. 178), CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA (A.D. 194), TERTULLIAN (A.D. 200), ORIGEN, EUSEBIUS, ATHANASIUS, EPIPHANIUS, GREGORY NAZIANZEN, EBEDJESU, JEROME, CHRYSOSTOM, AUGUSTINE, VICTOR, COSMAS OF ALEXANDRIA, ISIDORE OF SEVILLE, ŒCUMENIUS, THEOPHYLACT, EUTHYMIUS, EUTYCHIUS OF ALEXANDRIA, and adds:—"The *general account* of the above-named writers is, that Mark wrote his Gospel AT ROME. In this there is a remarkable agreement, with a very few exceptions. Chrysostom, indeed, speaks of its being writ in Egypt, but he is almost

singular. That it was writ at Rome, or in Italy, is said not only by Epiphanius, Jerome, Gregory Nazianzen, Victor and divers others, but the Egyptian writers all along say the same thing, that it was writ by Mark *at Rome, in the company of the Apostle Peter.* So say Clement of Alexandria, Athanasius, Cosmas, and Eutychius, all of Alexandria; Ebedjesu, likewise, in his catalogue of Syrian writings, says that Mark wrote at Rome. And the Latin author of the Commentary upon St. Mark's Gospel says that it was writ in Italy" (*Hist. of Apost. and Evang.* ch. vii.).

V. The fifth and last proof that need here be adduced to show that St. Peter really taught and died in Rome, is derived from the unanimous testimony of the early Fathers and historians of the Christian Church. As their statements, if given *in extenso*, would fill many pages, and as they may be seen in the works of two well-known Protestant writers, Dr. Cave and Dr. N. Lardner,* it will suffice to give in this tract the summaries of the evidence which these learned authors have supplied.

Dr. Cave writes:—"That Peter was at Rome, and for some time resided there, *we intrepidly affirm with the whole multitude of the ancients.* We produce witnesses altogether unexceptionable, and of the very highest antiquity—Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, a disciple of St. Peter, or at least his successor in the see of Antioch (*in Epist. ad Rom.*); Papias of Hierapolis, a hearer of John the Evangelist, or of the (contemporary) Presbyter John (ap. Euseb. *Hist. Ecc.* l. ii. c. 15); Irenæus of Lyons, a man of the Apostolic age, and disciple of St. Polycarp (*Adv. Hær.* l. iii. c. 1; c. 3); Dionysius of Corinth (ap. Euseb. l. ii. c. 15); Tertullian (*De Præscr. Hær.* c. 36; *De Bapt.* c. 4; *Scorpiace*, c. 15; *Adv. Marc.* l. iv. c. 5.); Caius, the Roman Presbyter, an ecclesiastic of great renown (ap. Euseb. l. ii. c. 25); Origen (tom. iii. *in Gen.*; ap. Euseb. l. iii. c. 1; *Conf.* l. vi. c. 14). We have in another work (*Lives of the Apostles*) vindicated the testimonies of all these writers against Spanheim's exceptions. . . After names so venerable, therefore, after monuments of antiquity so many and so illustrious,

* The early evidence is given very fully, and thoroughly elucidated and vindicated, in Fr. Livius's work, *St. Peter Bishop of Rome*, Part 1. Burns and Oates, 1888.

who will call in doubt a matter so clearly and constantly attested?" (*Script. Eccles. Hist. Liter.* Genevæ, 1720, p. 5.)

Dr. Nathaniel Lardner (an eminent Nonconformist divine of the last century), after citing numerous additional authorities,* says:—

"It is not needful to make many remarks upon this tradition. But it is easy to observe, that it is *the general, uncontradicted, disinterested* testimony of ancient writers in the several parts of the world—Greeks, Latins, Syrians. As our Lord's prediction concerning the death of St. Peter is recorded in one of the four Gospels, it is very likely that Christians would observe the accomplishment of it, which must have been in some place. And about this place there is no difference among Christian writers of ancient times. Never any other place was named besides Rome; nor did any other city ever glory in the martyrdom of Peter. There were in the second and third centuries disputes between the Bishops of Rome and other Bishops and Churches about the time of keeping Easter and about the baptism of heretics. But none denied the Bishop of Rome to have what they called the Chair of Peter.

"It is not to our honour nor our interest, either as Christians or Protestants, to deny the truth of events ascertained by early and well-attested tradition. If any make an ill use of such facts, we are not accountable for it. We are not, from a dread of such abuses, to overthrow the credit of all history, the consequence of which would be fatal" (*Hist. of the Apost. and Evang.* ch. xviii.). This work is republished in vol. ii. of Bishop Watson's *Theological Treatises.*

To these Protestant testimonies I will add only, as a fitting conclusion to this portion of the present tract, the words of Whiston, the translator of the works of Josephus. "Mr. Baratier," he says, "proves in his first chapter most thoroughly, as Bishop Pearson had done before him, that St. Peter was at Rome. This is so clear in Christian anti-

* To which may be added the *Canon Muratorianus* (A.D. 160) and Hippolytus, *Adv. Hær.* lib. vi. c. 15; also the important evidence derived from the sarcophagi, gilded glasses, &c., discovered in the Roman Catacombs (see Northcote and Brownlow's *Roma Sotterranea*), and the ancient Liturgical Offices, &c., of the Syro-Chaldaic Church (see Benni's *Tradition of the Syriac Church of Antioch*), &c., &c.

quity, that *it is a shame for any Protestant to confess that any Protestant ever denied it*" (*Memoirs*, London, 1750).

Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?

The historical evidence of this fact, derivable from extant writers and councils of the early Christian Church, is full and clear, and may be said to be simply overwhelming, as compared with that which Protestants are able to adduce from authorities of the same period in behalf of the authenticity of several books of the New Testament, which they all agree in acknowledging as inspired and canonical Scripture.

In regard, *e.g.*, to the second Epistle of St. Peter himself, Canon Westcott admits that as late as A.D. 300, "it appears to have been *almost or entirely unused and unknown*" (*Bible in the Church*, p. 134); and Dr. Farrar adds that it "is accepted as St. Peter's *mainly on the authority of the Church of the fourth century*" (*Early Days of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 176). All intelligent Protestant readers of the works just cited, or of such other recent and standard authorities as *The Speaker's Commentary*, *the Bible Commentary* edited by Dr. Ellicott, and Smith's *Dict. of the Bible*, &c., must be aware that several other books of the New Testament (*viz.*, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the 2nd and 3rd of John, the Epistles of James and Jude, and the Apocalypse) were not generally admitted into the Canon of the New Testament until after the lapse of several centuries, nor without grave doubts having been previously entertained regarding them.

In regard to St. Peter's Episcopacy in Rome, on the other hand, whilst a host of early authorities positively affirm the fact, *not one single writer* of the first five centuries (nor, indeed, until many centuries later) can be cited as having expressed the faintest doubt on the subject: heretics and schismatics, as well as Catholics, having evidently regarded the succession of the Bishops of Rome from St Peter as a matter of unimpeachable historical certainty. Of this we now offer the following proofs:—

I. In the year 451 was held the GENERAL COUNCIL OF CHALCEDON, at which were present about 630 *Eastern* Bishops,—none of whom were likely to have been ignorant

of the early traditions of their own Churches, or to have been unduly biassed in favour of those of the Latin world. Now this great Council, in its Synodical Letter to Pope LEO I., tells him that through his Legates he "had presided over them (the Bishops of the Council) as head over the members. . . . *being appointed unto all men interpreter of the voice of blessed Peter*" (Hardouin's *Concil.* tom. ii. p. 656); and previously to this, viz., in the second session of the Council, after the Tome of Pope Leo had been read, the Fathers unanimously cried out: "*Peter has spoken these things by the mouth of Leo*" (*Ibid.* p. 305). Likewise in the Third Session, the sentence against Dioscorus, which was *subscribed by all the Bishops*,* declares that, "Leo, the most holy and blessed Archbishop of elder Rome, has, by the agency of ourselves, (the Legates) and the present Synod, *in conjunction with the thrice blessed and all honoured Peter*, who is the rock and foundation of the Catholic Church, and basis of the orthodox faith, deprived him (Dioscorus) of the episcopal dignity and every priestly function" (Hardouin, p. 345).

II. Again, in the GENERAL COUNCIL OF EPHESUS, held A.D. 431, and composed of about two hundred Eastern Bishops, Pope CELESTINE is expressly called "*the successor in order and place holder of the Blessed Peter . . . . who even until now, and always, lives and exercises judgement in his successors*" (*Act.* iii. Hard. tom. i. p. 1477); whilst in another Session the Pope is termed "*the Bishop of the Apostolic See*," and the Legate Philip tells the assembled Fathers that "by their holy acclamations they had united themselves as holy members to *that holy Head* (*Celestine*). For," he continues, "your Blessedness is not ignorant the blessed *Peter is the Head* of all the Faith, yea, and of the Apostles" (*Act.* ii. Hard. pp. 1465, 1471).

Now is it likely that these great Councils of the East would have thus distinctly acknowledged the authority of the Pope as St. Peter's successor; or that the heresiarchs Dioscorus and Nestorius, with their numerous sympathisers, would have tacitly and quietly submitted to the sentence of condemnation and deposition pronounced against them by

* "*The unanimous Council subscribes the judgement.*"—Milman's *Hist. of Latin Christianity*, Book ii. ch. 4.

the Popes—pronounced, observe, by the latter *on the ground that they were successors of St. Peter;* had not the fact of St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy been *universally* regarded in those days as a matter that admitted of no possible question or dispute?

III. The Acts of the FIRST COUNCIL OF NICE, held A.D. 325, have been lost (see Bishop Hefele's *Hist. of the Christian Councils*, English translation, vol. i. pp. 262, seq., 2nd ed. Clark, Edinburgh, 1883); but the COUNCIL OF SARDICA, held in 342, and commonly regarded as a continuation of that of Nice (St. Athanasius says that its decrees were subscribed or agreed to by more than three hundred Bishops) "*honours the memory of the Apostle Peter*" by its decrees respecting Appeals from all the provinces "*to the Head—i.e. to the See of the Apostle Peter*" (*Can.* iii. *et Epist. Synod. ad Julium.* Hard. tom. 1).

IV. The still earlier COUNCIL OF ARLES, (A.D. 314), at which several British Bishops were present, in its Synodical Epistle to Pope Sylvester, calls Rome "*the place in which the Apostles* (*Peter and Paul*) *continually sit in judgement*, and their blood without ceasing witnesses to the glory of God" (*Epist. Syn. ad Syl.* Hard. tom. 1).

V. As no Protestant, fairly well-informed and honest, will venture to deny that St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy was asserted, as having always been a public and notorious fact, by the Greek and Latin Fathers who flourished during the latter half of the fourth century,* I will only cite here the words of ST. OPTATUS, Bishop of Milevis in Africa, who, writing about A.D. 375 against the Donatist Parmenian, says: "*You cannot pretend to be ignorant* (*negare non potes scire te*) that the Episcopal Chair was first *established by Peter in* the City of Rome: *in which Chair sat Peter—Head of all the Apostles. . . . Peter therefore first filled that pre-eminent Chair*, which is the first of the marks of the Church." And again:—"If Macrobius be asked in what Chair he sits in Rome, can he answer, *In the Chair of Peter?*" (*De Schism. Donat.* lib. ii. c. 2, 3, 4.)

* The testimonies of these Fathers, viz., SS. JULIUS, DAMASUS, OPTATUS, EPIPHANIUS, AMBROSE, SIRICIUS, JEROME, AUGUSTINE, CHRYSOSTOM, &c., may be seen in my work entitled *Cathedra Petri*, 3rd editon, Burns and Oates, London, 1883.

VI. EUSEBIUS, the Greek historian of the Church, wrote for the most part about the year 315, and is therefore to be regarded as an *ante-Nicene* witness.* This learned

* Dr. Littledale, in his *Petrine Claims*, p. 181, shows himself very anxious to weaken the authority and credibility of Eusebius. Having set down the date of his testimony as "about 338,"—that is to say, 23 years later than the time when he is known to have completed the first nine Books of his *History* (see Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literat.* ii. p. 323), he proceeds to describe him as "a singularly untrustworthy writer, who may be compared to Burnet for habitual and even wilful inaccuracy," &c.

To this shamefully false statement I oppose the account given of the historian and his works by the learned Anglican writer, Bp. Lightfoot, in his article in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary*—above referred to—and in his Answer to the author of *Supernatural Religion*.

The value of Eusebius's testimony as a historian can be duly estimated by those only who consider the vast number of early Christian works—long lost—to which he had access, and of which he availed himself when writing his *History* and *Chronicle*. "To Eusebius," says Dr. Lightfoot, "we are indebted for almost all that we know of the lost ecclesiastical literature of the 2nd century. This literature was very considerable." (*Essays on the work entitled Supernatural Religion*, 1889, p. 32. See also pp. 47, 49, 50, 192, 209). And again:—"Pamphilus had gathered about him a collection of books which seems to have been unrivalled in Christian circles, and which, supplemented by the excellent library of Bp. Alexander at Jerusalem (*Hist. Eccl.* vi. 20), enabled Eusebius to indulge to the full his portentous appetite for learning"—*Dict. of Christian Biog.*, i. p. 309.

In his 2nd Essay, on "The Silence of Eusebius" (regarding testimonies of the earliest Fathers to the canonicity of the four Gospels), Dr. Lightfoot, after stating at length the method pursued by Eusebius in regard to the Canon of the New Testament, remarks:—"It will have appeared from the above account, if I mistake not, that his treatment of this subject is essentially frank. There is no indication of a desire to make out a case for those writings which he and his contempories received as Canonical, against those which they rejected," (Essays, p. 47). And again:—"*In no instance which we can test does Eusebius give a doubtful testimony*" (p. 49). "In these references to early writers relating to the Canon, Eusebius (when we are able to test him) *never overstates the case*" (p. 50).

"The important fact is that *Eusebius may always be trusted* in these notices relating to the use made of the Canonical Scriptures by early writers" (p. 192). (*Essays on the Work entitled Supernatural Religion*, 1889: italics in the second and third passages are Dr. Lightfoot's). "I do not join in the vulgar outcry against the dishonesty of Eusebius. Whenever I have been able to investigate this charge, I have found it baseless" (p. 209).

writer, in his *Chronicle*—preserved not only in the Latin version of St. Jerome, but also in an Armenian version of the fifth century, and in early Syriac translations (See Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Ch. Biog. and Literat.*, vol. ii. pp. 352-354, and Bp. Lightfoot's *Apost. Fathers*, part i., 2nd ed. c. i. (1890), vol. i. pp. 208, 213, *seq.*, 221, 241)—states that "Peter the Apostle, the first Pontiff of the Christians, when he had first founded the Church at Antioch, proceeds to *Rome*, where, preaching the Gospel, *he continues for twenty-five years Bishop of that city*" (*Chron. ad ann.* 44). Again, both in his *Chronicle* (*ad ann.* 66, Op. ed. Migne, i. p. 544), and in his *Ecclesiastical History* (lib. iii. c. 4), he states that "Linus was *the first after Peter* that obtained the Episcopate of the Church of the Romans." Pope Alexander is elsewhere mentioned by him as "the fifth *in succession from Peter and Paul*" (*Hist. Eccl.* lib. iv. c. 1), and Pope Victor as "the thirteenth Bishop of Rome *from Peter*" (*Hist. Eccl*, lib. v. c. 28).

VII. Going back nearly three quarters of a century, we find St. Cyprian (A.D. 250) calling Rome "*the Chair of Peter* and the ruling Church, whence the Unity of the Priesthood has its source"—*Cathedram Petri et ecclesiam principalem, unde unitas sacerdotalis exorta est*—(*Epist.* lv. *ad Cornel.* ed. Baluz), and in another epistle remarking that "Cornelius was chosen Bishop (of Rome) when the place of Fabian, *i.e.*, *the place of Peter*, and the grade of the Sacerdotal Chair was vacant." (*Epist.* lii. *ad Antonian.*)

VIII. Firmilian, Bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, in a letter that he wrote to St. Cyprian regarding what he considered the uncalled-for interference of Pope Stephen in the controversy about the re-baptism of converted heretics, says of that Pope: "He prides himself on the place of his Episcopate, and contends that he *holds the succession of Peter*, upon whom the foundations of the Church were laid. . . . Stephen, who proclaims that he *occupies by succession the Chair of Peter*, is moved by no zeal against the heretics" (*Ep.* lxxv. *inter Epist. Cyp.*).

Now it is very remarkable that, although Firmilian in this letter declaims in a most violent and passionate

manner against the action of Pope Stephen in the particular matter in dispute* (which action he regarded as arbitrary and offensive in the extreme), he does not for a moment venture to call his authority in question by *denying* that he "held the succession of Peter" or "occupied the Chair of Peter by succession:"—which silence on Firmilian's part can only be accounted for on the supposition that he knew the Pope's succession from St. Peter to be a fact undisputed and indisputable. Accordingly, the late Dean Milman does not hesitate to admit that "the succession of the Bishops of Rome from St. Peter was now, near two hundred years after his death, *an accredited tradition*" (*Hist. of Latin Christ.* Book i. c. i.); and that "before the end of the third century, the lineal descent of Rome's Bishops from St. Peter was *unhesitatingly claimed and obsequiously admitted by the Christian world*" (*Hist. of Early Christianity*, v. iii. p. 370, ed. 1840).

IX. St. Hippolytus, A.D. 225, in that portion of his *Chronicle* from which the first part of the *Liberian Catalogue* (A.D. 354) of the Popes was derived—as was first proved by the Protestant Mommsen, and is now acknowledged by Lipsius, Salmon, Plummer, Bp. Lightfoot, and other Protestant writers,—"*counts Peter as first Bishop of Rome*" † (see *Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literat.* vol. i. pp. 507, 555, 577); and it was either this same Hippolytus, or, as Pearson, Cave, Jacobson, and other Anglican

* Regarding the controversy referred to, Dr. Benson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, says: "Stephen's triumph without a Council, against remonstrances from the East, and hindered by his own pretentiousness, and uncharitableness, was great. *It was deserved also, for Rome represented freedom, comprehensiveness, and safe latitude.* . . . Augustine developed the categorical answer to each separate argument of Cyprian and his bishops, *but the true solution was applied at once by Stephen*" (*Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literat.* v. i. p. 752).

† Salmon, Plummer (Append. A. to his translation of Döllinger's *Hippol. and Callist.*), and others quietly assume that Hippolytus counted St. Peter as Bishop of Rome on the authority of the letter of Clement to St. James in the pseudo-Clementine Homily,—ignoring the fact that the latter represents St. Peter as assigning his "Chair of Teaching" directly to Clement; whereas Hippolytus reckons Linus as St. Peter's first Successor. See Lightfoot's *Apostolic Fathers*, Part I. (St. Clement of Rome) 2nd ed. (1890) vol. i. pp. 253, 261, *seq.*

writers maintain,* the Roman priest CAIUS (A.D. 214), who in a passage cited by Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* v. 28), speaks of "Victor, who was the thirteenth Bishop of Rome *from Peter.*" †

X. TERTULLIAN, the earliest Father of the Latin Church, says:—"The Church of the Romans recounts that *Clement was ordained by Peter*" (*Præscr. adv. Hær.* c. 32), *i.e.*, as one of his coadjutors, *cum jure successionis*; for as he (or some other early writer) ‡ elsewhere says:—

> . . . "The *first*
> Whom PETER bade to take his place and sit
> *Upon this Chair in mightiest Rome where he*
> *Himself had sat*, was LINUS, great, elect,
> And by the mass approved. And after him
> CLETUS himself the fold's flock undertook:
> As his disciple ANACLETUS was
> By lot located. CLEMENT follows him;
> Well known was he to Apostolic men," &c.§

In another passage of the first-named work, Tertullian says:—"Run through the Apostolic Churches, *in which the very chairs* [episcopal thrones] *of the Apostles to this very day stand aloft in their own places*; in which their own authentic letters are read," &c. . . . "That Church of Rome how happy! into which the Apostles poured out all their doctrine with their blood; where Peter had a like passion with his Lord; where Paul is crowned with an end like that of John the Baptist" (*Præscr. adv. Hær.* c. 36).

* Dr. Salmon, of Trin. Coll., Dublin, writes: "Internal evidence shows the work to belong to the beginning of the 3rd century, and it has been ascribed both to Caius and Hippolytus; but the greater weight of critical authority, and in my opinion, also far the greater weight of evidence, is in favour of its ascription to Caius" (*Introduction to New Testament*, 1885, p. 66).

† Victor could only have been "13th Bishop of Rome," by reckoning Cletus and Anacletus as one and the same person.

‡ The work is ascribed to TERTULLIAN by Fabricius; also by Pamelius and Bishop Bull. It is more commonly ascribed to VICTORINUS, who was martyred A.D. 303. Northcote and Brownlow, following De Rossi, state that the poem against Marcion, "from internal evidence, clearly belongs to the third century" (*Rom. Sotteran.* v. i. p. 421, ed. 1879).

§ *Carm. adv. Marc.* l. iii. c. 8, v. 356, seq. English translation in Clark's *Ante-Nicene Christ. Lib.* vol. xviii.

In a work written after he had fallen into the Montanist heresy, Tertullian thus attacks the Pope (Zephyrinus) and Church, whose communion he had abandoned, "I hear that there has been an edict sent forth, and a peremptory one too. *The Sovereign Pontiff—that is, the Bishop of Bishops*—issues an edict:—'I remit, to such as have done penance, the sins both of adultery and fornication.' . . . But it is in *the Church* that this edict is read, and in *the Church* that it is pronounced; and [the Church] is a virgin . . . . But thou [the Pope] sayest, 'The Church has the power of forgiving sins.'. . . I now ask, concerning thy opinion, whence wilt thou assume this right to the Church? *If because the Lord may have said to Peter*, 'Upon this rock I will build My Church, to thee will I give the keys,' &c., *thou presumest that the power of binding and loosing has been given to thee also—that is, to all the Church allied to Peter* (ad omnem ecclesiam Petri propinquam), who art thou, overthrowing and changing the Lord's manifest intention, which confers this *on Peter personally?* 'Upon *thee*,' He says, 'I will build my Church,' and 'to *thee* will I give the keys,' &c." (*De Pudic.* c. i., xxi.).

In reference to the above passage Mr. George Stanley Faber in his *Difficulties of Romanism* (3rd. ed. p. 221) writes as follows:—

"Towards the close of the second century or at the beginning of the third, the Roman Bishop asserted his right to a Dominant Supremacy in the Church (so early did this vain figment begin to blossom), *on the plea that he was the successor of the Universal Monarch St. Peter.* Upon this Tertullian plainly told him that he was a usurper, stating at the same time very distinctly that whatever preëminence or privilege Christ might be supposed to have granted to Peter, he granted it to Peter *personally*, and not to any of *his pretended successors in the Primacy.*"

But Tertullian's language goes to prove, not only that the Pope had claimed and exercised certain powers and prerogatives over the whole Church in virtue of his succession from St. Peter, but that these powers and prerogatives were by *the Church itself* in those old times fully acknowledged and recognized.

"The value of Tertullian's writings," says the Protestant Bp. Kaye, "arises in a great measure from his errors. When he became a Montanist, he set himself to expose what he deemed faulty in the practice and discipline of the Church. Thus we are told indirectly what that practice and that discipline were; and we obtain information which, but for his secession from the Church, his works would scarcely have supplied" (*Eccl. Hist. of the second and third Cent.* c. i.).

In the present case, Tertullian was not attacking "Papal Claims" only, but the doctrine and discipline of the whole Christian Church. "He denies," says the Protestant Canon Robertson, "that *the Church* can remit deadly sins after baptism, but asserts the power for *the prophets of his own sect*" (*Hist. of the Church*, book i. c. v.). He himself, moreover, is far from *denying* that St. Peter had been the Pope's predecessor in the Roman Episcopate; and could he have failed, we may ask, *thus* to attack the *ground-work* of the Papal pretentions, had he found it in his power to do so?

XI. St. Irenæus,* Bishop of Lyons (A.D. 178), in a celebrated passage of his great work against heresies, declares that in order to refute them all, he could recount the successions of Bishops in all the Churches of the world, and show that none of them had taught the doctrines of the said heretics; but, as this would be too great an undertaking, he will confine himself to the succession of Bishops in "that greatest, most ancient, and illustrious Church—the one founded and constituted at Rome by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul." For inasmuch as "it is necessary that *every* Church, that is, the faithful everywhere dispersed, should agree [or be in communion] with this Church of Rome, on account of her superior Headship; and because through communion with this Church [of Rome] that tradition which is from the Apostles has always been preserved by the faithful everywhere dispersed;—therefore, by pointing out the tradition which *that* Church derives from the Apostles,

* On the vast importance of Irenæus' testimony, see Lightfoot's *Essays on 'Supernatural Religion,'* pp. 265—271. He is the main witness of the two first centuries to the genuineness and correctness of the Four Gospels.

and that faith—announced to all men—which has come down to us through the succession of her Bishops, we confound all those who in any way, whether through caprice or vainglory or blindness or perverse opinion, gather [assemble] otherwise than as behoveth them."*

Irenæus then continues: "The blessed Apostles therefore, having founded and built up that Church, committed [or transmitted]† the office of the Episcopate to LINUS . . . . To him succeeded ANACLETUS, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles,‡ to CLEMENT is

* For a fuller discussion of this passage, with the context, see *Cathedra Petri*, 3rd ed. pp. 54, 71, 91—97 (Burns and Oates, London, 1883).

† The Greek word is ἐνεχείρισαν; Vers. Lat. "tradiderunt." According to Schrevelius's Greek Lexicon (Major's Edit.), ἐγχειρίζω signifies "to deliver up" (an office), as well as to "commit or entrust;" and therefore the word in the text is best represented by the Protestant Prof. Cruse's rendering (in Bohn's *Eusebius*)—"transmitted." This rendering is fully justified by the fact that Irenæus was professedly speaking of Bishops "whom the Apostles had left *as their successors* (in the Churches), *delivering unto them their own post of government*." Eusebius, who had the whole Greek text of Irenæus before him, distinctly asserts that it was "*after the death*" of Peter and Paul that Linus became Bishop of Rome (*Hist. Eccl.* iii. 2, 4), though probably he had long before been ordained a *Coadjutor* Bishop, *cum jure successionis*.

‡ It will be observed that in this catalogue of Roman Bishops, IRENÆUS counts Linus as "*first*," and the others in their order, "*from the Apostles;*" from which circumstance Dr. Littledale and other Protestant writers argue that he *excluded* the Apostles themselves, and could not, therefore, have counted St. Peter as first Bishop. But it should be remarked, that whilst in the passage above referred to Hyginus is reckoned as "the *eighth* from the Apostles" (Peter and Paul), and Linus therefore as "the first *from or after* them" (just as one might call William Rufus "the first" Norman King of England *from or after* the Conqueror), in two other passages of his work (ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* iv. 11) Hyginus is called "the *ninth* in the succession," St. Peter himself being evidently counted as the *first*. EUSEBIUS, also, sometimes counts the Bishops of Rome "from the Apostles" (l. iv. 5; v. 6), and seems, along with several other early writers, to have regarded St. Paul as St. Peter's coadjutor in Rome (the latter Apostle retaining the special local charge of the converts from Judaism; whilst St. Paul devoted himself to the Gentile Christians), and so reckoned the Bishops of Rome as the successors of both. Thus in l. iv. c. 1, he speaks of the fifth Bishop "*in succession from Peter and Paul.*" St. ANATOLIUS also, A.D. 276, calls them "*the successors of Peter and Paul*" (*Canon Paschal.* n. 10), and EPIPHANIUS says expressly that "*Peter and Paul*

allotted the Episcopacy." He gives the whole succession down to ELEUTHERIUS (who "now, in the twelfth place, holds the inheritance of the Episcopate from the Apostles"), and concludes: "By this same order, and by this same succession [of Bishops] both that tradition which is in the Church from the Apostles and the preaching of truth have come down to us; and this is a most full demonstration that it is one and the same life-giving faith which is preserved in the Church from the Apostles and handed down in truth" (*Adv. Hær.* lib. iii. c. 3).

In this passage, Irenæus, who is professedly speaking of Bishops "whom the Apostles *left as their successors* in the Churches, *delivering to them their own post of government*" (*quos et successores relinquebant, suum ipsorum locum magisterii tradentes*), appeals to the succession of the Roman Bishops as affording a conclusive and irrefragable argument (*plenissima ostensio*) against all the heretics of his time. Now, had these latter been able to cast any doubt on St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy, or to call in question the orderly and unbroken succession of Rome's Bishops from him, the whole argument of Irenæus would have collapsed at once! The same remark applies to those passages in later Fathers—*e.g.*, Optatus, Augustine, Epiphanius—in which they appeal to the succession of the Roman Bishops from St. Peter, as affording an invincible argument against the heretics and schismatics of their day.

XII. It was during this period, viz., in A.D. 190, that Pope VICTOR threatened to excommunicate the whole of the Churches in Asia Minor because of their non-compliance with the Roman Church as to the time of keeping Easter, and it was chiefly through the pacific remonstrances of St. Irenæus ("who becomingly exhorted him," says Eusebius, "not to cut off whole Churches of God, which observed the tradition of an ancient custom," *Hist. Eccl.* v. 24) that the Pope was deterred from carrying out so

were the first Bishops of Rome (*Adv. Hær.* 27). Rome was, however, always called "the Chair of Peter," never the Chair of Paul. It may be added, that when Eusebius called Linus "the first *after Peter*," he means just the same as when he says that in the see of Alexandria Annianus was "the first *after Mark*;" which he explains by saying that he "*succeeded* the Apostle and Evangelist Mark in the administration" of that see (*Hist. Eccl.* l. ii. c. 24).

severe a measure. Be it remarked, that the Pope's *authority* to interfere in the affairs of the Eastern Churches, and even to excommunicate them, as well as their Bishops, on just occasion, was not called in question even by those most interested in denying it; and it is clear that his threat, in the present instance, was not looked upon as an idle waste of words, or an insolent assumption of power; but that every effort was made by argument, remonstrance and entreaty, to avert its execution. Now it can need no words to prove that the extraordinary power and authority which the Pope then claimed and exercised, could have been based on nothing else than the fact of his succession from St. Peter, and the supremacy by Divine right which accrued to him therefrom. It was in reference to this affair and the controversy with St. Cyprian, that that learned Protestant, Dr. Lardner, said: "There were in the second and third centuries disputes between the Bishop of Rome and other Bishops and Churches about the time of keeping Easter, and about the baptism of heretics. *Yet none denied the Bishop of Rome to have what they called the Chair of Peter*" (see p. 9 of this tract). Neander, the Protestant Church historian, also says, in reference to these disputes: "Very early indeed do we observe in the Roman Bishops traces of the assumption that to them, *as successors of St. Peter*, belonged a paramount authority in ecclesiastical disputes; that the *Cathedra Petri*, as the source of Apostolic tradition, must take precedence of all other *Ecclesiæ Apostolicæ*," &c. (*Hist. of the Church*, Bohn's edit. vol. i. p. 298.)

XIII. St. Hegesippus, A.D. 160, says: "When I was at Rome, I compiled a succession [of Bishops in that See] to the time of Anicetus" (*ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccles.* l. iv. c. 22). "Hegesippus means that the list of Bishops compiled by him at Rome, was drawn from the authentic records of the Church there" (*Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literature*, vol. ii. p. 876). The original work of Hegesippus had been lost; but Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, has recently shown that the list of early Bishops of Rome given by St. Epiphanius in the 4th century, was derived from Hegesippus's treatise, and is in fact, the identical catalogue of Bishops which that Father compiled in the

middle of the 2nd century.* We have, then, Hegesippus, as well as Epiphanius, testifying to the fact that "In Rome *Peter and Paul were the first*, both Apostles and *Bishops*, then Linus, then Cletus, then Clement," &c. And again:—"The succession of the Bishops of Rome was in the follow-lowing order: *Peter and Paul*, Linus, Cletus, Clement, ... Anicetus" (Epiphan. *in Hær.* 27).

Dr. Lightfoot's conclusion is confirmed by the Chronicle and History of Eusebius,—who constantly made use of Hegesippus's writings, and who, as above shown, unhesitatingly declares St. Peter to have been the first Bishop of Rome; St. Paul being *sometimes* reckoned with him,—as in *Hist. Eccles.* l. iv. c. 1, where Pope Alexander is named "the fifth in succession *from Peter and Paul.*"

XIV. St. Ignatius, the 2nd Successor of St. Peter in the See of Antioch, in the Epistle that he wrote to the Roman Church, while being conveyed from Antioch to Rome for martyrdom, calls it "the Church *which presides* in the place of the country of the Romans, † all-godly, all-gracious,

* See his letter on "*The Earliest Papal Catalogue*," in *The Academy* of May 21st, 1887, and the 2nd edit (1890) of his *Apostolic Fathers*, part 1 (St. Clement of Rome), vol. 1, pp. 63. 154. 169. 202. 328—333.

† That is, as the Rev. Sydney Smith observes (*Month*, March. 1886), "in the principal city of the territory inhabited by the Romans;"—in other words, "the Church which presides in Rome;" and, as no limits are assigned, the rule is *universal*—it is *the ruling Church*. "We have yet further witness," continues Fr. Smith, "that this is the real sense. The designation 'presiding over love,' which almost immediately follows refers back to our clause. It is the Church 'which presides in love as it presides in rank.' But such a juxtaposition implies that in both terms of the comparison there is the same extension. It is the equal extension of the presidency of love with the presidency of rank or jurisdiction which is asserted. Now by the presidency in love is undoubtedly meant the great charity which the Romans were wont to show, the generous assistance they were wont to send, to the suffering Christians in every land (see Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* iv. 23). . . . The territory over which their charity reigned was the wide world. Such therefore is the asserted extension of their superiority of jurisdiction or rank. There is yet another passage towards the end of the letter which points the same way. In chap. 9, he says to the Roman Church:—'Remember in your prayers the Church in Syria, seeing that in my stead it (now) has God alone for its Bishop: only Jesus Christ and *your love* will be its Bishop.' Thus beyond the invisible rule of our Lord, only the love of the Roman Church is left on earth to exercise episcopal care over the Church at Antioch now reft of its own pastor . . . . It is

all-blessed, all-prospering, all-hallowed, and *presiding over love*," or, "*in the Covenant of Love*," or, "*over the Church*"* —προκαθημένη τῆς ἀγαπῆς.—(*Epist. ad Rom., Superscript.*)

The word "PRESIDES," which is here twice used by St. Ignatius, is worthy of special notice, inasmuch as, in all his Epistles to other Churches, the Saint does not speak of them, as "presiding," but simply as "*being*" in such and such a place—*e.g.*, "Ignatius, . . . to the Church which *is* in Ephesus;" "to the Church which *is* in Magnesia;" &c. It is evident that the "presidency" which St. Ignatius assigns to the Roman Church could have been based on nothing else than the fact of its Bishop being the successor of St. Peter—Prince of the Apostles, and head of the whole Church; and this conclusion is confirmed by two other expressions used by him in the course of his letter:—(1) "I do not issue commands to you (Romans) *like Peter and Paul;*" (2) "*You have taught others.* I would, therefore, that those things may be firmly established, *which teaching you have commanded*" (*Epist. ad Rom.* n. 3, 4).

"The former of these passages clearly attests the fact that *SS. Peter and Paul had been at Rome and had given commandments* (διετάξαντο) *to the Roman Church*" (Lightfoot, *Epistles of St. Ignatius*,† vol. ii. p. 209, note); whilst the

sometimes assumed as decisively showing that St. Ignatius had no idea of the Roman Primacy, that the subject to which all these distinctions are ascribed is the *Church*, and not the *Bishop* of Rome. But although the authority belongs formally (*formaliter*) to the Bishop, it resides radically in his Church. The Bishop is endowed with such authority, because he is Bishop of such a Church. Hence, especially in the relation of a Bishop of a primitive see with the extern Churches which fell under his jurisdiction it comes quite natural to attribute, by metonymy, the exercise of such jurisdiction to the Church rather than to the person of the Bishop" (*Month*, pp. 335-6).

* This rendering of the Greek phrase is preferred by many scholars to the one given by Fr. Sydney Smith in the previous note. See Livius's *St. Peter Bishop of Rome*, pp. 493-506; and *Dublin Review*, April 1887, pp. 392-3. Wocher, Alzog, Hergenrother, and others translate:—"*presiding in the Covenant of Love.*" Had St. Ignatius referred merely to the Roman Church's pre-eminence in charity (almsgiving, &c.), the Greek would have been ἐν ἀγάπῃ not τῆς ἀγαπῆς.

† "The back-ground of this language is the recognition of the visit of St. Peter as well as St. Paul *to Rome*, which is persistently maintained in early tradition." (*Ib.* vol. i. p. 357).

second as evidently refers to the *continuance* of a supreme teaching authority in that See, derived from the fact of the Apostolic Succession of its Bishop. See the words of St. Clement quoted below, and compare those of the Council of Arles (given in p. 12) regarding Rome—"the place in which the Apostles (Peter and Paul) *continually sit in judgement*;" also those addressed to the Council of Ephesus, in which it is said that St. Peter "even until now, and always, lives and exercises judgement *in his successors*" (see above, p. 11).

XV. Passing over what Dr. Littledale admits to be the positive declaration of the "CLEMENTINE HOMILY"—which, though not written by St. Clement, is of very high antiquity, and in the matter in question sufficiently harmonizes with the evidence above given*—it will be enough, in conclusion, to adduce the following passage from the undoubtedly genuine Epistle which that Pope wrote, A.D. 96, for the purpose of repressing the schism that had broken out in the Church of Corinth, and which in the second century was commonly read in the churches with the Canonical Scriptures. In this letter—the whole tenour of which implies an authority and right to interfere in the affairs of a foreign Church that could only have come to him as inheritor of St. Peter's supreme pastoral authority—ST. CLEMENT says:—"*If any disobey the words spoken by God through us*, let them know that they will entangle themselves in transgression and no small danger, but we shall be clear from this sin. . . . You will cause us joy and exultation if, *obeying the things written by us through the Holy Spirit*, you cut out the lawless passion of your jealousy, according to the intercession we have made for peace and concord in this letter. But we have sent faithful and discreet men . . . who shall be witnesses between us and you," &c. (*Epist.* 1 *ad Cor.*; *Patr. Apost.* ed. Funk.)

* Whether St. Peter actually used the words which the Homily puts in his mouth, and whether, if he did so, St. Clement, as Epiphanius says, afterwards resigned the episcopate in favour of Linus and Cletus, resuming it again after the death of the latter, is a matter of little importance. What is certain is, that this early writer could not have represented St. Peter as assigning his "Chair of Teaching" in Rome to St. Clement, unless he had first occupied it himself, and unless the fact of his having done so had been notorious at the time that the Homily was written.

Referring to these passages, Dr. Salmon, the Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, says:—"Very noticeable in the new part of the letter is *the tone of authority used by the Roman Church in making an unsolicited interference with the affairs of another Church*" (*Dict. of Christ. Biog.* &c., vol. i. p. 558). M. Renan has also remarked that "The high rank which Clement held in the purely spiritual hierarchy of the Church of his times, and the unequalled credit which he enjoyed, are beyond doubt. His approval was a law in itself. All parties claimed his leadership, and desired to shelter themselves beneath his authority. . . . Succeeding ages looked upon his venerable face as that of a mild and grave legislator, a perpetual homily of submission and respect. Already the idea of a certain primacy belonging to his Church was beginning to make its way to the light. The right of warning other Churches and of composing their differences was conceded to it. Similar privileges—so at least it was believed—had been accorded to Peter by the other Apostles (St. Luke xxii. 32). Thus a bond which gradually grew closer was established between Peter and Rome. . . . The Roman Church was henceforth the Church of order, of rule, and of subordination. Its fundamental principle was, that humility and submission were of far more account than the sublimest gifts. Its letter to the Corinthians is the first manifesto of the principle of authority made within the Christian Church" (*Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 124-127).

That St. Clement does not write in his own name, or expressly assert his own supreme authority, is an objection that has often been alleged by Protestant writers; but his silence regarding Papal prerogatives may be easily explained on the same ground as that of St. Ignatius of Antioch, who, when on his way to martyrdom at Rome, writes to "*the Church* which there presides," without making any direct mention of its *Bishop*. In those days of persecution, prudential reasons must naturally have hindered any mention of the Supreme Pastor in writings which might easily fall into the hands of the heathen authorities, and which, had they called the attention of the latter to the Pope's name and office, could hardly fail to cause his immediate arrest and martyrdom.

Writing a century and a half later, St. Cyprian states that the heathen Emperor Decius so dreaded the Papal name and authority that "*he would much more patiently and tolerantly learn that a new pretender to the Empire had arisen against him, than that a new Bishop was appointed in Rome*" (*Epist.* lii.). As a matter of fact nearly all the early Popes were martyred; and doubtless their pontificates would have been of even shorter duration than they actually were,* had they not maintained some prudential reserve in regard to the character of their official acts. at least in such documents as would be certain to be used against them by their persecutors.

Objections Answered.

Obj. I.—*The silence of St. Luke in the Acts, and of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans and in his other Epistles written from Rome, regarding St. Peter's work and Episcopacy in that city,*

Ans.—The simple reply to this objection is, that after St. Peter's release from prison (*Acts* xii. 17), the most ordinary prudential considerations must have hindered the Christians from allowing his movements and official acts, as Head of the whole Church, to be made known to the heathen authorities. Our Lord frequently "hid Himself" (see St. *John* iv. 1 ; vii. 1 ; viii. 59 ; x. 39 ; xi. 54, &c.), and commanded the Apostles "when persecuted in one city to flee to another." "The disciple," He added, "is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord" (*St. Matt.* x. 24).

* The Protestant Bishop Jeremy Taylor says : —"In all those accursed machinations, which the device and artifice of Hell hath invented for the supplanting of the Church. 'inimicus homo,' that old superseminator of heresies and crude mischiefs hath endeavoured to be curiously compendious, and, with Tarquin's device, 'putare summa papaverum.' And, therefore, in the three ages of martyrs, it was a ruled case in that Burgundian forge, 'that he who was first in dignity should be first led to martyrdom.' The priests, but especially the Bishop, must pay for all. . . . *Insomuch that in Rome from SS. Peter and Paul to Sylvester, thirty-three Bishops of Rome, in immediate succession, suffered an honourable and glorious martyrdom*"—(*On Episcopacy*, Chap. i.).

There was every reason, therefore, why St. Luke and St. Paul should avoid saying anything about the establishment of the "Chair of St. Peter," in documents that might fall into the hands of St. Peter's enemies in Rome. Had it been thus openly announced to the latter that the Vicar of Christ had taken up his abode, or was founding his see, in the very heart of the Roman Empire (which Empire, according to ancient prophecy, was to fall before "the Stone cut out without hands"—the Kingdom of the Messias—*Dan.* ii. 35. 44; comp. *John* xii. 31, 32; *Rom.* xvi. 20), can any one doubt that the arrest and execution of St. Peter would have been the certain and speedy result?

As regards St. Luke moreover, it is important to bear in mind the fact stated by the author of the *Canon Muratorianus* (A.D. 160), viz., that the different events related by him in the *Acts* "took place *when he was himself present;*"* and he shows this clearly (viz., that he undertook to narrate only what fell under his own notice) *by the omission of the passion of Peter, and also of the journey of Paul when he went from the City (Rome) to Spain* (*Canon Mur.* n. 2).

If it were necessary to add anything to what has been said above, regarding *St. Paul's* silence about St. Peter in his Epistle to the Romans, we might point to the fact that, when writing to the Corinthians, the Hebrews (at Jerusalem), the Ephesians, and other Churches, St. Paul neither salutes nor makes any special mention of their *Bishops*. We might further remark, 1st, that St. Peter was probably absent from Rome at the time when St. Paul wrote; and 2ndly, that, even if he was then resident there, a *private* letter, sent to him by the messenger Phœbe (*Rom.* xvi. 1), would have rendered it superfluous to salute him in the Epistle to the Roman Church.

Obj. II.—*The ignorance of the Jews in Rome regarding the Christian religion, consequently regarding St. Peter's Episcopacy in that city* (*Acts* xxviii. 22).

Ans.—In reply to this we have only to remark, that the affected ignorance of the Jews on this subject is proved to be utterly insincere by what St. Paul had long before written regarding the renowned faith and devotion of the Roman

* This is unquestionably true of the last chapters of the Acts. From ch. xx. 5. to the end, St. Luke invariably uses the pronoun "we."

Christians (*Rom.* i. 8; xv. 14; xvi 19). *The Speaker's Commentary* remarks: "These Jews probably felt, or affected, indifference to everything connected with Christians, and were disinclined to make mention of any residents in Rome, of whom they could not have spoken with goodwill. Under the circumstances of the time, they may have been loath to commit themselves, insecure as they must have felt, more or less, after the edict of Claudius [which decreed their banishment], and their stealthy return after Nero's accession. If they were aware of the attempt made to assassinate the Apostle, they might, seeing the high favour with the military authorities which he enjoyed, have apprehended that their countrymen had gone too far in provoking the Romans."

Obj. III.—*St. Paul, writing from Rome, says: "At my first defence no one stood by me, but all forsook me"* (2 *Tim.* iv, 16): *therefore St. Peter could not have been in Rome.*

Ans.—First, Dr. Wordsworth says that St. Paul's words do not refer to his trial in Rome, but to "his public defence *in Asia*" (*Greek Test.* ii. 480). Secondly, supposing St. Paul to have referred to Rome, we may answer with Dr. Lardner, that, "If Peter had been then in Rome, he could not have afforded any assistance to his brother Apostle, nor would Paul have expected it of him. For Peter himself was an obnoxious person. Paul refers only to such as by their station were likely to be of some use to him, if they had appeared with him, and had exerted themselves in his behalf."

Obj. IV.—*St. Peter's presence in Antioch, Jerusalem, &c., after the date assigned to his visit to Rome.*

Ans.—This objection hardly deserves notice; since no one supposes that St. Peter remained constantly at Rome from the time that he first went there, viz., at the commencement of the reign of Claudius.* Dr. Maguire (*St. Peter non-Roman*, p. 21) and other Protestant writers need not have troubled themselves, therefore, to show the impossibility of St. Peter's "official *residence* of twenty-five

* See Döllinger's *First Age of the Church*, 2nd ed. p. 97, note, and, for a full answer to any chronological difficulties that Protestant writers have suggested, Fr. Livius's admirable and exhaustive work, *St. Peter Bishop of Rome*, pp. 39-81.

years" in Rome. They might as well argue that Dr. Benson cannot be Archbishop of Canterbury because he usually resides in London.

Obj. V.—*There are some discrepancies in the early writers regarding the first three Bishops of Rome after St. Peter.*

Ans.—But these "discrepancies" are very easily explained and reconciled; and the difficulties they present are not to be compared with those that Protestant commentators have to face in regard to several passages in the Old and New Testament; *e.g.*, in the genealogies of our Lord as given by St. Matthew and St. Luke—the first of whom reckons the *number of generations* from Abraham to Christ as *forty-two* only, whilst St. Luke declares them to be *fifty-six*. Dean Alford asserts that "solution (of these and other difficulties in the two genealogies) *is impossible without further knowledge than we possess;*" but this certainly cannot be said of the apparent discrepancies in the lists of the early Popes.

For if, as is stated by several early writers, and as the best modern historians consider most probable, St. Paul, on his arrival in Rome, undertook a part of St. Peter's local administration—exercising an episcopal office in regard to the *Gentile* Christians, whilst St. Peter retained the special charge of the converts from *Judaism;* and if, as is also stated by early writers, both Apostles had their Episcopal *Coadjutors*, Clement, Linus, and Cletus, nearly all the "discrepancies" that have been alleged vanish at once. "It may be true," says a Protestant writer of the day, "that for a short time there were two sections—a Jewish and a Gentile—in the Church of Rome, and even that each section had its own Bishop, the possible successors respectively of the Apostles of the Circumcision and of the Uncircumcision.* But if so, these two sections were, at the close of the first century, united under the gentle and orthodox Clement" (Farrar's *Life of St Paul*, vol i. p. 678).

The order of the first three successors of St. Peter, given by Hegesippus and Irenæus (who were followed by Eusebius and Epiphanius), viz., *Linus*, *Cletus*,† *Clement*, is universally

* Dr. Lightfoot also allows that this "may explain the discrepancies in the lists of the early Bishops, which perhaps point to a double succession." (*On the Epist. to the Galat.* 8th ed. p. 337.)

† Cletus and Anacletus were doubtless one and the same person.

acknowledged to be the correct one; and it coincides with that given in the very ancient Canon of the Roman Mass—"*Lini, Cleti, Clementis*," which expresses the earliest traditions of the Roman Church. The words of Tertullian: "*Romanorum Ecclesia Clementem a Petro ordinatum refert*," do not imply that he regarded Clement as *first* in the succession, seeing that it was not his object to give the episcopal *succession* in the Roman Church, but to show the Apostolicity of her *doctrine*; and it suited his purpose to name Clement, as being the most renowned, and the nearest to his own time, of those Bishops of Rome who had actually been "ordained by Peter."

APPENDIX.

Pope St. Clement, A.D. 96.

From St. Clement's alleged "silence," in his 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, regarding the work and martyrdom of St. Peter in Rome, some Protestant writers have drawn a negative argument against that Apostle's Roman Episcopacy. On the other hand, many eminent non-Catholic writers have seen a plain reference in that Epistle to St. Peter's martyrdom in Rome;—though, on account of the intimate knowledge of the facts regarding it that the Corinthian Christians must already have possessed, St. Clement did not deem it necessary to enter into particular details. In c. vi. the following passage occurs:—

"But not to insist any longer upon examples of former times, let us come to those worthies that are nearest to us, and take the brave examples of our own age. Through zeal and envy they who were the most righteous pillars of the Church have been persecuted even to a cruel death. Let us set before our eyes the excellent Apostles. Peter, through unrighteous zeal, underwent not one or two, but many labours, till at last being martyred he went to the place of glory that was due to him. Through zeal, Paul obtained the reward of patience. Seven times he was in bonds, he was scourged, he was stoned. He preached both in the East and in the West. And having taught the whole world righteousness, and coming to the borders of the West, and suffering martyrdom under the Governors, so he departed out of this world, and went to the most holy place, being a most eminent pattern of patience. To these men, who lived a divine life, was joined a great multitude of choice ones, who having undergone through envy many reproaches and torments, became an excellent example amongst us."

"From these passages," says Dr. N. Lardner, "I think it may justly be concluded, that Peter and Paul were martyrs at Rome in the time of Nero's persecution. For they suffered among the Romans, where Clement was Bishop, and in whose name he was writing to the Corinthians. They were Martyrs, when many others were an *example*, or *pattern*, of a like patience *among them*. 'To these *Apostles*,' says Clement, '*was joined a great multitude of choice ones*,' that is, Christians. This is a manifest description of Nero's persecution at Rome, when a multitude of Christians there were put to death under grievous reproaches, and exquisite torments, as we are assured by

Tacitus. These were joined to the excellent Apostles, Peter and Paul before mentioned. Therefore Peter and Paul had suffered at that place, and at that time; and, as it seems, according to this account, at the beginning of the persecution. . . . It should be considered that Clement is not an historian. He is writing an epistle, containing divers exhortations. It was not needful for him to be more particular. He does not name the city, in which either Peter or Paul died, nor the death which they underwent. But he intimates that they suffered a cruel death, together with many choice ones, *among them*—which must mean Rome. And he plainly represents these Apostles as Martyrs, who had suffered through envy and unrighteous zeal. The place and the manner of their death were well known to the Christians at Corinth, to whom Clement was writing. . . . When we speak or write of things well known (as these things were at that time) there is no need to be very particular. It was sufficient if Clement mentioned such things as would render his exhortations effectual."—*Hist. of the Apost. and Evang.*,* ch. xviii. See also Bp. LIGHTFOOT'S *Apostolic Fathers*, part 1. (St. Clement of Rome,) 2nd edit. (1890., vol. ii. pp. 26, 27, 493, *seq.*)

"THE EARLIEST PAPAL CATALOGUE."

Under the above heading, a long and interesting letter, by Dr. LIGHTFOOT, Protestant Bp. of Durham, appeared in *The Academy* of May 21st, 1887; in which that learned writer maintains that the list of early Bishops of Rome, given by St. EPIPHANIUS in the 4th century, was in fact derived from the long lost "Memoirs" or "Commentaries" of HEGESIPPUS:—that it is, in fact, the identical list which St. Hegesippus, in a passage preserved by Eusebius, declares that he himself had drawn up in Rome, during the pontificate of St. Anicetus. The list agrees completely with that given by St. Irenæus and Eusebius, except as regards the name of Linus's successor, which in

* This work, republished in vol. ii. of Bp. Watson's *Theol. Tracts* (1791), originally formed the *Supplement* to Dr. Lardner's celebrated and invaluable treatise on *The Credibility of the Gospel History* published in 1756-7.

Hegesippus's list appears as Cletus; in Irenæus and Eusebius as Anacletus. See also 2nd Edit. (1890) of Bp. Lightfoot's *Apostolic Fathers*, part 1 (St. Clement of Rome), vol. i. pp. 328, 333, where six arguments are advanced to prove that St. Hegesippus was the author of the list of early Popes given by St. Epiphanius (see also pp. 63. 66, 154, 202, *seq.*).

POPE ST. VICTOR, A.D. 195.

"We have great concern for the whole brotherhood (ob universam fraternitatem), Christians, particularly, &c. . . . . Since, then, the divine and paternal benevolence hath bestowed upon us *the leadership of the Apostolate* (Apostolatûs ducatum), and in heavenly condescension hath ordained for us *the Vicariate Chair of the Lord* (vicariam Domini sedem), and we carry in virtue of our predecessor (superiore nostro portamus) *the origin of the authentic Apostolate* (originem authentici Apostolatûs) *upon which Christ hath founded His Church; having received too the power of loosing and of binding, with the office of remitting sins*, we are by the doctrine of salvation admonished" . . . . (*Tract. de Aleatoribus init.*).

The well-known Lutheran patrologist, Dr. HARNACK, Professor of Marburg, considers this tract *De Aleatoribus*—formerly published with the works of St. Cyprian—to be a Pastoral Instruction of a second century Pope,—in all probability Pope St. VICTOR. If this be so, the tract is the earliest literary product of a Latin Pope and contains the first application of *St. Matt.* xvi. 18, 19, *St. John* xxi. 13-15, to the support of Papal authority that has reached us. For a full discussion of the authorship and date of this tract, see Fr. Ryder's article in the *Dublin Review*, July, 1889.

The Academy of Dec. 28th, 1889, has a long and highly favourable review of Professor Harnack's treatise, and in reference to the point in question remarks that the reasons assigned for attributing the tract *De Aleatoribus* to a Roman Bishop, "appear to be incontrovertible. . . . The book was written, we may infer with certainty, by one who considered himself the successor of the Apostle upon whom Christ had founded His Church, *i.e.*, by a Bishop of Rome."

MR. COLLETTE'S REPLY.

A Tract professing to be a "Reply" to *Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?* has been written by Mr. C. H. Collette and published by the Protestant Alliance.

As it was found impossible adequately to discuss Mr. Collette's blunders and misstatements in the text or notes of this new edition, it seems advisable to devote a short Supplement to an examination of his most misleading and mischievous statements—thirty in number.

The first eight pages of Mr. Collette's "Reply" are devoted to the subject of Papal Infallibility,—with which we are not now concerned. In the remaining portion of his tract I notice the following characteristic specimens of that gentleman's method of treating evidence which he was called upon to meet.

I. Instead of attempting to refute the facts and arguments advanced by eminent Protestant writers (cited or referred to in my tract, pp. 3-6) to show that by "Babylon" (in 1 Pet. v. 13) St. Peter meant *Rome*, and that the literal Babylon could not possibly have been signified,—Mr. Collette simply asserts:—"It is *taken for granted* that 'Babylon' meant the city of Rome." Now let the reader refer to my extracts from *The Speaker's Commentary*, Bishop Ellicott's *Bible Commentary*, Farrar's *Early Days of Christianity*, and, in particular, to the *Introduction* to St. Peter's 1st Epistle in the first named work (much too long to be cited in my tract):—and then judge for himself whether anything is "taken for granted."

II. "*It was Eusebius* (A.D. 350)," says Mr. C., "*not Papias, as often asserted, who suggested that Peter by Babylon referred to Rome*" (p. 9).

This statement is untrue. EUSEBIUS, after saying that St. Mark the Evangelist wrote his Gospel in Rome, and that it was approved of by St. Peter, continues: "This account is given by CLEMENT [of Alexandria] in the 6th book of his Institutions, whose testimony is corroborated also by PAPIAS, Bp. of Hierapolis. But Peter makes mention of Mark in his 1st Epistle, which *they say* [φασιν, *i.e.* Clement and Papias] he wrote at the same city of Rome, and he shows this fact by figuratively calling

Rome Babylon, in these words:—"The Church which is at Babylon," &c. (Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* l. ii. c. 15.) St. JEROME also says:—"And PAPIAS, Bishop of Hierapolis, makes mention of this Mark, as also does Peter in his 1st Epistle, where he signifies Rome figuratively under the name of Babylon" (*De Vir Illust.*, s. v. *Marc.*).

III. To the argument from John xxi. 18, Mr. C. does not make any reply; but insinuates that I had in my tract "*told the wonderful story of St. Peter, when at Rome, arresting the flight of Simon Magus in a fiery chariot,*" *&c.* (p. 9.): to this legend not the slightest reference is made in my tract.

In corroboration of the argument from our Lord's prophetic declaration as to the time and manner of St. Peter's martyrdom, I may here cite the words of the most learned English Protestant of modern times:—"Nothing, it is true, is here said about the place of martyrdom. But the crucifixion of St. Peter is always connected by tradition with Rome, and with no other place. It would be arbitrary, therefore, to separate the locality from the manner of martyrdom. Unless we accept the Roman residence of St. Peter, we know nothing about his later years and death." Bp. Lightfoot's *Apostolic Fathers*, 1890, part 1. vol. ii. p. 492.

IV. In the same page Mr. C. repeats the old Protestant objection from St. Paul's *silence* regarding St. Peter in his Epistles written from Rome: coolly ignoring the *answer* that I had given in pp. 27-28.

V. In p. 10 he again reverts to the subject of St. Peter's conflict with Simon Magus in Rome. As I had not touched upon this in my tract, I will here merely remark that St. JUSTIN MARTYR (A.D. 140) refers to Simon Magus' visit to Rome in the reign of Claudius; and that, more than a century before Eusebius wrote his history, St. HIPPOLYTUS refers to the conflict between Simon Magus and Peter in Rome (Hippol. *Adv. Hær.* vi. 15). See also the note in Smith's *Dict. of the Bible*, vol. iii. p. 1,321.

VI. To meet my argument that the Church of Rome had been founded and was in a flourishing condition *before* St. Paul visited that city, Mr. C. harps on the old objec-

tion from St. Paul's *silence* about St. Peter in his Epistle to the Romans. This difficulty also had been noticed in my tract, pp. 27-28.

VII. "*We are asked to accept as a fact*," says Mr. C. (p. 11), "*that it was universally believed that St. Mark wrote his Gospel under the influence and almost under the dictation of St Peter, either in Rome or Italy.*"

But the words of the Protestant Dean ALFORD are:—"It was universally believed *in the ancient Church* that Mark's Gospel was written under the influence and almost dictation of Peter." "The ancient records of Church History," says Dr. CHR. WORDSWORTH, late Bishop of Lincoln, "attribute to this Evangelist an intimate connection with the Apostle Peter. It is asserted by ancient authorities" [these he cites in a long note] "that St. Mark wrote his Gospel under the eye of St. Peter; and that it was written at the request of the Christians at Rome, who heard St. Peter preach there; or, as others say, it was dictated by that Apostle at Rome, with a special view to circulation in Italy and among the Romans generally; and that St. Mark was sent afterwards by St. Peter to Alexandria in Egypt; and that he was the first Bishop of that Church" (*Greek Testament*, vol. i. p. 112). From my lengthy quotation from another learned Protestant writer, Dr. N. LARDNER, Mr. C. learns that St. CHRYSOSTOM was a solitary exception to the otherwise unanimous voice of the ancients as to the *place* where St. Mark's Gospel was written; but does the Saint deny that St. Mark had gathered from St. Peter, in Rome, the materials which he afterwards committed to writing,—in Egypt as St. Chrysostom supposed?

VIII. The mention of St. Mark sets Mr. C. harping on the old objection to St. Peter's *Supremacy*, based on *the silence* of that Evangelist and of St. Luke regarding the promise made to St. Peter as recorded in Matt. xvi. 17, 18. But this objection I have fully examined and answered in another tract—*Notes on the Texts of Holy Scripture alleged against the Supremacy of St. Peter* (pp. 9-12),—published by the Catholic Truth Society. To this I refer Mr. C. and my readers.

Mr. Collette seems to be wholly unaware of the fact, that

it is as much from the *internal* evidence in St. Mark's Gospel, as from the unanimous testimony of the ancients, that learned Protestant (as well as Catholic) critics have come to the conclusion that St. Mark's Gospel had really St. Peter for its author.

In Smith's *Dict. of the Bible* (vol. ii. p. 806) we read :— "Chrysostom seems first to have drawn attention to the fact—that in St. Mark's Gospel every defect in St. Peter's character and conduct is brought out clearly without the slightest extenuation, while many noble acts and peculiar marks of favour are either omitted, or stated with less force than by the other Evangelists" (See also pp. 236-7). St. Peter's modesty and humility, however, are evidently quite beyond Mr. Collette's comprehension.

As a further objection to St. Peter's Supremacy, Mr. Collette refers (p. 11) to the account given by St. Mark, (ch. ix, 34-7) of the dispute amongst the apostles as to "which of them was the greater," and our Lord's reproving answer. This objection also was fully discussed in *Notes on Texts alleged against St. Peter's Supremacy*, pp. 5-6.

The last half of p. 13 in Mr. Collette's tract contains half-a-dozen untruths, which must be enumerated separately.

IX. "*Of those who hand down the tradition, not one of them, until we come to Jerome at the beginning of the 5th century, states that St. Peter reigned in Rome as Bishop.*"

In answer to this utterly false assertion I oppose the evidence given in the second part of my tract; also Dr. MILMAN'S candid acknowledgement that "*Before the end of the third century*, the lineal descent of Rome's bishops from St. Peter was unhesitatingly claimed, and obsequiously admitted by the Christian world" (*Hist. of Early Christianity*, ed. 1840, v. iii. p. 370).

X. "*Jerome started the apocryphal story that Peter reigned in Rome as Bishop for twenty-five years.*"

This statement, again, is simply untrue. As shown in my tract, p. 15, the learned HIPPOLYTUS, A.D. 220, had stated in his Chronicle that St. Peter had been Bishop of Rome for 25 years; for it has been proved by several of the most learned Protestant writers of modern times that the first portion of the "*Liberian Catalogue*" of the early Bishops

of Rome, drawn up in A.D. 354, was derived from the Chronicle of Hippolytus,—not now extant. Bp. LIGHTFOOT states that the Liberian Catalogue "comprises much more ancient elements," and that the first part "must have been drawn up in its original form shortly after the date 230." He considers that the Chronicle and List of early Roman Bishops are "on good grounds ascribed to Hippolytus . . . . At all events, if not the work of Hippolytus himself, it (the list of Roman Bishops) must have been compiled by some contemporary, who like him had a direct acquaintance with the affairs of the Roman Church" (*Apost. Fathers*, part i. vol. i. p. 65). These Liberian and Hippolytean Catalogues of the first Popes may be seen in Smith and Cheetham's *Dict. of Christ. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 1656, and in Lightfoot's *Apost. Fath.*, vol. i. pp. 265, 280.

XI. "*This statement Jerome foisted into his translation of the Chronicle of Eusebius; whereas Eusebius never once asserts that Peter ever was Bishop of Rome.*"

This audacious statement is disproved by the fact stated in p. 14 of my tract,—viz: that early and independent ARMENIAN and SYRIAC TRANSLATIONS of Eusebius' Chronicle, made direct from the Greek, have been preserved, and that these establish the accuracy of St. Jerome's Latin version. See full account of these versions in Lightfoot's *Apost. Fath.* vol. i. pp. 207-247, and Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literature*, vol. ii. pp. 352-354. The Eusebian Catalogues of the early Popes may be seen in Smith and Cheetham's *Dict. of Christ. Antiq.*, vol. ii. pp. 1655-7; and in Lightfoot, *op. cit.*, pp. 208, 241, 253, 267, 272. *In all of them St. Peter appears as first Bishop.* Moreover, Eusebius' statement in his *Chronicle* is confirmed by what he says in his *Hist. Eccles.*, l. ii. c. 14.—viz., that St. Peter went to Rome "immediately under the reign of Claudius" (compare l. ii. c. 17)—*i.e.*, A.D. 42. And he expressly calls Linus, in his *History*, "the first Bishop of Rome *after Peter*" (l. iii. c. 4.), and Alexander the fifth "*in the succession from Peter and Paul*" (l. iv. c. i.).

XII. "*Eusebius quotes* IRENÆUS *as saying that while Paul and Peter were occupied in establishing or founding Churches, (they) together appointed Linus as first Bishop of Rome.*"

Here we have a gross perversion and mistranslation of

the text of Irenæus. His words literally translated from the Greek are as follows:—"The Blessed Apostles [PETER and PAUL] having founded and established the Church [of Rome, not *churches*, as Mr. C. falsely translates], transmitted the office of the Episcopate to Linus" (Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.*, l. v. c. 6; Professor Cruse's trans. in Bohn's *Eusebius*). In Lib. iii. c. 2, Eusebius says:—"*After the martyrdom* of Paul and Peter, Linus was the first that received the Episcopate at Rome,"—which words show that, previously to that event, Linus could only have been coadjutor Bishop *cum jure successionis*. All this was pointed out in my tract, pp. 28-9.

XIII. "While TERTULLIAN," continues Mr. C., "says that Peter appointed *Clement* as first Bishop."

Here Mr. C., as usual, utterly ignores what was said in this tract, pp. 15, 16, 29. Tertullian did *not* assert that Peter appointed Clement as first Bishop. Clement did not become Bishop of Rome until A.D. 93,—though he also, like Linus, may have previously been ordained a coadjutor Bishop, *cum jure successionis*.

XIV. Even if the statement of the Pseudo-Clementine "Letter to James," cited by Mr. C. in p. 14, were true, it would only follow that, as suggested by St. EPIPHANIUS, Clement for a time resigned the Episcopate in favour of Linus and Cletus,—and resumed it again on the death of the latter.

XV. The statement of LACTANTIUS (A.D. 306) is cited to show that St. Peter did not visit Rome before the reign of Nero (Collette, p. 15), but this refers to St. Peter's *last* visit, soon followed by his martyrdom. If, as Lactantius previously states, the Apostles were "dispersed over the whole earth, and during twenty-five years laid the foundation of the Church throughout all provinces and cities,"—is it likely that the chief city of the Empire would have remained unvisited by any of them during all that period? Lactantius' words, then, do not even tend to disprove St. Peter's earlier visit to Rome.

XVI. The apparently contradictory statements of certain early writers as to St. Peter's first successors, on which Mr. Collette insists in p. 17, are cleared up by the explanation briefly pointed out in my tract, p. 29.

XVII. "*The writer*," he says, "*has the assurance to quote the Clementine Epistle to James*" (Collette p. 19). If the reader turns to my tract, p. 24, he will find that my words were:—"*Passing over* the Clementine Epistle to James," &c.

XVIII. "HEGESIPPUS' list of the early Bishops of Rome *nowhere exists*," says Mr. C. "*We only know of Hegesippus' writings through Eusebius*" (p. 20). But, as stated in my tract, pp. 21, 22, the late Bp. Lighfoot has learnedly shown that the identical list referred to has been preserved in the original Greek by St. EPIPHANIUS (*Hær.* xxvii. 6); and even Dr. Salmon, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in his recent work on (against) *The Infallibility of the Church*, thinks that "all doubts are removed" by Bp. Lightfoot's arguments (*Infallibility of the Church*, 2nd ed. p. 359).

These arguments may be seen in *The Academy*, May 21st, 1887, and in Lightfoot's *Apostolic Fathers*, 1890, part 1., vol. i. pp. 328—333.

XIX. In p. 21, Mr. Collette misquotes and perverts and makes nonsense of a passage from my tract regarding Pope VICTOR.

XX. "IRENÆUS *is then most impudently cited as the next authority. . . . Irenæus never once mentions that Peter was Bishop of Rome.*" (Collette p. 21).

But Irenæus' *words* were fully cited by me, and their meaning was discussed in a long note. We have already seen (no. xii) how grossly and "impudently" Mr. C. has perverted the original text. Moreover he had to face the facts (but does not attempt to do so),—(1st), that Irenæus was expressly speaking of those Bishops "*whom the Apostles left as their successors, delivering to them their own post of government*," and that he at once proceeds to make special mention of the Bishops of Rome. (2ndly) That in two passages, of which Eusebius gives the Greek in *Hist. Eccles.* iv. 11, Irenæus calls Hyginus "*the ninth*" Bishop of Rome; and will Mr. C. inform us how he could have been this without counting St. Peter himself as *first?* Compare his list in Euseb. v. 6,—where, reckoning "*from the Apostles*," Hyginus is counted as the *eighth*.

XXI. The words of TERTULLIAN, "The Church of

the Romans recounts that Clement was ordained by Peter" (*Præscrip. adv. Hær.*), were explained in my tract, p. 30; and Mr. C. commits himself to another untruth when he says:—"*And yet this tract writer says, according to the evidence of Tertullian, he* (*Peter*) *lived till the year* 91, in order to appoint Clement his successor" (Collette, p. 22).

XXII. "HIPPOLYTUS *has nowhere said any such thing*,"—viz., that St. Peter was first Bishop of Rome,—says Mr. C. (p. 22). But this denial is made in the face of the evidence admitted and substantiated by the most learned Protestant writers of the day. See my tract, p. 15, and *supra*, no. x.

XXIII. The words of FIRMILLIAN and CYPRIAN speak for themselves (see my tract, pp. 14-15), and Mr. C. can say nothing to invalidate their testimony. I may add that St. Cyprian, like St. Irenæus (see above, no. xx.), calls Hyginus "the *ninth* Bishop of Rome" (qui in urbe *nonus* fuit, *Epist.* 74); which further shows that he counted St. Peter as the first.

XXIV. Mr. Collette's statements (p. 24) regarding the Chronicle of EUSEBIUS, have been already answered in no. xi.

XXV. "*The work* (*of* OPTATUS) *purposed to be quoted is a forgery there can be no doubt . . .* Du Pin undertook to edit the works of Optatus, but *he said this was so difficult, as not the slightest reliance could be placed on their genuineness*" (Collette, pp. 24-25).

All these statements are untrue. (1) The genuineness of St. OPTATUS' work *De Schism. Donat.* is not called in question by any Protestant critic. See, *e.g.*, Neander's *Church Hist.*, Bohn's ed. vol. iii. p. 236; Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Christian Biog. and Literat.*, vol. iv. p. 90 *seq.*; Lightfoot's *Apost. Fath.*, part 1. vol. 1. p. 171. (2) Du Pin never expressed any doubt on the subject. He merely stated that the earlier editions of the work, derived from imperfect manuscripts, were inaccurate and uncritical; but his own edition, published after he had carefully collated all the best MSS., has always been considered a work of the highest authority. It appeared at Paris in 1700, Amsterdam in 1701 and Antwerp in 1702.

XXVI. Mr. Collette thinks he has made a clever discovery in noting that, whereas OPTATUS first published his work in A.D. 372, the list of early Bishops of Rome, contained in book ii., ends with Siricius,—who only succeeded Damasus in A.D. 385. But (1) there is no proof whatever that Optatus did not live to see the accession of Siricius. and that he did not himself insert "*Damaso Siricius*" in a second edition of his work. "*The date of his death is unknown,*" (Smith and Wace, *op. cit.*, p. 90). But (2) supposing these words were inserted by an early copyist,—how would this affect the genuineness of the work? Have Protestants been in the habit of rejecting the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, because the death of Moses is recorded in the last book?

XXVII. In p. 30, Mr. Collette charges me with "asserting that all the *Canons* of the COUNCIL OF NICE are lost;" though in p. 25 he cites my words:—"The *Acts* of the 1st Council of Nice have been lost." Here Mr. C. simply shows his ignorance as to the difference between the Canons and the Acts of the Council. Of course the facts are stated at length in Hefele's work,—to which I referred. He gives all the *Canons* in the Greek, with a translation.

XXVIII. "*The alleged Canons of the* COUNCIL OF SARDICA," says Mr. C. (p. 26), "*made their appearance, for the first time, more than a century after the holding of that Council, in Latin rendering, whereas all the early Councils are recorded in Greek.*"

In answer to this I will give the learned HEFELE'S account of them:—

"According to the unanimous conclusion arrived at through the inquries of late scholars, especially Spittler and the Ballerini, there can be no doubt that the Canons of Sardica were originally drawn up in both languages, Latin and Greek, as they were intended both for Latins and Greeks. The Greek text is preserved to us in the Collection of John of Constantinople of the 6th century (ap. Justell. *Bibl. Juris Can. Vet.* Paris. 1661. t, 11, p. 603) and in several other manuscripts, from which it was first given to the press by the French Bp. Tilius in 1540, and later by Beveridge, Hardouin, and all modern collectors.

Comments were made upon it in the middle ages by three learned Greeks—Balsamon, Zonaras, and Aristenus, whose works Beveridge [a learned Protestant bishop] has adopted in his famous *Synodicon*. On the other hand we meet with the original Latin text in the three most celebrated ancient collections of Canons of the West,—the *Prisca*, that of Dionysius Exiguus, and Isidore—the genuine and the false. These three, while differing distinctly from each other in the Latin translation of these Canons which existed originally only in Greek, yet agree so strikingly here, that all three must have been based on one and the same original copy. These three Latin copies, moreover, while agreeing so remarkably with each other, yet so strikingly differ from the Greek text, even in the order of sequence, that their difference can only be sufficiently explained by supposing *that from the first there existed two distinct originals, that is to say, an original Latin and an original Greek copy of the Canons*" (Hist. of Church Councils, Eng. trans. vol. ii. p. 109).

XXIX. "*When the subject of reserving appeals to Julius, Bp. of Rome, was mooted at the Council of Sardica, the Eastern Bishops protested, as introducing a new discipline in the Church; they all quitted the Council and held a separate Council at Philippopolis, and excommunicated Julius and the Western Bishops*" (Collette, p. 26).

Needless to say that every line in this statement is untrue, except the last. (1) The protest of the semi-Arian Bishops had nothing whatever to do with the subject of the Canons regarding appeals to Rome,—of which Canons Mr. C. had just before, in the same page, *denied the authenticity!* (2) The Bishops withdrew simply because St. Athanasius was admitted to the Council. "At the very outset," says a standard Protestant authority, "as the Western Bishops insisted on giving to Athanasius a seat and a voice, the Easterns separated and held a rival Council at Philippopolis, where they confirmed the deposition of Athanasius" (Smith and Cheetham's *Dict. of Christ. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 1843). (3) St. Athanasius calls the Council of Sardica "a great Synod," and says that its decrees were signed or agreed to by "more than 300 Bishops" (*Apol. cont. Arian. c.* 1). It was called "Œcum-

enical" by the Emperor Justinian, in his Edict (A.D. 346) on The Three Chapters (Hardouin, t. iii. p. 317). The Greek Council of Trullo, in its 2nd Canon, approved of its decrees (ib. p. 1659), and Pope Nicholas said of them "The whole Church has received them" (see *Cathedra Petri*, 3rd Edit. pp. 131-2). I may add, in answer to Mr. Collette's further remarks, that the seventh Canon was cited as *Nicene* by the Bishops of the third Œcumenical Council, who were reassembled at Constantinople, A.D. 382 (see Hefele vol. ii. pp. 133-4, 378); and that the fifth Canon was cited as Nicene, early in the fifth century, by Popes Zozimus, Boniface, Celestine, and Leo the Great; also in the 12th Council of Toledo, in 681 (Hardouin, t. ii. pp. 26, 38, iii. p. 1720, n. 4). The Council was commonly regarded as a continuation of that of Nice (being held less than twenty years afterwards, and attended by many of the prelates who had been present at the latter), and as its Canons were often bound up together in the same volume with those of the earlier Council, they came to be considered as supplementary to them. So much for Mr. Collette's remark, that "to tack these doubtful Canons on to those of Nice has not a particle of authority to support the assertion" (p. 27).

XXX. The shuffling attempt made to get over the evidence afforded by the ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS OF EPHESUS AND CHALCEDON,—held respectively in A.D. 431 and 451, and composed of 300 and 620 Bishops, nearly all of the *Eastern* Church,—needs no other exposure than a reference to my tract, pp. 11-12; but in my *Cathedra Petri* the extracts are given more at length, with the original Greek text appended (see pp. 24, 111, 112. 113, 135—141); and the whole subject, of the testimony borne by these early Councils to the Papal Supremacy, will be found to be fully elucidated in the Rev. Luke Rivington's recent work, *The Primitive Church and the See of Peter*, London, Longmans & Co.

GERTRUDE; OR, CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Lady Herbert.

It was a bright, frosty, starlight night. The snow lay thick on the roofs and in the streets of the old Flemish town where the scene of our true story is laid. Yet troops of men and women and children were walking down the feebly-lit streets, and all in one direction—towards the beautiful parish church of which the bells were pealing gladly in the sharp air, as if rejoicing with the shepherds and the angels on this glorious night. For it was Christmas Eve, that holy, happy night which witnessed the birth of the Son of God as a helpless babe in the humble crib of Bethlehem.

The people of this place were good, simple, humble folk, full of faith and piety. To them the services of this night were the representation of a solemn reality, which they would not have missed for worlds: and in every cottage the little Christmas tree was prepared, and real Christmas joy felt by young and old, even by those in whom earthly sorrows had dimmed the happiness of past years. Among the latter was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, who joined in the throng, but whose mourning dress and saddened face told of recent grief. She was alone too, as she walked up the church steps and threw herself on her knees by the chapel where the Infant Saviour was represented by a beautiful wax "Bambino" laid on straw in a manger, with His Mother and St. Joseph, and the ox and ass watching by, the whole being beautifully illuminated, and adorned with fresh white flowers and palms.

This young girl had known other and brighter Christmas seasons, when father and mother had come with her to keep the feast, and loving words had been added to the Christmas wishes resounding on every side. But now she was alone—entirely alone, as far as earthly ties were concerned. For the cholera had visited their

once happy home and carried off father and mother and brother and sister, who had been laid side by side in what the Germans so beautifully call "God's Acre." They had been industrious, God-fearing people, and had been content with a little business which had flourished in their hands. But now the shop was closed, and when the debts had all been paid, and the doctor's bill, and the funeral expenses, there remained little or nothing for the poor orphan girl, who had consequently made up her mind to go out to service. The neighbours had been very kind to her at first; and the market-women would let her have something from each of their baskets so that she might not feel the want of food. But the rent had to be paid, and the landlord was a hard man and had given her notice to quit the premises on New Year's Day; so that she felt that very soon she would have no home —not a hole nor a corner she could call her own. And she had, strange to say, no relations. Her father had been an only child. Her mother's family had all died before her; and so there was neither aunt, nor uncle, nor cousin who could let her share a meal, or under whose roof she could take shelter. The good old parish priest who had baptized her, and the Sisters of Charity whose favourite pupil she had been in their large day school were all looking out for a suitable place for her; but as yet, nothing had been found, and she felt with dismay that her small means were exhausted, and that she had but a shilling in her pocket left wherewith to buy her Christmas dinner. No wonder then that she knelt long and sadly by that Mother and Child, and implored the help of the Divine Infant in her great need.

The beautiful service went on. The *Adeste Fideles* was sung by the whole congregation, and poor little Gertrude (for that was her name) felt her heavy heart lightened as she knelt with the rest to receive the Bread of Life, and realised that there was One ever near her Who knew all her sorrow, and would never forsake His child.

As she came out of the church, her arm was suddenly seized by a woman whom she had known before and whom her mother had often helped. She was a poor widow, with an only son who was in a decline. "For the love of God, give me some help!" she cried: "my boy is dying and calling for some milk, and I have not

a farthing left in the house to buy him any, and they will no longer trust me at the shop." Gertrude felt in her pocket; there was her one shilling on which her food for the next day depended. But she could not resist the mother's prayer. "Take this," she said simply—"it is all I have." Hardly realizing the meaning of her words, the woman clutched the coin, and flew to purchase the wished-for food for her child, while Gertrude went on slowly and silently to her desolate home, rejoicing in having been able to do this act of real charity, yet feeling that she must find some means to earn her dinner, even though it were Christmas Day!

In passing through a back street she met a young man with a sweet and earnest countenance, who said to her: "You are looking for a place, my child, are you not? Go to No. 7, in Weiner Street. They want just such a servant as you," and so saying, he turned away and left her, but indescribably cheered and comforted. The only thing that puzzled her was to know how he had guessed her need, for she did not remember ever having seen his face before. A kindly neighbour insisted on her sharing their Christmas feast; so that, strengthened and refreshed, she almost gaily made her way to the house in Weiner Street which had been pointed out to her by the stranger. On arriving at the door it was flung open by a woman in a violent passion, who cried out as she left the house: "I will not stop another hour here. They may get another servant or not as they choose!"

Gertrude timidly rang the bell, which was answered by a superior-looking woman who asked her what she wanted. Gertrude replied that she had come about the place which she heard was vacant. "How very odd!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "why, the other is but just gone! However, you may as well come up and see my mistress, although I fear you are too young." So saying, she led Gertrude upstairs and into a room where a lady sat in deep mourning, to whom she explained her errand.

The lady asked her how she had heard of her wanting a servant? and Gertrude simply related what had passed the night before. The lady thought it most strange, as only that morning she had made up her mind to dismiss the woman whom Gertrude had seen leave the house.

"But I fear you would not be strong enough," she added. "There is a good bit of work to be done and you look delicate." "O, do try me, ma'am!" exclaimed the poor girl. "I will work early and late if you will only let me come."

Touched by her earnestness, the lady questioned her and heard her whole history which greatly touched and interested her. Gertrude gave the parish priest and the Sisters of Charity as references for her character, and the lady, more and more favourably impressed by her words and manner, said she would show her what her work would be. On passing through an adjoining room they came into the library and there the first thing Gertrude saw was the full-length portrait of the young man whom she had met in the street. She stopped suddenly opposite it, with an involuntary exclamation. The lady turned round in amazement and Gertrude exclaimed: "Why, that is the gentleman I saw last night!" "Impossible, child!" replied the lady hastily. "That is the portrait of my son who died last year." "I cannot help it, ma'am," respectfully answered Gertrude, "but I can never forget that face, and it is the very same—the same eyes, the same mouth, the same kind expression, and it was *he* who told me to come here!"

The lady burst into tears, and calling her old housekeeper told her what had happened. Together they agreed to engage Gertrude at once: and on inquiry of the parish priest they heard all the story of her act of charity on the previous night: for the poor mother had realized later, how Gertrude had given her her *all*, and had told the priest, who felt no doubt that this apparition had been permitted by God to reward the unselfish generosity of the orphan girl and provide her with a safe home. Needless to say with what joy the lady took into her house one so clearly sent to her by the only son whom she so deeply mourned and who had been throughout his short life an angel of goodness and piety. Gertrude became the most faithful and devoted of servants and never left her mistress till she died, nursing her to the last with the tenderest care. But every Christmas Eve the remembrance of that vision is before her and she is filled with joy and gratitude at this evident proof of God's loving care, and with greater confidence than ever in His answer to humble and heartfelt prayer.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1,500 YEARS AGO.

The foundation of this is in the Roman Martyrology for Christmas Day. The smaller details have been supplied by fancy.

MIDNIGHT Mass! All the Christians of Nicomedia gathered in the large cathedral, the Basilica as it was called, the palace of a convert magistrate who had given it to God. From many a village round the Christian peasants had been coming in for days before; scarce a soul was absent—who would have been absent from the Midnight Mass on Christmas Day? The Bishop was to say Mass himself, and the clergy of the place were gathered round him. It was wonderful to see. Many a man remembered the days of persecution, when the Christians lurked in catacombs and gathered stealthily in back streets. Now no building in Nicomedia was grander, and they met boldly and without fear. There were indeed whisperings from time to time that the Emperor was determined to put down the Christians—but none heeded them much; they were too large a body now for persecution. Why! they were in every rank and every calling. Not a family the Empire through but had some relation Christian. They stood by the Emperor's throne; they commanded the triremes of the Roman fleet; they were soldiers and officers in the army. No, no; the days of persecution were gone for ever. The Emperor—divine though he called himself—dared persecute no longer.

And so with peaceful hearts the Catholics of Nicomedia crowded to the Midnight Mass.

"You would not bring our babe, Metella, would you?" said Calphurnius, one of the noblest of the citizens. "You would not take a baby to the Midnight Mass?"

"And why not, husband mine?" said Metella. "Cyprian will sleep famously; Christmas night belongs to babies, and he shall go with the rest of us."

"And you, too, Julia; you whom the physicians call

so delicate; you out in a cold winter's night?" And the father fondly patted the cheek of the beautiful girl.

"Yes, dear father, I make my First Communion to-night. No harm will happen to me to-night. And my poor little slave, Afra, she is to make it with me—my little sister as I call her."

"Well! are you all ready?" said Calphurnius, "slaves and all? Ah, Metella! I never thought twenty years ago, when I was so afraid to tell you I was a Christian, that I should have a whole Christian household. Do you remember, wife, that first Christmas when I told you, and you prayed before your pet Diana all the Christmas night that I might come back? O fie, Metella! don't pinch me like that!"

"Well! none of your chaff then, Calphurnius."

So chatting, the party went off to the Midnight Mass.

As they were turning from a side street into the open square in which the Basilica stood, from the arches of a large house which overhung the street a figure, wrapped in the full loose cloak then worn, suddenly crossed their path. "Calphurnius," it cried, "you go to the Cathedral! I meet you there. Do you remember? We shall be even yet."

"Who is it, Calphurnius?" and Metella pressed closer to her husband's side.

"Oh! the soothsayer Scipio. Poor wretch! he was once a Christian, you know, and was in my household; but he went back. His wife's relations over-persuaded him. I think there was some property in the way. Well! I dismissed him from my employ. One night he waylaid me, and would have stabbed me, but my guardian angel protected me. His dagger glanced aside. I drew my sword, and we fought. He lay at my feet disarmed but not wounded. I flung his sword into the river, and sheathed my own, and from that day to this he has threatened always to destroy me. Why, I know not."

"Is there any danger, Calphurnius?"

"No, dear wife, unless the persecutions have come back. How would you like, Julia, for all of us to be martyrs together?"

"Martyrs, father?" murmured Julia. "After my First Communion; and then what God pleases."

"Scipio!"—it was Licinius, chief magistrate of Nicomedia who spoke—"Scipio, you are a good fellow, and I may trust in you. You know that I am somewhat out of favour with the Emperor?"

"Your Excellency has told me so before. It is therefore, that you have been sent into honourable banishment here, where, for our sakes, may the gods long preserve you!"

"Thank you, Scipio; you are a good creature. Now an occasion happens by which I may recover Diocletian's favour, and I want you to help me. The Emperor has just sent us all a letter, saying that the unity of the State must be preserved; that the only hope of unity is that he should be head of all affairs in the State and all religious affairs, and that his headship is threatened by those dogs of Christians, who will have nothing to do with him as head of religion, and are fools enough not to burn a grain of incense before his statue. Great simpletons I think them for their pains; but, however, all the better for me if I can lift myself by their folly. Now, Scipio, we must crush them; if we don't they'll crush us. By the end of the month, the gods helping, there must not be a Christian alive in the Province, unless he has burnt incense to Jupiter. Tut, man! what ails you? Have you got the falling sickness?"

Scipio was as pale as death; his knees shook, his jaws struck together. He was writhing like a worm, and as he tried to put on a smile he looked the most ghastly of living men.

"The falling sickness!" he said; "Jupiter forbid! It was but a passing qualm. The thought of blood always sickened me from a child."

"Oho!" laughed Licinius, "you! the thought of blood! come Scipio, I have known you too long for that. Nonsense, my good sir. I see what it is; you were a Christian once yourself, and you're only half converted to Jupiter and the gods again. Yours was a skin and belly conversion. You like a purse full of money better than a smoked hide or a skin full of blows, eh, Scipio? Why man, I shall have to be killing you off for the best Christian of the lot."

"What does your Excellency want of me?" said Scipio sulkily. "You have had proofs enough of my devotion to yourself and the Divine Emperor."

"Well, Scipio, give us another proof of it. You know how and where best to find the Christians. Lead the dogs to the rat-hole and you shall have the reward of the best dog in the pack. Come! I will put you down at once thirty pieces of silver. What, man; another shaking fit! In the name of Hercules, do you see a spirit from hell?"

"Thirty pieces of silver. No, not thirty! It is too like——"

"Too like! too like what? Too like old Judas, the Jew merchant, who would coin a Roman's blood into gold if he could, you would say! Well, if thirty's not enough, here, I will double it—though the Emperor's own purse wouldn't be deep enough for a rogue like you. For myself I know none of this Christian rabble—they are all rag and bone fellows I fancy, except this Calphurnius, the fellow who was a tribune."

"Calphurnius!" said Scipio. "Here, give me the money, or don't give it me, just as you will, but give me the soldiers and I will catch Calphurnius and his crew like so many vermin in a trap. Your order for a cohort at my command!"

"Oho! that's the right spirit, Scipio, here is the order; and not only money but rank for you if you succeed. What is in the fellow?" muttered Licinius, as Scipio hurried away; "a black rascal! When he has sent the Christians to the next world for me, I must send him with his thirty pieces after them. A dangerous knave!"

The Mass was on the point of ending. It had been very long. Nearly every one in the large church, which held many thousands, had been to Communion. The Bishop, whose arms had almost to be held up like those of Moses, so tired was he in giving Communion, had at last gone back to the altar. There was a silence over the whole church, like the silence in Heaven of which St. John writes, a hush that might be heard—a silence for God which spoke to the soul more touchingly than words. Suddenly, through the silence of the midnight—through the unearthly silence of the church—came the tramp of soldiers, drawing nearer and louder. Every heart in the great church beat quicker, but not a word was said, nor a hand raised, nor a finger unclasped from

prayer. The troop stopped before the church—they surrounded every door—there was a clang of sword and spear as they drew up their position in a silence as deep as the silence within the church. It was the discipline of the world fronting the discipline of God. A trumpet rang out its sudden note of war. As it echoed—the first unheavenly sound of that night—through the long lofty church, tossing itself from side to side, and winding itself into every side chapel and every niche, the weaker ones started, and many a cheek turned pale. Metella was not the only mother who strained her baby to her breast. A herald's voice followed the trumpet, calling on all Christians in the name of the Emperor, reigning Chief Magistrate and Chief Priest of Rome, to abandon their false unholy rites, and to come forth and offer incense to the statue of Jupiter. He who should so offer incense should live; he who should refuse, by the decree of the Divine Emperor must die. His voice ceased and still the awful silence of the church went on.

Then the Bishop turned slowly from the altar, "Children, you have heard; which choose you—life, or the Faith and death?"

Then at last went up a cry from the great church—the shout as of one voice—the strong man's voice, and the woman's shriller cry, and the eager shout of exulting boys; such a shout as perchance has seldom gone up to heaven since the angels shouted together upon Christmas night—the trumpet-like answer to the trumpet's call: "The Faith and death! We choose the Faith and death!"

Three times the trumpet sounded and the herald gave forth his summons; and three times the cry went back still louder and more firm: "The Faith and death! We choose the Faith and death!"

"Is it death they ask?" cried Licinius. "Death then let it be. Soldiers, to every door the fire; let us smoke the wasps' nest out." The dread silence was gone without; the hurry and the clamour of soldiers heaping against door and window and every opening, faggots and brushwood, the instruments of death.

"My children," said the Bishop, "we die together. You have confessed and fed upon the Bread of Life. Kneel down once more, and I will absolve you all."

They knelt, while the old man's voice, faltering with age and emotion, but not with fear, pronounced the words of absolution and the blessing of the Church.

"And now once more, that we may die pure from sin and firm in charity, let us pray for our persecutors; for him who has betrayed and for him who slays us. Let us offer our lives for their conversion and for the peace of the Church." And from thousands of voices went up St. Stephen's cry: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Then came the patient hush upon the church again. They knelt down, and where they knelt they stayed—no cry, no tumult; here and there perchance a stifled sob, here and there the wail of a babe. The priests at the altar quickly consumed the Blessed Sacrament, the sacred vessels were cleansed and put where the flames—if the church was burnt—might best spare them; but through the church there was the dread silence of those who prayed—their last prayers before the Judgment Seat.

Round the little figure of the Infant Jesus, in a side chapel, was gathered a group of children. They too were silent; with that strange deep look which is on children's faces when they deal reverently with the things of God, they waited trembling, but not fearing, loving not death, yet set to meet it, loving the faith more than life.

Volumes of smoke rolled into the church; from time to time tongues of fire leapt like flashes of lightning through the gloom. The worshippers stirred not. The priests knelt silent in the church. The last cry heard was the sound of the Creed given out by the multitude, but then the whole building was wrapped in flames, and the dense smoke had passed over them like a destroying angel, and left them a church of the dead—row upon row of kneeling corpses still praying in death.

One strange unwonted cry alone was heard—it was from without, not from within. It was the voice of Scipio. "My wife!" he cried, "my child! Save them! Save them! Save them!" As the flames wrapped the church hopelessly in their arms a messenger rode breathless to Scipio. He had not known that a few days before wife and child had become Christians, and that they were among the martyrs his own hand had made. "Oh, save them! save them! Thirty pieces of silver to the

soldier who will save!" And so crying he fell down in a fit.

When the morning broke and the flames permitted entrance into the church, it was the saddest and most beautiful of sights to see. Some few of the bodies had been crushed by falling beams—fewer still had been blackened by the fire—most knelt with hands still clapsed, and faces still upturned; the priests were prostrate in their vestments before the altar still presenting the last prayer of the congregation for the persecutors. It was Scipio, he for whom they prayed, who wandered through the church. In the side chapel, uninjured by the fire, smiled the little image of the Infant Saviour. Before it, with her face all happy with her First Communion, knelt Julia in her white First Communion dress, her head crowned with roses and lilies; side by side with her knelt Scipio's daughter. And closer still to the little image was another babe. Metella, when the flames went round the church, had crept to the crib, and there, as an offering to the Infant Jesus, she had laid her infant down, and with its little cheek pillowed on the imaged cheek of his Lord, poor little Cyprian had smiled himself into the sight of his Lord in Heaven: and hand clasped in hand with Metella was Scipio's wife.

The silent prayer of the martyred church was answered. Before the little image Scipio flung himself repentant.

Licinius was once more upon his throne. A haggard figure came before him: "Licinius, take back your thirty pieces of silver; I too am a Christian."

"Oho! to death with him—lead him to death—the last Christian in Nicomedia; it was what I wanted. He has sent the Christians to the next world—Christian or not he goes after them himself. A dangerous knave!"

THREE CHRISTMAS TREES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I.—EDMUND'S.

IN a German town, on Christmas Eve, the shop windows were dressed in the showiest wares and gaily decorated, temptingly attracting passers-by. Between the curtains, in private houses, light glimmered, presage of general preparation for the morrow's great festival.

Edmund, the only child of a barrister, was in his father's study, waiting in happy, impatient expectation for Christmas presents. His mother's light footsteps were audible passing to and fro the door of communication with the next room, as she furnished his tree; he almost thought he heard the flap of the Christ-Child's wings;* but Edmund was too honourable to look through the key-hole, though strongly tempted, as he felt very impatient to know what was going on inside. His father tried to quiet him by telling a story. At last the door opened and he heard his mother's gentle "Come." Edmund rushed into the room and stood transfixed with delight opposite to the bright tree. For some weeks he had had vague, varying wishes for more gifts than his parents, though rich, could afford to give. Now all those fancies vanished; the actual presents before his eyes filled him with bliss, the more so that not having wished for one of them, each had the charm of complete novelty even in thought. Two handsome illuminated books—one, Bible Stories, the other, Natural History, illustrated with pictures of the animals in the Zoological Gardens; a lovely wooden sleigh, with a warm overcoat in it, and fur-lined gloves; some toys; and, lastly, a supply of sweets, which his dainty mouth did not scorn. In a few minutes his mother extinguished the pretty variegated wax-lights, to reserve them for New Year's Night, and

* In Germany a belief prevails among children that on Christmas Eve the Infant Christ flies from Heaven on gold and silver wings, visiting every house, leaving gifts for all the young people, generally in a stocking hung near to each little bed

lighted a lamp specially that Edmund should stay as long as he liked to gaze on and examine his treasures. He, feeling as happy as a king is supposed to feel, remained alone, his mother having to order supper, his father to attend a consultation.

Presently, old Betty, who had been his nurse, came, asking: "Edmund, would you care to see the young count's gifts? his old servant has just finished arranging them, and has invited me to come."

At first Edmund refused, being disinclined to leave his tree, feeling sure, too, the young count's could not surpass his own; but finally he followed Betty, springing down the staircase two steps at a time to overtake her. They soon reached the splendid house where the wealthy Count Von Bertoff lived in great state. The old servant met them, and ushered Betty and Edward into a large room.

II.—Oscar's.

It was magnificent; not merely the tree, but the room was nearly filled with presents for the only child and heir of the rich old Count Von Bertoff. Edmund, wonder-stricken, walked with slow steps into the richly-carpeted room, which seemed like a fairy's home. A beautiful pyramid-shaped chandelier was suspended from the ceiling, with myriads of wax lights: sconces to match, set with candles, were fixed on the walls. Edmund could not suppress his admiration, round and round the room he went, ever finding something new to admire. A Hussar uniform, one mass of gold embroidery; a great coat, and cap to suit; weapons of all sorts ready for the young warrior, just as if he were to be off at once to fight; a sleigh almost as long as the room, lined with red cloth, in it a bear-skin rug. The servant said: "There are two beautiful Russian ponies in the stable." A table was laden with toys, bricks, soldiers, a camp, a fortress garrisoned with men and cannons, even ammunition; picture-books, instructive and amusing. Edmund felt bewildered, and asked if Oscar were delighted.

"No, he does not seem to care, he always has so many presents; however, he looks forward with some pleasure to driving the ponies to-morrow."

Edmund seemed puzzled about Oscar's indifference, and was proceeding once again to make a tour round the room, when he heard Betty's voice summoning him home.

His mother was already seated at the piano, waiting till all should sing together the Christmas Hymn. She led in a clear, melodious voice—"Glory to God on high;" his father's deep bass voice chimed in: then his own child tones. But somehow he did not feel as he had felt last Christmas, when he imagined he heard angels sing too. Even when his father read aloud the Gospel, that they might meditate on it before next day, his thoughts wandered, reverting in envious comparison of the young Count Oscar's tree with his own, which he now discontentedly despised. Later, his father observed the abstracted indifference about presents which only an hour ago had pleased so much; his mother felt grieved, knowing he had seen Oscar's, and said: "Our boy will never be contented."

"Yes," replied his father, "you will find ne will; sooner or later he must come in contact with others both poorer and richer than he is."

She sighed; if in her power, she would have given her son every luxury.

"Edmund, dress warmly, and come for a short walk before supper; the night is starry and bright, though cold."

Wondering at so unusual an occurrence as a winter evening's walk, he accompanied his father down a narrow side-street, into a very old house, up to the garret-room, which they entered, his father warning him not to make any noise: a wretched room, dimly lighted.

III.—Karl's.

Edmund's memory flashed back to a time when he had been here formerly with a message from his mother to Monsca the washerwoman.

He had seen the boy, too, now lying ill and pale on a small bed, who used to come back and forwards to the house any day Monsca stayed for a day's work. He was always delicate-looking and intelligent.

Edmund recollected having heard his mother mention Karl's illness and her frequently sending nourishment

and dainties during the last two years to the suffering boy, who was now worn almost to a skeleton. He seemed just awakened from sleep and gazed in ecstasy at a tiny Christmas tree, placed by Monsca on a chair beside the bed; only three tapers, a penny gingerbread, and a penny picture-book.

"How beautiful! beautiful!" he exclaimed. Poor Monsca was well repaid for her thought of giving him his first Christmas tree, by seeing his joy.

"Yes, dear mother, I *am* pleased," he answered in reply to her anxious query if he were; "and now let us say a prayer." Clasping his little wasted hands he began, "Praise be to Thee, O Lord," his weak voice sounding earnest and devout. Mother and son were so absorbed that they did not perceive Edmund and his father in the doorway, who, disliking to disturb them, went away noiselessly.

IV.—Edmund's Thoughts.

He was silent all the way home, then ran to his mother, embracing her, and saying, "Thank you, mamma, and the Christ-Child."

As the small family party sat at tea. Edmund cast many beaming glances towards his tree. He had forgotten the count's; thoughts chased one another through his mind; at last he spoke.

"Papa, is it possible some children receive even fewer Christmas gifts than Karl?"

"Yes, my boy, some parents cannot afford to give any; others feel so hardened and chilled by the miseries of poverty, the idea would not occur to give pleasure to their little ones, even if it chanced they could afford it."

"Papa, does the Christ-Child only come to rich children?"

"The Christ-Child is typical of our Saviour, Who came from Heaven equally for poor and rich, and Who visits every house, offering Himself and His love, the best and more precious gift, which any one who wishes may receive. Edmund, tell me whether you think Oscar or Karl happier?"

After some hesitation he answered, "Karl."

When going to bed, after a last peep at his tree, he again remembered the young count's grand one; then.

again, his thoughts reverted to Karl's happy, calm, sweet face (a bright contrast to Oscar's peevish discontented expression); finally he fell asleep, undecided as to which of them he would prefer to be.

V.—Karl's Dream.

Edmund rose early next morning, anxious to see his toys in the daylight: they looked much brighter than at night. What wealth compared with poor Karl's!

Edmund did not spend the morning playing, but in selecting some of his presents to take to Karl—and indeed his mother had to curb his generosity, or he would have ended by giving all. However, at last a basket was packed with a small paint-box, picture-book, a box of soldiers, a small package of sweets, his mother adding a warm dressing gown, a pair of woollen slippers, and some coffee for Monsca. Edmund was quite pleased to represent the Christ-Child, and in so great a hurry to start that he had hardly patience to dress himself tidily, and was almost choked swallowing breakfast in haste.

Off at last, the servant carrying the basket to Monsca's door. Though Edmund met Oscar driving the beautiful Russian ponies, he felt no envy, but passed with a smiling nod and salutation, "A happy Christmas."

At Monsca's door he dismissed Betty, knocked gently and entered. Karl, sitting propped up in bed, read aloud to Monsca from the penny book.

"Oh! Master Edmund," she exclaimed, "you are very kind to come. Karl often longed for a visit from you; but I could not make so bold as to ask you to our poor room; and oh! what beautiful things you have brought! Karl, look!" The poor woman spoke in voluble wonder and admiration as Edmund unpacked the basket, feeling happy to see her delight, and watching, too, the invalid's joyful eyes.

"Are all mine, all for me?" he inquired, as Edmund spread the gifts on the bed, feeling happier than ever before in seeing the joy of the mother and son.

"How are you, Karl? Are you always sick?" he inquired, full of pity for the poor boy's weakness. thin wasted hands, and pinched face.

"Perhaps I shall not be, much longer," Karl replied in a low sweet tone of voice. "At night I cough ever so much, but last night I slept well and had a happy dream."

"Will you tell it to me?"

"Yes; only think! I saw Christmas Day in Heaven. At first dark clouds surrounded me, then through a tiny break in one of the clouds I saw a ray of dazzling light; then I went up to Heaven. I can never describe how lovely it was, and all my pains were gone."

"Did you see any angels?"

"Yes, beautiful snow-white angels; and I saw long tables spreading far away, farther than I could see, laden with Christmas trees—some a blaze of stars, others less brilliant; they were lighted with beautiful bright tiny stars; angels floated in and out among them, here and there adding a star to a tree, sometimes extinguishing one: when this occurred, the angel next to it became sad and wept. A smiling angel said to me, pointing to a radiant tree, 'That is yours.' 'But, dear angel,' I asked, 'why are some trees dark without any stars, and some less brilliant than mine?' The angel answered, 'Every child on earth has a Christmas tree in Heaven, watched by his angel guardian; whenever the child is good and obedient to his parents and teachers, whenever he is kind to the poor, and whenever he raises his heart in prayer to God, stars are added, giving more lustre; but if he is idle, disobedient, or uncharitable, a star is extinguished, and then the angel at the dark tree is sad, and weeps his sorrow for the child who is not preparing for Heaven.' Oh, Edmund, I do feel happy to have a Christmas tree ready in Heaven. I shall never complain again, but wait in patient cheerfulness till God takes me."

The poor little fellow lay back exhausted and faint from speaking. Monsca, weeping, bent over him, holding his hands as if dreading and trying to prevent his leaving her. Edmund stole noiselessly away, pondering over Karl's dream.

VI.—New Year's Day.

As the morning joy-bells merrily pealed, ringing in the glad New Year, Karl's small coffin was carried to the pretty churchyard outside the town.

It is years ago since he spent his first Christmas in Heaven. Edmund, now a man, making good and noble use of the life God lent to him, does not forget Karl's dream.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

By M. M.

In one of our great northern towns, a tram-car was taking its leisurely way from east to west. Within were about a dozen passengers, all in their best clothes, best manners and best tempers, for it was Christmas morning. But decidedly the most noticeable figure amongst the passengers was the very smallest. This was a young child of four or five years of age; she was very carefully protected from the cold, woollen gaiters encased the little legs, thick gloves covered the baby hands, and her head was protected by a little blue hood, from which her flaxen hair was escaping in bright golden curls all about her neck and cheeks and forehead. She lifted her blue eyes fearlessly in turns to every one of the occupants, and once or twice she walked to and fro the whole length of the car, with baby assurance laying her hand in its little white worsted glove upon the knee of a favoured few; but everyone gave the child a kindly smile. To her companion, an elderly man, she chattered ceaselessly —of the horses, of anything in the streets that caught her attention, but more than all she talked of the church she was going to, and of the Crib she was about to see. A middle-aged Scotchman on the opposite seat watched the pair for some time, his hard countenance relaxing into a smile once or twice at the pranks of the child. At last he leaned forward and spoke.

"I doubt ye're Papists?"

"Yes," answered the child's guardian; "I am a Catholic'; thanks be to God."

"Eh, mon, dinna gi' thanks for siccan a thing. Whiles your parents were Papists and brought you up in their ways?"

"Yes, my parents were good Catholics; God rest their souls!"

"Is yon wee bairnie yours?"

The elderly man let his eyes rest for a moment with unimaginable pride and love on the child; then turning up her fair little flower-like face said, "Tell the gentleman whose child you are."

The little one lifted her blue eyes straight to the grizzled Scotchman, and answered in clear tones:

"Our Lady's child."

"To whom do you belong?"

"To dada and Our Lady."

This again was hardly intelligible to the worthy Protestant, but he suspected it of a taint of papistry; however, not being clear, he put a fresh question.

"Weel, weel, ye're a bonnie wee thing; what is your name?"

"Mary, 'course it's Mary. I told you I was Our Lady's child."

Had the Scotchman known of any charm or method of exorcism, he would have used it; but as the case was he could only frown, and that was hard work with those brilliant blue eyes lifted to his. After a moment's silence he stroked again the golden curls wandering on the child's shoulders.

"Puir bairnie, havna ye got a mother?"

"I'se dot two muzzers," answered the little one. Then, whether the subject put her in remembrance, or whether her mind could not for long be drawn away from the delights of the day, but she commenced to rummage in the folds of her pelisse and at last found a lilliputian pocket, out of which she drew first a pink-and-white handkerchief and next a string of rosary beads.

"I'se dot a new 'osary—nice b'essed beads," said the child, putting a pretty little rosary into the Scotchman's hand.

The recipient looked embarrassed; drop the child's beads on the floor he would not, and drop them back into her hand he could not; for, having conferred as she thought quite a favour in letting him see her treasure, she had folded her small arms to give him time to examine it. For a moment he held the string of beads clumsily, then he threw them over the child's head, saying:

"There, a pretty necklace for a bonnie wee girlie."

The little child snatched the beads off again angrily, in the process knocking off her hood and showing all her golden curls.

"Not a necklace; beads to say p'ayers. Don't 'oo say 'oo p'ayers?"

The Scotchman thought this an occasion to be improved; so he answered in pompous, slightly raised tones, "I go to the church on Sabbaths, and hear the pure word o' God."

"And no p'ayers?" persisted the child.

"Ay, the meenister offers a fine prayer, he has a gran' gift for't; and we sing the psaulms of Dauvid."

The child blinked her eyes in her earnest attempt to follow this explanation, then shook her head. Next, she looked at the beads in her hand,—looked at them lovingly and regretfully, then put them firmly on his knee.

"You s'all have my 'osary to say."

Seeing the vexation and embarrassment of the stranger, the father came to the rescue.

"You must excuse her being a bit free, sir; she gets too much notice, and she is an only child and perhaps I spoil her a bit."

"She *is* your child then? I was doubting it."

"You think I look elderly; yes, I married late in life and my wife died within the twelvemonth, leaving the little one with me, a day-old baby. That's what she meant just now, sir; when my wife felt herself dying, she said, call the baby *Mary*, for Our Lady 'ud be the only mother she'd have.—Why, Mary," he broke off to say: "we've nearly arrived."

He unfastened the strings and tied her hood on afresh neatly, and at the next cross street they prepared to descend. Taking the child carefully by the hand he led her along a few blocks of houses, and then they had arrived at their destination. Stratton had a vivid remembrance of the glories of the Crib at this particular church, and taking her to see it was the solitary widower's Christmas treat to his little girl.

Mass over and the Crib visited, the pair proceeded again homeward. Arrived at their lodgings, which were a couple of rooms up a common stair, Stratton set to warming the beef and plum-pudding that made their Christmas dinner. Mary's excitement lasted over this, but after the dinner was eaten, with the oranges and figs that formed the dessert, she grew very quiet; the travelling,

the fatigue and chatter at last showed the effects, for the white lids drooped over their blue eyes, the head with its crown of golden curls nodded once or twice, then her father took her up in his arms and laid her on the sofa; first, he spread over her a worsted anti-maccassar, but his care not satisfied with that, he fetched from an inner apartment a warm shawl and tucked her up in it; and in about three minutes the little one was fast asleep.

The widower sat down by the fire in a high-backed chair to keep watch. Presently he felt thirsty; he had had some beer with his dinner, perhaps some was left in the jug, so he reached the jug to look; no, not a drop. Yet he felt thirstier than ever; and Christmas wasn't Christmas without a glass. He looked at the child, she was still sunk in slumber, resting peacefully and safely; he would just run to the Roebuck at the corner and get a glass of hot spirits and water. Accordingly he started.

The father could scarcely have descended the stairs when the sleeping child stirred; at the moment of his quitting the room she must either have been already on the point of awaking, or else his movements must have disturbed her. At first she only stirred a little softly, but very soon she threw off the shawl and raised her head, lovelier than ever with the flush of sleep upon her round cheeks. Slipping off the sofa on to her feet she stood erect and looked about for her father, but he was nowhere in sight; then she called for him, lustily too; but there was no answer.

For a minute or two afterwards the child stood quietly by the sofa, playing with the fringes of the shawl; then, finding it dull and not liking the shades of evening which were gathering fast in the room, she turned the handle of the door and in her turn went down the stairs and out into the streets. Here the gas lamps were lit and one or two special shops were open with brightly illuminated windows; and Miss Mary found the scene much more to her taste.

As for her father, he had just called for a second glass of hollands and water. In another ten minutes or a quarter of an hour it was drunk, and he hurried back to his home. In his haste on entering he did not notice that the door which he had shut carefully after him stood open; he was only struck when he saw the sofa vacant,

and the child nowhere in sight. He walked into the next room to look for her, but she was not there. Then he called to her coaxingly, supposing that she was hiding in fun, but there was no response; then he called chidingly, then urgently, as he lit a candle and searched here and there, pulling up the shawl that lay half-dragging on the floor, half-hanging on the sofa; but to all his cries there was no response but the echo of his own voice. The truth had by this time forced itself upon his mind that Mary had wandered forth, possibly to seek him. As soon as this was clear to him, he rushed back, ran up and down their court and out into the main street; and when he could see nothing of her, making inquiries of every person who might know something of the little girl. But he could light upon no trace of her. Evening grew into night and night deepened into midnight, and still he could learn nothing. He wandered to and fro, often returning to the house in the hope that Mary might have found her way back home.

Stratton was at last persuaded to take some rest, being assured that the child must have fallen into the hands of some person who was protecting her for the night, and in the morning application at the police-station or an advertisement would soon bring her back. Comforted somewhat he threw himself on his bed in his clothes just as he was, but no sleep would visit his eyelids, and he fancied he could hear little Mary's voice calling to him in great distress. He rose again and roamed about the streets, waiting impatiently for the daylight when he might prosecute enquiries more efficiently. The enquiries were pushed, but they were all in vain. Application to the magistrate, advertisements, none brought to him his cherished darling; none threw the least light upon her fate.

When he thought what that fate might be, Stratton would almost wish the child dead, hard as it was to picture all that life and brightness quenched beneath the sod. But he never believed her to be dead. In this he only went by some instinct of feeling, but the belief was also reasonable. Living, the child might be hid; but dead, not so. After some weeks of suspense and misery Stratton told the neighbours that he should go in search of his child; they endeavoured to show him the useless-

ness of his project, but he was not to be withheld from his purpose; he had saved some money, and with a small portion of it he set out on his travels,—aimless travels. He simply wandered from town to town without destination, without purpose.

At last one day, however, he actually came upon, or believed that he came upon, some trace of his child. He was possessed of three or four hundred pounds, having been a skilful and careful workman at his trade of a cabinet maker; but during his wanderings he lived very penuriously, being always under the impression that money would be wanted some time for Mary, and who could tell when his wanderings might cease? So he lived as savingly as possible. One morning he turned into a small baker's shop in a country town, partly to buy himself a cheap meal, partly to take shelter from a shower of rain. The proprietor, a kindly garrulous woman, pitying his haggard woe-begone appearance, began to question him: Where was he going?

"I don't know," answered Stratton; "the next town, wherever it may be."

"What are you going there for?" asked the astonished woman. "What do you do? What are you by trade?"

Then he told her all his story and how he was seeking his child. Suddenly his questioner checked him.

"You put me in mind of a little girl who came in here—let me see, it would be about a fortnight agone; yes, this day fortnight, for Mrs. Birtley, the Squire's wife, had just been settling her bill, which I remember from being uneasy with the money in the till, and she only pays once a month."

While the good woman rambled on in this way, the man's eyes were fixed upon her devouringly. Suddenly she noticed his looks; she could not have given a name to the agony on his countenance, but she broke off with a frightened exclamation.

"Good gracious, my man! are you ill?"

"No, no, only I want to hear; go on, you were saying a little girl entered."

"Yes, I was sitting in the shop like when you came in now and a little girl walked in. The door was like it is always, the bottom-half shut; and she had lifted the latch with her own little fingers and she came over to

where I was sitting behind the corner. I thought as she was standing there she was the prettiest thing I had ever seen; her hair was like gold with the sun on it, her eyes were as blue as flowers and shining like stars, and her little mouth——"

"Yes, what then?" cried Stratton.

"Give me time," said the shopkeeper; "I shouldn't remember such a lot only that little girl was so much out of the common."

"Yes, yes, did she say anything? Did the child speak?"

The worthy woman resumed her story. "'Give me a cake,' says the little child, soon as she had come up close. 'What sort will you have, my dear?' asked I, for she looked so respectable I thought she'd come to buy something. 'I want two, three, four cakes,' says she; 'I'm hungry.' 'You shall have them, my pretty little dear,' says I. And I looked up and at the door was a man and a woman, and when the man sees me looking at them, says he: 'Excuse our little one, missis; we've had a long tramp this morning.' The words were civil enough, only he spoke with a nasty whine; but I took the child round to the fire and gave her something plain and wholesome and a cup of milk. And the pretty dear *was* hungry; you'd ha' said so, if you'd seen her a-swallering that milk and buns."

The man clenched his hands and gave a groan.

"Well?"

"Well, I told them smartly that the child had been too long without food and wasn't dressed warm enough; and the woman, a nasty cringing thing like the man, says they were poor people, but they did their best for their little girl; no lady's child in the land was kep' cleaner, but if they hadn't more clothes they couldn't put 'em on her; which was all true enough, for the child was as clean and as neat as a new pin. Perhaps I'd a few things after one of the little missies? So I sent for a merino pelisse that was just getting a bit tight for my Maggie, but it was sound and warm, and I put it on the child."

"God bless you for it!" murmured Stratton.

"La! you don't think the child was a bit the better for it, do you?" asked the worthy proprietor of the shop. "Not a mossel the better, it would be sold the very first chance; everything, the money and all I gave the child,

would be taken from her,—especially if the little girl wasn't theirs, as it seems she wasn't by what you say, and the child didn't look as if she came out of their stock. I saw it direckly they were gone, and was just mad wi' myself for giving so much to help them to drink and wickedness; and mostly I wouldn't give to tramps and vagabonds, but there was somethin' in that child, you couldn't help being soft."

"The villains! To be trading on her pretty looks and pretty ways!"

"That's just what they were doing. No," added the good woman, in answer to Stratton's anxious questions: "I don't know where they were going, nor what road they took."

Stratton thanked the worthy shopkeeper and bade her farewell. He continued to wander on, questioning all sorts of people, likely and unlikely, and once more he comes upon a slight trace of little Mary; but again it was lost and came to nothing. Everybody pitied him, many thought his brain was giving way under his trouble; but most people were patient with him, and a few, after a rough fashion, showed him kindness.

In churches he was yet oftener marked: the tears welling from his uplifted eyes, his shoulders perchance shaken with sobs, his trembling hands clasped in piteous urgent supplication before some image or shrine of the Sorrowful Mother. Yet not all his sobs or tears or prayers appeared to bring back the missing child.

Two years had passed: the second Christmas from his loss had come round, and it found Stratton in London, but in that great city almost without purpose. It really looked as though some doom of wandering were upon the man. He was worn to a skeleton, his face was pale and haggard, his thin white locks fell on bent shoulders. He was praying before the Crib with scalding tears, while all the rest of mankind were rejoicing over the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. The congregation had dispersed, and the church was empty save for a little troop of children who with eager gestures and whispers were admiring the Crib, and somewhat apart a young priest knelt saying his prayers and keeping guard. Suddenly Stratton's gaze fell on one of the children; he

started and looked more closely. Yes, he had no more any doubt; it was she, it was Mary. He rose from his knees and with hasty uncertain steps crossed the open space that divided them. The priest in concern went forward and took him by the arm.

"My child! She is my child, Father!"

"Who? Yes, I see; what of it?"

"She is my child, Father; she has been lost for two years."

The priest looked at him doubtfully.

"Don't let her go! don't let her go!" cried the old man, as his feeble knees gave way and he sank on one of the chairs.

"Calm yourself; be calm now, and I will not," said the priest, fearing the effects of such excitement on the man's weak frame.

When he had a little recovered, the priest took the old man and the child into his room and there listened patiently to Stratton's story, and he could scarcely doubt its truthfulness. He questioned the child next

"Is that man your father?"

"No."

"Who is your father?"

"I don't think I've got one."

"With whom do you live?"

"With old Jake Morris and his wife. I begs for them."

But after some careful questioning to quicken her memory, the child seemed to have some remembrance of better days when she did not beg, and when she had toys and nice things. Sending the poor father to lodge with some good people who would take care of him, the priest got the child to conduct him to the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Morris. That worthy couple, being at a disadvantage in consequence of being found the worse for liquor, at once threw up the game; but they hoped the gentleman would give them something for taking care of the child. She had been found in the streets lost, and they'd been at the expense of her keep for the matter of two years.

That priest was a meek and holy man, but only strong words suited the occasion. "You impudent rascals! You ought to be prosecuted and get a term in prison; I don't promise you that I'll not do it."

When Father Vincent called next day he found Stratton in bed, he had been too weak to rise; it seemed as though with the end of his journey had come the end of his strength. From what the priest saw he considered it prudent to administer the last sacraments. Stratton was perfectly resigned and peaceful, only concerning himself to beg Father Vincent to send Mary to school in a convent and to pray for a vocation for her, so that she should remain there, and those quiet walls should shut her in from some of the worst evils of this troublous world.

Just as the early dusk of the winter afternoon stole through the room, clasping the hand of his child, and with the priest at the foot of his bed, Stratton fell asleep; he had his awakening in another world than this.

A CHRISTMAS TREE AND ITS FRUITS.

"I THINK that will do," said Miss Hope, dropping two tired arms to her side and stepping off the ladder she had used in decorating the tree.

The south has its orange-trees and olives, the north its noble firs and pines, and the east and west their thousands of trees goodly and pleasant for the use of man: but of all the trees that grow, which, in children's eyes, can compare with the one that blooms at the blessed Christmas-tide? And Miss Hope, loving the children for the sake of Him Who was once a Child, knew this well.

"Yes, I think that will do. No; it will not," she cried in amendment, as a doll she had set erect made so profound a curtsey that she brushed her elegant forehead and flaxen locks across the branch, and nearly put out her beautiful glass eyes for ever. "Well, if you won't stand upright you must be tied like the others." So she took her down and fastened a cord round her waist as though she was about to start on an alpine climb in her pink silk frock and satin shoes. But once the other end of the string was made fast to the bough, dolly was safe enough. And once more Miss Hope and her few privileged helpers surveyed the tree, and after the expenditure of a little more wire and patience it was pronounced perfect.

As Miss Hope was hurrying home to get some refreshment before the work of the evening began, she was conscious of a pair of small feet running at her side, and the next moment a voice hailed her.

"I say, miss, do let me come to your Christmas-tree."

Miss Hope stopped. "You are not one of our Catholic children? No; well, my boy, I cannot; besides, all the tickets are gone."

"O do let me come, miss!"

"I am afraid I cannot; rules are rules and are made to be kept, not broken," said Miss Hope, but the refusal

was hard to speak, with those bright brown eyes, a world of entreaty in them lifted to hers. "Why do you want so much to go? Have you never seen a Christmas-tree?"

"No, I've on'y heard tell of 'em and I want to see it so much."

"Well, there is but one way to manage it; if you will be at the door of the school at six o'clock I will take you in with me. What is your name?"

"Jim Wilson."

At the appointed hour Jim was at the school-door and Miss Hope was as good as her word. He was amazed at the grandeur and delights. It was a splendid tree; it had its roots in a tub on the ground, and its head was so high that the fairy at the top swept the roof with her gauze wings, while all its branches were ladened with the most wonderful toys and bags of sweets and gold and silver balls and sugar horsemen and more marvels than could be told. Round the walls were festoons of evergreens with brilliant paper lanterns, and on a table at one end of the room were piles of buns and oranges and apples. Jim started in amazement; the poor little ignorant boy had never heard of fairyland, or he would have thought that he had got into it.

"And what do you think of the tree?" asked Miss Hope.

"It's grand—it's—it's——" Words failed poor Jim. "Who's them things for?" asked he, pointing to the table.

"For the children; they must not go away hungry One's for you."

"O, jolly! They's precious lucky young 'uns wot comes to your school, missis."

At that moment the doors were opened and the children admitted. The mission was quite a small one, the children only numbering about one hundred and fifty; but a regiment of cavalry could not have made more noise on arrival. Miss Hope, however, quickly marshalled them to their places on the benches put round the room, laughing at them all the time and the children laughing at her. It was a charming evening party!

As soon as the boys and girls were in position and there was quiet save for the murmur of admiration which went on ceaselessly and which sometimes broke into more than a murmur, a bag was carried round, and every child furnished with a number that decided the order in

which they were to go up. Many of the children coveted particular articles, but they were not permitted a choice; they had only priority in so far as their tickets bore a higher or lower number; but at last all were satisfied and sent away happy and laden

A week passed without event, and Miss Hope was one evening walking home after Benediction, when, close to her own gate a voice again called to her, but this time the tones were low and timid

"Miss Hope, Miss Hope! I want to speak to you, miss, and give you suthin'."

"Well, come inside out of the cold and darkness and we'll see to it," said she, recognizing Jim Wilson.

The boy followed her into the hall and pushed some article into her hand. "It's this, miss."

Miss Hope looked down in surprise: the thing proved to be a toy figure of an Indian juggler, its gay red tunic now all soiled and rumpled and its cymbals bent. "What's this for, Jim?"

"I took it from the Christmas-tree, miss."

Miss Hope nodded. "Yes, I know."

"I took it when you wasn't looking: when you was a-doin' suthin' to them little candles," added poor Jim thinking he was not understood.

"I know. I saw you take it and hide it in your jacket.'

"You saw me and you didn't cane me nor turn me out, nor nothing?"

"No; what would have been the use? But I felt very sad about it."

"Why? You'd ha' give it to some on 'em, wouldn't yer? I'm sorry I took it, any way, and I'd be sorrier if I thought you'd ha' wanted it."

"But you should be sorry because it was a sin and it offended God."

"I don't think God 'ud see such a little thing."

"Why, God sees everything you do," said Miss Hope with solemn emphasis.

Jim dropped his eyes and rubbed the toe of his ragged boot to and fro on the coloured tiles of the floor, while conscience stirred within him. "I'd rather I wasn't watched like that all the time," said he at length doggedly.

Miss Hope smiled, then sighed. "There are many besides you who would rather not be watched continually; but God is ever looking at you and at them."

"I don't believe as how He can see everything that's done," said Jim, suddenly throwing up his head and comforting himself with the reflection; "I don't believe He can, there's a deal of people in Seaford and there's lots more towns than Seaford, so how can He see everybody?"

"If I were to tell you that God is a Spirit and infinite in all perfections, you would not understand; I am afraid, my boy, you do not know much about God and religion."

"P'raps not," answered Jim, cheerfully, as though the amount of his theological knowledge one way or other did not concern him greatly.

"But you ought to know. Look here, Jim, come to my school; you should learn more about God Who made you and redeemed you, so come regularly on Sundays."

"I'm no good at school, miss," said Jim uneasily.

"We will see about that, you come on Sunday at three o'clock."

"No, miss, no; when I sits still suthin' gets inside me; you'd soon be sorry you arst me."

"Now, Jim," said Miss Hope peremptorily; "you must not talk nonsense to me."

"No, miss; well, good-night; I'm sorry I took that thing arter you was so kind to me, and there 'tis back," said he, jerking his thumb in the direction of the little red juggler that lay sprawling on the table where Miss Hope had thrown it down.

"I was very sorry, too, Jim, all the evening," said Miss Hope sadly.

"Was you? And I spoilt the Christmas-tree for you too?"

"Jim, are you *really* sorry?" asked Miss Hope, catching at a sudden inspiration; "well, you can do something for me to make up for it."

"Can I, miss? You just tell me; if 'tis to go of errands I'll run all the way till I havn't a bit o' breath left in me; just try me."

"No, it's not to do errands," said Miss Hope, smiling "it's to come to Catechism on Sundays and to behave well when there.'

Jim heaved a deep sigh. "Well, miss, if you want me I must come, I s'pose; but you'll be sorry you arst me, I can tell ye that."

Many times in the course of the next few Sundays did Jim's prophecy seem on the point of being fulfilled; but Miss Hope strove to have patience with him, seeing great capacities for good as well as for evil in the lad. Most depressing was it when he absented himself altogether, which was often the case, but she never failed to make time to go and seek him during the week, and he would be won back. At last she had her reward; for once any piety was aroused in him, it was solid and thorough-going; and once he got a taste for books he learned with amazing speed and progress.

Years have gone by, and James Wilson now occupies a good and honourable position; and, best of all, is ever forward in good works and especially ready in any matter that touches the faith of the young.

So Miss Hope had reason to be satisfied with the fruit her Christmas-tree bore that winter,—bore by God's grace, for one planteth and another watereth, but it is God that giveth the increase!

AUNT MARY'S TREE.

In old and simple-hearted Cornwall, the household names "Uncle" and "Aunt" were uttered and used as they are to this day in many countries of the East, not only as phrases of kindred, but as words of kindly greeting and tender respect. It was in the spirit of this touching and graphic usage, that they were wont on the Tamar side to call the Mother of God, in their loyal language "Aunt Mary."

Now of all the trees by the king's highway,
Which do you love the best?
O! the one which is green upon Christmas Day,
The bush with the bleeding breast.
Now the holly with her drops of blood for me:
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree.

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's Name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor:
Summer and winter it shines the same,
Besides the cottage door.
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me!
For that is our kind Aunt Mary's tree.

'Tis a bush that the birds will never leave:
They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all upon Christmas Eve,
Is to hear the robin's song.
'Tis the merriest sound upon earth and sea;
For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's tree.

So of all that grow by the king's highway
I love that tree the best;
'Tis a bower for the birds on Christmas Day
The bush of the bleeding breast.
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me:
For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's tree.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin:
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat;
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas Day
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest!

She stopped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE LEGEND OF ST. WENCESLAS.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where, and what, his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence.
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page:
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted:
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing;
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

"WHENCE art thou, my maiden,
Whence art thou?"
"I come from the stable
Where this very night,
I, a shepherd maiden,
Saw a wondrous sight."

"What saw'st thou, my maiden,
What saw'st thou?"
"There within the manger
A little Babe I saw,
Lying softly sleeping
On the golden straw."

"Nothing more, my maiden,
Nothing more?"
"I saw the Holy Mother
The little Baby hold,
And the father, Joseph,
Atremble with the cold."

"Nothing more, my maiden,
Nothing more?"
"I saw the ass and oxen
Kneeling meek and mild,
With their gentle breathing
Warm the Holy Child."

"Nothing more, my maiden,
Nothing more?"
"There were three bright Angels
Come down from the sky
Singing forth sweet praises
To the Father High."

OLD FRENCH, *Translated by* WILLIAM MCLENNON.

—※—

THE ROBIN.

MY old Welsh neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of grey,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
My poor bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor *Bron rhuddyn!** my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the Heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

* The Welsh name for the robin, meaning "red breast."

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the Heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

—※—

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now let all people praises sing,
For Christ is born, our heavenly King.

The God Who made both earth and sky,
Low in a manger now doth lie.

The shepherds hear the angels' song
And speedily to Bethlehem throng:

And there they find the heavenly Child,
Borne in the arms of Mary mild.

The three Wise Men in lands afar,
Look up to heaven, and see His star.

They come to worship at His Feet
And bring Him offerings, as is meet:

Incense and gold and myrrh they bring,
To offer to their God and King.

Now praise we God for His great grace
In showing us the Saviour's Face.

JAMES BRITTEN.

—※—

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA.

THE black-haired, gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:—
"Bow down, O King of Deira,
Before the holy Rood!
Cast out thy demon idols,
And worship Christ our Lord."
—But Edwin look'd and pondered,
And answer'd not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake:
"God offers life immortal
For His dear Son's own sake!
Wilt thou not hear his message,
Who bears the Keys and Sword?"
—But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answer'd not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior;
Was five-score winters old;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath roll'd:—
"At Yule-time in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cavern-black round us
Lies the grim mouth of night.

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door:
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash,—and no more!
We see it born from darkness,
And into darkness go:—
So is our life, King Edwin!
Ah! that it should be so!

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell;
Some news of Whence and Whither,
And where the soul may dwell:—
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine;—
He makes life worth the living!
I take his God for mine!"

So spake the wise old warrior;
And all about him cried
"Paulinus' God hath conquered!
And he shall be our guide:—
For he makes life worth living
Who brings this message plain,—
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again."

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

A MOTHER'S SECRET.

THE choral host had closed the Angel's strain
Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's plain,
And now the shepherds, hastening on their way,
Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay.
They passed the fields that gleaning Ruth toiled o'er,—
They saw afar the ruined threshing floor
Where Moab's daughter, homeless and forlorn,
Found Boaz slumbering by his heaps of corn;
And some remembered how the holy scribe,
Skilled in the lore of every jealous tribe,
Traced the warm blood of Jesse's royal son
To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won,
So fared they on to seek the promised sign
That marked the anointed heir of David's line.
At last, by forms of earthly semblance led
They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.
No pomp was there, no glory shone around
On the coarse straw that strewed the reeking ground;
One dim retreat a flickering torch betrayed—
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wondering shepherds told their breathless tale
Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;
Told how the skies with sudden glory flamed,
Told how the shining multitude proclaimed,
"Joy, joy to earth! Behold the hallowed morn!
In David's city Christ the Lord is born!
'Glory to God!' let angels shout on high,
'Good-will to men!' the listening earth reply!"
They spoke with hurried words and accents wild;
Calm in His cradle slept the heavenly Child,
No trembling word the Mother's joy revealed,—
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed;
Unmoved she saw the rustic train depart,
But kept their words to ponder in her heart.

Twelve years had passed; the Boy was fair and tall
Growing in wisdom, finding grace with all.
The maids of Nazareth, as they trooped to fill
Their balanced urn beside the mountain rill,
The gathered matrons as they sat and spun,
Spoke in soft words of Joseph's quiet Son.
No voice had reached the Galilean vale
Of startled kings, or awe-struck shepherd's tale;
In the meek studious Child they only saw
The future Rabbi, learned in Israel's law.
So grew the boy, and now the feast was near
When at the Holy Place the tribes appear.
Scarce had the home-bred Child of Nazareth seen
Beyond the hills that girt the village green;
Save when at midnight, o'er the starlight sands,
Snatched from the steel of Herod's murdering bands,
A babe, close folded to His Mother's breast,
Through Edom's wilds He sought the sheltering west.
Then Joseph spake: "Thy Boy hath largely grown;
Weave Him fine raiment, fitting to be shown
Fair robes beseem the pilgrim, as the priest:
Goes He not with us to the holy feast?"
And Mary culled the flaxen fibres white;
Till eve she spun; she spun till morning light,
The thread was twined; its parting meshes through
From hand to hand her restless shuttle flew
Till the full web was wound upon the beam;
Love's curious toil, a vest without a seam!

They reach the Holy Place, fulfil the days
To solemn feasting given, and grateful praise.
At last they turn, and far Moriah's height
Melts in the southern sky and fades from sight.
All day the dusky caravan has flowed
In devious trails along the winding road;
(For many a step their homeward path attends
And all the sons of Abraham are as friends.)
Evening has come,—the hour of rest and joy,—
Hush! hush! That whisper,—"Where is Mary's Boy?"

O weary hour! O aching days that passed
Filled with strange fears each wilder than the last—
The soldier's lance, the fierce centurion's sword,
The crushing wheels that whirl some Roman lord,
The midnight crypt that sucks the captive's breath,
The blistering sun on Hinnom's vale of death!
Thrice on his cheek had raised the morning's light;
Thrice on His lips the mildewed kiss of night,
Crouched by a sheltering column's shining plinth,
Or stretched beneath the odorous terebinth.

At last, in desperate mood, they sought once more
The Temple's porches, searched in vain before;
They found Him seated with the ancient men,—
The grim old rufflers of the tongue and pen,—
Their bald heads glistening as they clustered near,
Their gray beards slanting as they turned to hear,
Lost in half envious wonder and surprise
That lips so fresh should utter words so wise.
And Mary said,—as one who, tried too long,
Tells all her grief, and half her sense of wrong,—
"What is this thoughtless thing which Thou hast done
Lo! we have sought Thee sorrowing O my Son!"
Few words He spake, and scarce of filial tone,
Strange words, their sense a mystery yet unknown;
Then turned with them and left the holy hill,
To all their mild commands obedient still.
The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men,
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again;
The maids retold it at the fountain's side,
The youthful shepherds doubted or denied;
It passed around among the listening friends,
With all that fancy adds and fiction lends,
Till newer marvels dimmed the young renown
Of Joseph's Son, Who talked the Rabbis down.
But Mary, faithful to its lightest word,
Kept in her heart the saying she had heard,
Till the dread morning rent the Temple's veil,
And shuddering earth confirmed the wondrous tale.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSE.

SHE stands among us tall and fair,
The tresses of her waving hair
  Have auburn's softest dyes;
Her girlish form is full of grace,
Youth's sunshine plays upon her face,
  Youth's gladness in her eyes.

She moves—her step is soft and light,
Her simple robe of purest white
  Like foam about her flows;
She is not jewelled like the rest,
But wears upon her maiden breast
  A snowy Christmas rose.

As pure as that pale wintry bloom,
She came to glad our quiet home
  Just twenty years ago,—
She crowned our cup of wedded bliss,
How dear and sweet she was—and is—
  God knoweth, and we know.

Yea, others know; for her good heart
Is ever yearning to impart
  A share of blessedness.
Her smile like blessed sunshine falls
On lofty and on lowly walls,
  And all her coming bless.

The dumb things gather round her way,
With mute, beseeching looks they pray
  For kindly touch and word,
The which, though rudely round they press,
With fearless, graceful tenderness
  To all she doth accord.

At care-struck doors she enters in,
Death cannot bar her way—nor sin—
  But bravely on she goes;
Where grief wrings hard, and faith grows dim,
God gives her words to say for Him,
  Our blessed Christmas Rose.

The snows were lying drift on drift
When first she came, our Christmas gift:
  And each succeeding year
Has brought new beauty to her face,
Has given her sweeter, rarer grace;
  Has made her yet more dear.

She keeps God's birthday blessing still,
For all her life is pure good-will,
  And peace around her flows.
Words fail.—Thank God that she is ours!
The chiefest of ten thousand flowers,
  Our precious Christmas Rose!

AS JOSEPH WAS A-WALKING.

As Joseph was a-walking
  He heard an Angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-night
  Of Christ our heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
  In palace nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise:
  But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed
  In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
  That usen babies all.

"He neither shall be rocked
  In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
  That rests upon the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
  In milk nor in wine;
But in the pure well water
  That springs in Bethine."

As Joseph was a-walking,
Thus did an Angel sing;
That very night in Bethlem,
Was born our Lord and King

Then be ye glad, ye people,
This night of all the year!
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth near.

OLD CAROL.

ON THE DOORSTEP.

'NEATH the porch on the doorstep they lingered,
While the snowflakes fell thickly and fast,
They were weary, and footsore, and fainting,
And would rest till the storm should blow past.

Call them babes if you will: they were children
Such as charm us in painting and song,
With the mark of God's grace still upon them,
Hardly old enough yet to do wrong.

And the guests in the house laughed their loudest
While the quaint Christmas story was told;
But the children sat hungry and friendless,
'Neath the porch, in the snow and the cold.

Hand-in-hand sat the brother and sister,
Till the snow hid the world from their sight,
And they talked of the innocent Saviour,
Who was born for us sinners that night;

How He lay for our sake in the manger:—
While the north-wind swept stormily past,
And the legions of Hell in their fury,
Seemed to ride on the wings of the blast.

And the younger child prattled on sweetly,
"May I sleep now, dear sister?" he said:
"Infant Jesus had only a manger,
We can make of the doorstep our bed."

Let him slumber; and she will watch o'er him,
For herself, she will try not to sleep;
But if both shall sleep fast on the doorstep
Then the angels their watches will keep.

Then she spared of her own scanty clothing,
And entwined him with motherly care,
Though the shawl she wrapped round him was tattered,
And the arms that caressed him were bare.

Once the boy's blue eyes opened in wonder,
When he waked with the loud sound of mirth,
And the little scared face drew still closer
To the one warm heart left him on earth.

She too slept; and in fancy she wandered,
Far away from the snow and the cold,
Through the streets of the heavenly city
With its glittering pavement of gold.

And she heard the sweet sound of the singing
As it swept through the heavenly dome,
While through all the full harmony's grandeur
Came a soft low voice calling her home.

'Twas a voice that came sweet as the breezes
That are fanned by an angel's soft wing,
Came as soft and as faint as the echo
Of the songs that the bright angels sing.

And her lips seemed to move as in answer,
But the icicles formed of her breath,
And the eyes that had bravely kept watching
Closed at last in the slumber of death.

So the the cold wind may blow in its fury,
And the snowflakes fall thickly and fast,
For the poor little outcast is resting
With the sweet Infant Jesus at last.

In the grey of the glad Christmas morning,
She was found by some late-coming guest,
With the face of her little dead brother,
Nestling still on her icy cold breast.

JOSEPH W. REEKS.

A CHRISTMAS MASS IN THE PENAL TIMES.

HOARY with snow, and bitter, bitter cold,
Now who for flowers this night would make a quest?
Yet on another night like this, of old,
A shining Rose of Heaven oped fold on fold,
And bloomed and brightened on a Virgin's breast.

Ah, Thou rare Rose! a shelter all unmeet
Was Thine—a rude shed open to the sky!
Came on the grey wind's wings the snow and sleet
When Mary's heart leaped up with sudden beat
To hear a new-born Baby's first weak cry.

Ah, the Child's Feet! set for so hard a way;
The blue, blue Eyes! that looked unwavering still,
And saw across the year's mists, wan and gray,
After the long day's toil a shameful day,
And three gaunt crosses on a windy hill.

Ah, the Child's shut soft Hand! that should deny
One day no passage to the pitiless nail.
The sweet set Mouth! whose last forsaken cry
Should shake the soul of heaven most mightily,
Yea, at the sound whereof the earth should quail.

And He was glad within His Mother's arm,
Feeling the trembling kisses of her love,
Heeding not all the bitter cold and storm,
Though His far flowerful heaven was fair and warm,
And the sun shining in the streets thereof.

And He will gladly come this night again
To an abode, all bare, and poor, and dim,
Knowing His children's bitter need and pain,
Swiftly will come through all the storm and rain,
When His priest's mystic word hath summoned Him.

Only the hard bare rock is here for throne,
And the snows drift about the altar's foot;
From the rude carven crucifix thereon
Looketh the dead Christ, very fair and wan,
Down on the kneeling, praying, concourse mute.

Gathered upon the Irish hillside wild,
To hear His blessed Mass ere break of day,
Grandsire and sire, the mother and the child,
The strong young men, the maidens fair and mild,
Kneeling beneath the heavy sky of grey.

Some are there set, to gaze with watchful eyes
Warily out across the waste of snow,
Lest there should come the hunter or his spies;
For kneeling on the earth, the hunter's prize,
The vested priest is praying, soft and low.

Speaking unto his Lord of each one there:
For in his great, true heart he holdeth them
As little children given to his care;
As his lips move his eyes are strangely fair,
For in his heart he seeth Bethlehem.

This man, though now his lips be very mild,
And in his eyes a child's peace lingereth,
Hath seen long since war's carnage, fierce and wild,
Hath stood in Limerick's leaguered town, and smiled
Darkly, to find him face to face with death.

Yea, the red wine-press he hath trod amain,
Whose grapes are dead men heaped dark and high,
Hath felt the fierce fumes clouding heart and brain,
Drunk the mad joy of battle and its pain,
Hath charged with Sarsfield and his chivalry.

And his heart broke, one grey day long ago,
When the "Wild Geese"* went sailing from the land,
With lone, long cries, and trailing wings and slow:
Ah! the Lord took the great heart in its woe,
And bound it strongly in His healing Hand.

Cometh the Mass—the people praying fast,
Beating the breast, with sudden, happy thrills,
Till are the *Gloria* and the *Credo* past,
And the most blessed Lord doth come at last,
To His poor altar on the Irish hills.

Just at the gracious hour—a warning cry!
See! up the hillside the fierce soldiery ride
Now the young children to their mothers fly,
And some look wildly round for shelter nigh,
And some are praying still, with arms stretched wide.

Now, to the hunted priest, entrapped at last,
Cometh a thought, how sweet 'twere to be dead,
Joyful to know that, on the midnight blast,
Death cometh, as a horseman riding fast—
Yet shall he leave his flock unshepherded?

And in the heat and burden of the day
Shall he grow faint, and crave the sweet night's rest,
Crying—"O Lord! how weary is Thy way?"—
Yet these may go unharmed, if he shall stay,
Surely for him the hunters make their quest.

Ah! but the martyr's death were wondrous sweet,
And passing sweet to wake this Christmas morn,
In the fair heaven, and see, with soundless feet,
The angels, going down the golden street,
Singing a *Gloria* for the Child new-born.

* The Irish soldiers who, after the broken Treaty of Limerick, left Ireland and took service in the armies of the Continent, were called "The Wild Geese."

So, in a moment's space of time he saith:
"What wilt Thou, shall I stay, or turn and flee?"
And to his hid heart the Lord answereth:
"Heart! thou shalt drink with Me deep draughts of death,
Yea, thou shalt wake in Paradise with Me."

So he hath turned with no weak thought of fear,
Blessed them the Lord had given to him to keep;
"Go!" he hath said, "no time for sigh or tear;
Now mine hour cometh—lo! its feet draw near,
The shepherd shall be stricken for his sheep."

Then there is pressing round to kiss his hand,
Sore weeping and strong vows they will not go,
Leaving him; but his voice is stern and grand:
"Go ye! I speak to ye the Lord's command,
O ye of little faith! doth He not know?

"Here must I stay, till Mass be finished,
Peace! Peace! some new day ye shall come to me."
Saying, hath turned him round, and bent his head,
And deeply *Agnus Dei* he hath said:—
Riseth a white moon, and alone is he.

Now, the Mass said—he, kneeling, waits for death.
Courage, brave heart! thou hast not long to wait!
In its rude sconce a taper flickereth,
And the dark hillside, crowned with thorny heath,
Looms as Gethsemane, grey and desolate.

To his soul's eyes a vision passeth by,
Shutting him out from every earthly thing:
Seeth he, under the lone, awful sky,
Pallid and fair, the Christ in agnoy,
Seeth a radiant angel ministering.

Surely an angel's shimmering wings and rare
Fold this brave martyr! Hunters, take your prize
So the Lord yielded him to a traitor's snare.—
Now, wilt thou tell us, how God's smile is fair,
How fair the Christmas dawn in Paradise!

KATHERINE TYNAN.

LITTLE GOTTLIEB.

Across the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the house of little Gottlieb,
Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
And his mother could no more—
Though she scarcely laid her knitting down—
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take her threadbare clothes,
And turn and patch and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night beside her chair
Would Gottlieb sit and plan,
The wonderful things that he would do for her
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week to Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-Child, Who was born that day,
Sent down great gifts to men.

But he said "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small;
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he would do.

Next day, when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land,
Came one for the Christ-Child, written
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask our Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop like a tear from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And turned himself about;
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer
Through all their noisy play;
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who then scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun.

And hastened to his mother,
But he scarce might speak for fear,
When he saw her wondering look, and saw
The Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table, never full before,
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth,
The Burgomaster said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread:

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
To such as me for aid,
Be grateful to thy little son,
And the Lord to Whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
"Your written prayer, you see,
Came not to Whom it was addressed,
It only came to me!

"'Twas but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours, you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-Child sent them all the same;
He put the thought in your heart!"

PHŒBE CARY.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the early morning, early,
Ere the dawn was even nigh—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,—
"Glory be to God on high!"
When the crown-like stars were lustrous;
When the dew was on the sod,
Sang the angels to the shepherds,—
Sang the choristers to God.

To the humble Bethlehem shepherds,
On the first glad Christmas morn,
Sang the choirs of God angelic,
"Christ the Son of God is born:"
When the dew was white and pearly,
Flashed a light across the sky,
In the early morning, early—
"Glory be to God on high!"

"Glory in the Heavens eternal!
Upon earth be glory too,
For the day of grace is broken,
And a king is born to you:
The Mighty One, the Wonderful,
The Counsellor, the Guide,
Is born for man's salvation—
The Bridegroom for the bride.

"Lowly in the Bethlehem manger,
With His Mother kneeling by,
Ye shall find the Infant Jesus,
And shall hear His feeble cry:
Glory in the heavens eternal!
Upon earth be glory too,
For the Word of God Incarnate
Is a Saviour now for you!"

And His Light is still as rosy,
And His Power is still as strong
As when that first Christmas morning
Heard the sweet angelic song:
And His Love is still undying,
And His wonders never cease;
He is still the world's Redeemer,
He is still the Prince of Peace.

Then His Godhead was enshrouded,
And His Manhood only known,
Now they both from sight are hidden,
Here upon His Altar-throne:
Still Faith remembers Christmas,
And worships Him with awe,
As did Joseph and His Mother
When He lay upon the straw.

For on every Christian Altar
When rings out the Angelic Hymn—
"Glory ever in the Highest,"—
We may laud and worship Him:
Waiting faithfully, in patience,
For the day when trials cease,
Waiting, humble and expectant,
For the Royal Prince of Peace.

He will come no more an Infant,
Nor as man so poor no more;
But as Judge and Lord of all things,
With the keys of Heaven's door;
Then may we, who keep His Christmas
Know His greeting for the best,—
"Come, ye children of My Father,
To your everlasting rest."

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

THE NORMAN BARON.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying:
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells that, from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held that night their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits:

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"Now good-wife, bring your precious hoard,"
The Norland farmer cried;
"And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
For the blessed Christmas-tide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said,
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o'erhead,
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good,
Who, of the loaves He blest and brake,
Fed all the multitude."

Then Frederica and Franz and Paul,
When they heard their father's words,
Put up the sheaf, and one and all
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
The boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried,
"If Hansei were but here!"

And when at dark, about the hearth
They gathered still and slow,
You heard no more the childish mirth
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
Shone in the flickering light;
For they were four in other years
Who were but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone;
As she speaks she trembles too:
"Come, children, come, for the supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Frederica and Franz and Paul
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake; her words were brave,
But her voice was low and sweet.

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead
Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without His care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this,"—
Her words came fast and wild,—
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To Him than a single child

"Even though it sinned and strayed from home?"
The father groaned in pain
As she cried, "O, let our Hansei come
And live with us again!

"I know he did what was not right,"—
Sadly he shook his head;
"If he knew I longed for him to-night
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride;
God shield him tenderly!
For I heard the wild wind cry outside,
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it *is* a soul!" O, eagerly
The maiden answered then:
"And, father, what if it should be he
Come back to us again?"

She stops,—the portal open flies;
Her fear is turned to joy:
"Hansei!" the startled father cries;
And the mother sobs "My boy!"

'Tis a bowed and humbled man they greet
With loving lips and eyes,
Who vain would kneel at his father's feet,
But he softly bids him rise;

And he said, "I bless thee, O mine own;
Yea, and thou shall be blest!"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their home and love again to share
The prodigal has come!
And now there will be no empty chair
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and pride
Safe back in the sheltering fold,
Of the Child that was born at Christmas-tide
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds!

PHŒBE CARY

HOMELESS.

It is cold dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the cold bleak street?—
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity wherever they go—
Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro.

Look out in the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
The shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down, past the window pane:
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are pitied and taught and fed:
That is only a sister-woman
Who has got neither food nor bed;
And the night cries "sin to be living,"
And the river cries "sin to be dead."

Look out at the farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare:—
Can that be a pack which a pedlar
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt by the damp night air!

Nay;—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk or woollen or cotton,—
But in counting the riches of England
I think our poor are forgotten.

Our beasts and our thieves and our chattels
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will;
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE THREE POOR SHEPHERDS.

WE were but three poor shepherds,
All keeping our flocks by night,
When Monseigneur the blessed Angel
Came suddenly into sight.

Came suddenly through the darkness,
While a glory round him fell;
I wot not if it were Michael
Or the Angel Gabriel.

But his voice was like a trumpet,
So full, and glad, and true;
"Listen," he said, "my children,
There is good news for you—

"Good news for men and maidens,
A great glad gift for them;
For the fair Sire Christ, the Blessed,
Is born in Bethlehem."

Then a *Gloria in excelsis*
They sang with glad accord;
Peace and good-will to all mankind
From the Sire Christ the Lord.

And unto a lowly stable
Silently went we three,
And there the kine, each in its stall,
Was on a bended knee.

And there was Messire St. Joseph;
  And Mary the Mother lay,
With the Holy Child in swaddling bands,
  All on a cushion of hay.

Each dumb beast looked in our faces,
  But never unbent the knee;
Our sweet Lady, she raised her eyes
  And smiled full tenderly.

"Ah, fair Sire Christ," all humbly
  We cried with urgent plea,
"Anneal us now of Thy mercy,
  For that we are so glad of Thee.

"For that we are glad and joyful
  That good days are begun,
That the great God for a blessing
  Hath sent us His fair Child Son."

Then our Lady, the Holy Mary,
  Took some wood in her hand,
And crossed the pieces, and gave them,
  That we all might understand.

And we kissed the token humbly,
  And bowed before the Child;
For we knew, like Monseigneurs the Angels,
  That God had been reconciled.

So joyfully and with gladness
  All softly we went our way,
And with many an old *Te Deum*
  We tell the tale to-day.

For that we are glad and joyful
  That good days are begun,
That the great God for a blessing
  Hath sent us His fair Child Son.

Blessed John Fisher*

(1459—1535).

By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

John Fisher was born at Beverley, Yorkshire, probably in the year 1459, and was the eldest son of Robert Fisher, a well-to-do merchant of that then flourishing town, and of Agnes his wife. After completing his early studies at the school attached to the Minster Church of Beverley, he was sent to Michael House, Cambridge, and placed under the care of William de Melton, a tutor of great ability. This was in 1484; in 1487 he took his degree of B.A., and was elected fellow of his College soon after, and in 1491 became M.A. in which year he was appointed Vicar of Northallerton in Yorkshire. He only held this benefice for three years, for in 1494 he was made Proctor of his University; and three years after that, was appointed Master of Michael House. In 1501 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him, and he was elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.

About 1497, the Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and mother of the then reigning king, Henry VII., having heard of Fisher's holiness and learning, appointed him her confessor and almoner. This

* Much light has been thrown upon the subject of the present brief memoir through the research of the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., who in his *Life of the Blessed John Fisher* has brought forward much that was hitherto unknown and has corrected much in the received biographies of the martyr that was unauthentic. Our own little biography has been revised in conformity with Father Bridgett's excellent work.

she was influenced by his advice in the most important matters. It was through his direction that she founded the two "Lady Margaret" Professorships of Divinity, one at Oxford, the other at Cambridge; and endowed two Colleges, St. John's and Christ's College, at the latter University. Dr. Fisher himself was appointed first Margaret Professor of Divinity, in 1503.

In 1504, Richard Fitzjames, Bishop of Rochester, was transferred to the bishopric of Chichester, and by a Bull dated October 14, 1504, Dr. Fisher was appointed by Pope Julius II. Bishop of Rochester. Rochester was the poorest of all the English sees, the income amounting to only £300 a year, and it would be naturally expected that a prelate of such reputation would soon be advanced to a richer and more important diocese. And indeed the bishoprics of Lincoln and Ely were offered to him not long after, but the holy man declined to leave a diocese which had no other fault than its poverty. Thus he continued in this see till his death.

In the same year, 1504, he was elected Chancellor of Cambridge University, and was re-elected annually till 1514, when, contrary to the usual custom, he was appointed for life. Whilst he was Chancellor, Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., was under his care, and this Prince, during the earlier and better part of his reign, had a great respect for his former tutor, and was much influenced by him.

In April, 1509, Henry VII. died, and Bishop Fisher, one of the first preachers of the day, delivered the sermon at his funeral; he had to perform the same office for his great patroness, the Countess of Richmond, who died in July of the same year. These two sermons were published and still exist, and they fully justify Dr. Fisher's reputation as a preacher.

Henry VIII. ascended the throne on April 22, 1509, and married a few months later, by dispensation granted by Pope Julius II., Catharine of Arragon, the widow of his elder brother Arthur, a lady of singular virtue. But some years after, the King tired of his wife, who had given him no surviving male issue, and in love with Anne Boleyn, affected to have scruples

about his marriage, and solicited the Pope for a divorce from Catharine, on the ground that the Papal dispensation through which they had married was invalid. The cause of the divorce was a failure, and Henry determined to take the law into his own hands. There is still in existence a letter of instruction, signed by the King, to Gardiner, the King's agent at Rome, in which he said: "The King is loth to recur to any remedy except the authority of the See Apostolic [the Pope] if he can find there favour answering to his merit;*" but he had not found the "favour" he expected—in other words, licence for bigamy—so he had recourse to another remedy, his own authority.

Wolsey, to whom the King attributed the failure of his cause, was disgraced, and was charged with having violated the Statute of Præmunire by acting as Legate of the Pope. This statute was passed in 1373, during the reign of Richard II., and was intended to prevent benefices being granted by the Pope without the consent of the Crown. An arrangement was arrived at between the Papal Court and the Crown, and this statute practically passed into disuse. Each Archbishop of Canterbury was successively Legate of the Holy See, without a word of objection on the part of the Sovereign. But in Wolsey's case this indictment was singularly unjust; for Wolsey had been appointed Legate at the expressed desire of the King, and had acted throughout as the King's agent, and under the King's direction. He had committed no fault save that of failure. However, Wolsey knew, better than any man, the King's nature, and that his only chance of escape was to yield. Accordingly he pleaded guilty, threw himself on the King's mercy, and resigned all his benefices and possessions into the King's hands. He died a few months after; but the consequences of the offence with which he had been charged, and which he had, for reasons of prudence, admitted, did not die with him. By the advice of Thomas Cromwell, it was argued that the clergy, by submitting to Wolsey's authority as Legate, had become partakers of his crime, and

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. iv. n. 5270.

were therefore subject to the same penalties, namely, imprisonment at the King's pleasure, and the forfeiture of the whole of their possessions to the Crown; the law officers were therefore directed to make out an indictment against the *whole body* of the clergy in the Court of King's Bench.

But Henry was not acting merely out of revenge, nor merely out of avarice; he was hatching a deep plot to get the whole ecclesiastical power into his own hands. Cromwell had persuaded him that the opinion of the learned on the question of the divorce was entirely in the King's favour; nothing was wanting but the approbation of the Pope: but if that approbation was not to be had, was the King therefore to forego his rights? At present, he said, England was a monster with two heads, but were the King to take the power now usurped by the Pope into his own hands, everything would be well, and the clergy, finding that their lives and possessions were at the King's mercy, would be ready enough to do his will.* Collier says: "There was more than money required of the clergy. The King perceiving the process of the divorce move slowly at Rome, and the issue look unpromising, projected a relief another way. To this purpose he seems to have formed a design of transferring some part of the Pope's pretensions upon the Crown, and setting up an ecclesiastical supremacy. And now, having gotten the clergy entangled in a *præmunire*, he resolved to seize the juncture and push the advantage."†

Accordingly when, on Feb. 7, 1531, the Convocation of Canterbury hastily assembled and offered the King a present of £100,000, ‡ as purchase money for a free pardon, to their surprise the present was refused, unless in the decree by which the sum was voted a clause was inserted acknowledging the King as sole protector and supreme head of the Church and clergy of England. Convocation, crushed as it was by the penalties hanging over it, resisted the insertion of this clause; and for three days, negotiations were

* Lingard, vol. vi. c. 3.

† Collier ii. 62. ‡ Equal to quite £1,000,000 at the value of our day.

carried on between the King and Cromwell, through Thomas Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, father of Anne Boleyn, on the one hand, and the Bishops on the other. The King also sent for some of the bishops, and promised them, on the word of a King, that if Convocation would acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, he would never by virtue of that grant assume to himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority over them than other kings had done before him; nor would he take upon himself to make or promulgate any spiritual law, or exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, nor yet by any kind of means intermeddle with them in altering, changing, or judging of any spiritual business. Soon after, Boleyn and the other lords who were acting for Henry came again to Convocation, and repeated what the King had told these bishops, adding that anyone who should now oppose the King on this point must needs show a great distrust in his majesty's words after he had made so solemn an oath. The clergy were now, for the most part, giving way, and disposed to grant the King's demand; but Bishop Fisher, utterly refused, and besought Convocation to consider what mischief might be brought upon the whole Church of Christ by this unseemly and unreasonable grant made to a temporal prince, which had never yet been so much as demanded before, nor could be within the power of any temporal ruler. "And therefore," said he, "if ye grant the King's request in this matter, it seemeth to me to portend an imminent and present danger at hand: for what if he should shortly after change his mind, and exercise in deed the supremacy over the Church in this realm? Or what if he should die and his successor challenge continuance of the same? Or what if the crown of this realm should in time fall to an infant or a woman that shall still continue and take the same name upon them? What then shall we do? Whom shall we sue? or where shall we have remedy?" The King's Counsellors replied that the King demanded no more than might be allowed by the law of God, *quantum per legem Dei licet*, and they again reminded the clergy of the King's oath: then, as the holy Bishop confuted their

arguments, they left in great anger, saying that whoever would not grant the King's request was not worthy to be accounted a true and loving subject.

Then the Bishops and other members of Convocation, fearing the King's anger, resolved to give way and to acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, trusting to his kingly word that he would make no wrong use of the title granted. The Bishop of Rochester, however, again stood to the front; and, seeing that they were fully resolved on compliance and that he was unable to change their minds, insisted that the words *quantum per legem Dei licet*, "as far as the law of God allows," should be inserted in the grant.* This was done, and the King, seeing that he could not obtain the grant without this condition, had to be content with it, and pardoned the clergy their offence on their promise to pay him £100,000.†

But it must not be thought that in allowing the King the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England that Convocation committed itself to an acknowledgement of the supremacy as it was understood later on, nor that they had then revolted from their allegiance to the See of Rome. In the whole course of the discussion there is no mention of the See of Rome. The clergy objected to the title asked for, because it was vague and hitherto unheard of, and because they feared that Henry might use it to encroach upon the liberties and privileges of the English Church. Neither was there any formal decree by which this headship was acknowledged. This was done merely by a clause inserted in the address to the King. In this address they ask pardon for any penalties incurred and offer their gift as an act of gratitude to the King for writing against Luther and for other acts in favour of the Church. After the words "English Church and clergy" comes the following

* Dr. Lingard says (*Ibid.*): "It is plain that the introduction of the words *as far as the law of Christ will allow*, served to invalidate the whole recognition; since those who might reject the King's supremacy could maintain that it was not allowed by the law of Christ."

† Dr. Hall's MS. See *Blessed John Fisher*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.

clause: "Of which we recognize his majesty as the singular protector, the only and supreme lord, and, as far as the law of Christ allows, even the supreme head."

When this form was proposed in Convocation, the Archbishop, Warham, begged of the prelates assembled to allow it to pass, adding that no one was obliged to speak his mind, and that silence would be taken for consent; on this, some one present exclaimed: "Then we are all silent." No one spoke further, and it was recorded in the minutes of the Convocation that the decree granting the present of £100,000 to the King (in which decree appeared this clause on the supremacy) had passed unanimously.*

Thus the Royal Supremacy, in a vague and undefined sense, was acknowledged by the Southern Convocation. At York the Northern Convocation met under the presidency of Archbishop Warham, for the see of York was vacant through the death of Cardinal Wolsey, and a decree voting a present of £18,000 to the King—in which decree was the same clause admitting the Royal Supremacy—was proposed. Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, alone had the courage to speak out. He not only voted against the recognition, but made a spirited and plain-spoken protest which, at his desire, was recorded in the acts. He protested against the title, not because it was a violation of the rights of the Pope, but because it was too vague, and, though capable of a true and right meaning, yet might also bear a false meaning which evil-minded persons would take advantage of. But notwithstanding his protest, the decree was passed.

The clergy soon regretted the step they had taken. Mr. Gairdner says:† "It was repented of almost as soon as made, for however theoretically defensible might be the title to which they agreed, and whatever pains they might have made to guard against misconstruction, the clergy could not but feel the moral disadvantage at

* Wilkins, iii. 725.

† *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. v. Preface, p. xvi. Of Mr. Gairdner's research and his strict impartiality in this important work one cannot speak too highly.

which they now stood in having yielded at all. Yet they were altogether helpless. Under the existing law of *præmunire* they were at the King's mercy. . . . The clergy, ground down to the last extremity, were anxious that the Bishops should retract in Parliament the acknowledgement of the supremacy made in Convocation, and threatened that unless this was done they would not pay a single penny." Chapuys, the ambassador of Charles V. in London, wrote to the Emperor:* "The clergy are more conscious every day of the great error they committed in acknowledging the King as sovereign of the Church, and they are urgent in Parliament to retract it, otherwise they say they will not pay a penny of the 400,000 crowns. What will be the issue, no one knows."† A protest against any encroachments on the liberties of the Church or on the authority of the Holy See, signed by a great number of the clergy of both provinces, was presented to the King; and a few months after, "Archbishop Warham, to atone for what he had done in Convocation, drew up a solemn protest against all enactments made in that Parliament in derogation of the Pope's authority, and of the independence of the clergy."‡

On August 23, 1532, Archbishop Warham died, and was succeeded, a few months later, by Thomas Cranmer.§ This man was a chaplain of the Boleyn family, and had distinguished himself by the part he had taken in favour of the divorce; he was thus a fitting and willing instrument for the two ends which the King had in view, viz.,

* March 22, 1531 (Gairdner).

† The Bishops had, indeed, great difficulty in collecting the money, and on one occasion Stokesley, Bishop of London, was nearly killed.

‡ Gairdner, *Ibid.* Wilkins, iii. 746.

§ The consent of the Pope for Cranmer's consecration was asked and obtained, and the Papal Bulls or documents necessary for the legal consecration of a Bishop were sent in the usual way. Moreover, he took on two occasions the oath of obedience to the Pope, required at that time from every Bishop of the Church of England; but on the previous day he declared *privately* to four witnesses that by that oath of obedience (which he had the fullest intention of breaking) he did not intend to bind himself to anything contrary to the laws of God or the rights of the King (Lingard, vol. vi. chap. 3).

the divorce from Queen Catharine, and the completion of his supremacy over the Church. Accordingly Cranmer's first act after his consecration was to summon the King before him ("a hypocritical farce," Lingard calls it, as though Cranmer "were ignorant of the object for which he had been made Archbishop,") to go through the pretence of trying the cause, and finally pronounce that the marriage between Catharine and Henry was null and void; and a few days later Anne Boleyn, who had already been secretly married to Henry, was publicly crowned Queen of England.

In January of the year 1534, Parliament, which was now completely under the management of the King and his minister, Cromwell, enacted that no canons or decrees should be made by Convocation without the King's consent; that appeals might be made from the bishops to the Court of Chancery, but not to the Pope; that bishops should be made and consecrated without the leave of the Pope; that dispensations usually obtained from Rome should be obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that all payments hitherto made at Rome, as first-fruits of benefices, should cease.

After this the King required all the clergy, both secular and regular, to take the oath of succession, at the same time making a declaration that the Bishop of Rome had no more authority in England than any other foreign bishop, and that the King was supreme head of the Church of England—the saving clause "as far as is allowed by the law of Christ" being omitted. To refuse to take this oath was misprision of treason and punishable by perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of all property. This oath was subscribed to by the greater part of the clergy, and a formal declaration against the authority of the Pope was obtained from both Convocations and from the universities. Further, in the autumn of the same year, 1534, Parliament enacted that the King and his heirs should be taken and reputed the only supreme heads on earth of the Church of England (again the saving clause was omitted), and to wish or will maliciously by word or work to deprive the King of this title, was made high treason. Then followed "a

series of appalling executions" (we are quoting from Mr. Gairdner, *) "which completely subdued in England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the mind alike of Romanists and of Protestants with horror and indignation. That the nation disliked the change [of religion] as it disliked the cause of the change [the divorce,] there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the King and his proceedings." Mr. Green,† speaking of this period, says: "A reign of terror, organized with consummate and merciless skill, held England panic-stricken at Henry's feet."

We may sum up briefly what has been said on the subject of the Royal Supremacy as follows: (1) It was the King, not the clergy, who was the first and chief mover; (2) the motive was, not the desire of religious reformation, but the desire of a divorce from his lawful wife; (3) nothing against the Pope's authority was desired or even contemplated by Convocation; the renunciation of the Pope's authority was not insisted upon by the King until three years after; (4) the consent of the clergy was extorted by fear of the severest penalties, it was given in silence, unwillingly, and against their convictions, and repented of as soon as given; (5) obedience was enforced by the most cruel laws, notwithstanding which many of the noblest in the country refused to acknowledge the King as head of the Church, even though they knew that they would have to pay for it with their lives.

Now, to return to Bishop Fisher. So long as he was at liberty he had been the boldest of the clergy in their resistance to the changes in matters of religion. When after long delay, the cause of divorce was before the Papal Legate's Court, as Queen Catharine's chief defender "there stood forth John Fisher, the light not only of England but of Christendom, to demonstrate that their

* *Letters and Papers*, &c., vol. viii. preface.

† *Short History of the English People*. See also *How Henry VIII. robbed England of her Ancient Faith*, Catholic Truth Society.

marriage could not be dissolved by any power, Divine or human. He declared that for this opinion he was ready to lay down his life, adding that as John the Baptist, in olden times, regarded death glorious in a cause of matrimony, and it was not so holy then as it has now become by the shedding of Christ's Blood, he could not encourage himself more, or face any peril with greater confidence than by taking the Baptist for his own example." He was equally outspoken in warning Parliament against those who, in attacking the monasteries, sought not the *good* but the *goods* of the Church and, as we have seen, when the King claimed the supremacy his firm and eloquent assertion of Peter's prerogative averted for the time the tame submission of Convocation.

At last Henry determined to use violent measures to silence the holy Bishop, and the affair of the holy Maid of Kent soon furnished a pretext. She had visited the Bishop, and this was sufficient to have his name inserted in the list of her associates, several of whom were sentenced to death, and others declared guilty of misprision of treason. Among the latter the Bishop of Rochester: and although he fully exculpated himself in a letter to his Majesty, he was nevertheless obliged to pay a fine of £300. After the King had espoused Anne Boleyn, and the Parliament had passed the Act of Succession, the Bishop of Rochester, who positively refused to take the oath, was cited by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, to appear at his palace in Lambeth. The good Bishop, foreseeing the probable result, first made his will, and bequeathed the legacies to his two favourite colleges at Cambridge, to the poor, and his servants and others. He then commenced his journey on horseback. As he rode through Rochester, a vast multitude collected, whom he blessed while they bewailed his misfortunes, some crying that they should never see him again, others denouncing woe unto them that were the occasion of his troubles, and many bewailing the wickedness of the times.

Thus he travelled on to Shooter's Hill where he alighted from his horse and ordered dinner to be spread for him saying, "He would now make use of his time

and dine while he might." He then remounted his horse, and arrived the same evening in London.

When called before Cranmer and other commissioners, the Archbishop spoke to him of the facility with which every one except himself had taken the oath, and of the offence the King had taken at his refusal; and he intimated that his Majesty had desired the oath to be once more tendered to him, in presence of the Commissioners assembled. After reading it, the holy prelate requested that time might he allowed him for consideration, and he was thereupon remanded to his house in Lambeth Marsh. After five days had expired he presented himself again before the commissioners, and stated that he had perused the oath with as good deliberation as he could; but as they had framed it, he could not with any safety to his conscience subscribe thereto, except altered in some particulars, whereby his own conscience might be the better satisfied, the King pleased, and his actions rather justified and warranted by law.

To this they all answered," that the King would not in anywise permit that the oath should admit any exceptions, or alterations whatever;" and, continued the Archbishop of Canterbury," You must answer directly, whether you will, or you will not subscribe." Then said the Bishop of Rochester, "If you will needs have me answer directly, my answer is, that, forasmuch as my own conscience cannot be satisfied, I absolutely refuse the oath." Upon this he was immediately committed to the Tower.

Ten days after, Sir Richard Morrison and several others were sent into the county of Kent with orders to seize all property belonging to the Bishop wherever they could discover any. These persons, armed with the King's warrant, arrived at Rochester, and immediately swept away everything they could lay their hands upon. The books which had been given many years before to St. John's College, although still in the custody of the Bishop, they packed in thirty-two large casks. They also seized a bag containing four hundred pounds in cash, three hundred of which had been left by a

predecessor, to remain for ever a depositum to the see of Rochester, in the custody of the Bishop for the time being, against any sudden emergency which might occur. To this sum the good prelate had himself added one hundred pounds. Among the articles which attracted the notice of these Commissioners was a strong chest bound with iron, in the Bishop's oratory; this they immediately concluded contained his treasure, and to do away with all suspicion of unfair dealing towards the King, witnesses were called in. Some force was necessary to open it, when to the astonishment of all present the whole produce of the chest consisted of one hair shirt and two disciplines.

The Bishop's prison was in the Bell Tower, and the holy man was confined in a room in the upper story. The apartment was spacious and airy and perhaps the best prison in the Tower, and used for prisoners of distinction: and as the only ingress or egress was through the lieutenant's house adjoining, the prisoner was doubly secure. From the windows there was—and *is*, for the room is even now much the same as when the martyred Bishop occupied it, though the surroundings are much changed—a view of the Thames below London Bridge, of the Church of All Hallows and of Tower Hill; and the Carthusians on the way to their execution at Tyburn passed within easy view. The room was not a bad one for a prison, as prisons were in those days, yet to the aged Bishop, feeble and emaciated as he was, with a "wasted liver" and tendency to consumption, the cold and damp of the thick walls were little less than down-right torture. In a letter to Cromwell, dated December 22, 1534, the martyr begs the Secretary to to give him a little alleviation. His clothes, he says, were worn to shreds and could scarcely be kept on his back; not that he cared for his appearance, he would gladly suffer his rent suit if it would but keep his body warm. He begs also that he may have such provisions as are suitable, for with his delicate constitution and exceedingly weak digestion it was necessary for him to be very careful in his diet. There was another want still more pressing—food for the soul He was not

allowed to say Mass in his prison nor to see a priest nor even to have books save only his breviary, and he earnestly requests that he may have some priest, at the choice of the lieutenant, "to hear my confession against this holy time," and also that he may borrow some books to stir up his devotion. How far these requests were granted is not known, but the letter gives us an insight into the severity of the Blessed Fisher's sufferings. On the other hand, it would appear that while the Bishop was seriously ill, the King sent him some physicians, and also provided him with better fare.

Though deprived of his books, Blessed Fisher wrote three works during his imprisonment. The first was called *A Spiritual Consolation*, and was addressed to his sister Elizabeth, a nun at Dartford in Kent; the second was also written for her and was called *The Ways of Perfect Religion;* the third is a *Treatise on the Necessity, Fruits and Method of Prayer.**

The Bishop was committed to the Tower in April, 1534, and till November he lay there, suffering all the penalties for his refusal to take the oath of succession with the clause annexed to it, as though he had been legally convicted of misprision of treason. But during these seven months he had not been brought to trial. It appears, even, that the oath submitted to him, and which he was required to take, was not the one imposed by the statute, and therefore his imprisonment and the forfeiture of his goods were not legal. This difficulty, however, was easily got over, for when Parliament met in November a special Act was passed attainting him, in company of a few others, by name, for the very offence for which he had already suffered the penalties for seven months. Moreover, an Act was passed ratifying what had been done by the King's Commissioners and declaring that the oath which they had imposed was the very one which had been intended when the Act of Succession was passed in the previous session. Though the Bishop of Rochester had refused the oath on the 17th of April and again on the 1st of May, yet,

* The Treatise on Prayer has lately been reprinted.

by the Act of Attainder, the penalities, as regards the loss of goods, were to be enforced from the 1st of March last, and his see and bishopric of Rochester was to be void and vacant as though he were actually dead, on the 2nd of January following.

It was also enacted in the same session that the King, our sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, * called Anglicana Ecclesia, and shall have and enjoy annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all honours, dignities, immunities, profits and commodities to the said dignity of supreme head of the said Church belonging and appertaining. And it was made high treason for any person after the first of February next "maliciously to wish, will, or desire by words or writing, or by craft imagine, invent, practise, or attempt any bodily harm to be done or committed to the King's most royal person, the Queen's, or their heirs apparent, or deprive them or any of them of their dignity, title, or name of their royal estates, or slanderously and maliciously publish and pronounce, by express writing or words, that the King our sovereign lord should be heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, &c."

It was under this statute that Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More were tried and condemned.

During the spring of the following year, the servile bishops, together with some apostate monks and others of the clergy, instigated by Cromwell, took every opportunity of debasing the Pope's authority and of exciting among the people a contempt for his person. Not only did they preach most violently and insultingly against him, but they also circulated low and ribald verses and had coarse plays acted, all tending to bring the Pope into ridicule. On the 29th April the Carthusian Priors were tried for that they did on 26th April, at the Tower of London, openly declare and say that the King and sovereign lord is not supreme head on earth of the

* Note the omission of the words "as far as the law of Christ allows," which were so much insisted upon by Convocation.

Church of England :* and on May 4th they suffered the barbarous penalties of high treason—the proto-martyrs. in England, for Christ's Vicar upon earth.

On May 7th, Cromwell and other members of the Council met in the lieutenant's house adjoining the Bell Tower, and Fisher was brought before them and examined. Little is known of what passed on this occasion, but it would seem that some words of the Bishop's at this examination formed the grounds of his accusation for high treason. Two days after, the Bishop was subjected to another and fuller examination, but he does not seem to have compromised himself. Dr. Hall, his first biographer, tells us of a "crafty and subtle device" which was practised upon the holy Bishop to induce him to take the oath. After the Commissioners had pressed him very earnestly, thinking that he was much influenced by Sir Thomas More's refusal, they told him that Sir Thomas had taken the oath, and would shortly be restored to full liberty and to his former favour with the King. Fisher, not seeing the deceit, was sorely grieved for More's weakness; but he still persisted in his refusal. The same deceit was practised upon Sir Thomas More at his examination: he was told that the Bishop of Rochester had taken the oath and was urged to follow his example. As it had been given out already that the Bishop had submitted, and this report had reached the ears of Sir Thomas through his family and others who were permitted to visit him, Sir Thomas believed this statement of the Commissioners to be partly true; nevertheless he still held out. Happily the two faithful prisoners found means of communicating with each other, and the sorrow which each had felt at the supposed fall of the other was dispelled.

Dr. Hall also relates that about the beginning of May the King sent Rich, the solicitor general, with a secret message. And "this messenger, being come to the presence of this blessed Father in his prison, did there his errand, as it seemed, according to the King's commandments, for it was not long after his return to the King with an answer of his message, but an indictment

* They had refused to take the oath and had given their reasons.

of high treason was framed against him, and he arraigned and condemned at the bar, upon the talk that had passed between them so secretly in the prison."

On May 20, Pope Paul III., who had been informed of all that had passed, created John Fisher Cardinal, with the title of St. Vitalis. His Holiness thought that such a public mark of his esteem might induce the King to forego his sanguinary proceedings against the holy prelate; but he little knew the ruthless temper of Henry, who learning that the Holy Father had sent forward the Cardinal's hat, immediately despatched a messenger to Calais to stop the bearer until his Majesty's pleasure should be known. The King also sent his Secretary, Cromwell, to inquire of Fisher what he would do, if the Cardinal's hat should be bestowed upon him. To which the Bishop replied, "Sir, I know myself to be so far unworthy of any such dignity, that I think of nothing less; but if any such thing should happen, assure yourself I should improve that favour to the best advantage I could in assisting the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, and in that respect would receive it upon my knees."

Cromwell soon reported this answer to his royal master, who exclaimed in anger, "Well, let the Pope send him a hat when he will, he shall wear it on his shoulders, for I will leave him never a head to set it on." It is thus not unlikely that Fisher's elevation to the Cardinalate, intended by the Pope as a means of preserving his life, really hastened his death.

On 1st June a special commission was directed to Sir Thomas Audley, the Chancellor, and to the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, Cromwell and others, for the Cardinal's trial; but owing to severe illness he was not brought before the Commissioners till the 17th June. On that day he was taken from the Tower and brought to the Court of King's Bench at Westminster under charge of Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, encompassed, as Dr. Hall relates, with a huge number of halberts, bills, and other weapons about him, and the axe of the Tower borne before him with the edge from him, as the manner is. And because he was not yet so well recovered that he was able to walk by land all

the way on foot, he rode part of the way on horseback, in a black cloth gown, and the rest he was carried by water, for that he was not well able to ride for weakness.

He was then indicted that he maliciously, traitorously, and falsely had said these words: "The King our sovereign lord is not supreme head on earth of the Church of England."

Mr. Rich was the sole witness brought against him, and he deposed, in the presence of a jury, as to the conversation which had taken place in the Tower between himself and the Bishop. This evidence naturally surprised the venerable prisoner, and thereupon he recounted to the Court what had passed between them in the prison, using these words, "He (Rich) told me that the King willed him to assure me on his honour and on the word of a King that whatever I should say to him by this secret messenger, I should abide no danger, no peril for it, neither that any advantage should be taken against me for the same; no, though my words were never so directly against the statute; seeing it was but a declaration of my mind secretly to him, as to his own person; and for the messenger himself, he gave me this faithful promise that he would never utter my words to any man living, but to the King alone. . . . Methinks it is very hard justice to hear the messenger's accusation, and to allow the same as a sufficient testimony against me in case of treason." To this the messenger made no direct answer. But neither any pleadings nor the want of sufficient testimony moved the judges, and by their influence a verdict of guilty was soon recorded, and the Lord Chancellor asked the Bishop if he had any more to say for himself. The persecuted Bishop replied, "Truly, my lord, if that which I have before spoken be not sufficient, I have no more to say but only to desire Almighty God to forgive them that have thus condemned me, for I think they know not what they have done." The Lord Chancellor then pronounced sentence as in cases of high treason, and the holy Bishop once more asked leave to speak, which being granted, he used nearly the following words, "My lords, I am here con-

demned before you of high treason for denial of the King's supremacy over the Church of England, but by what order of justice I leave to God, who is the searcher both of the King his Majesty's conscience and yours; nevertheless, being found guilty, as it is termed, I am and must be contented with all that God shall send, to whose will I wholly refer and submit myself. And now to tell you more plainly my mind, touching this matter of the King's supremacy, I think indeed, and always have thought, and do now lastly affirm, that his Grace cannot justly claim any such supremacy over the Church of God, as he now taketh upon him; neither has it ever been, or heard of, that any temporal prince, before his days, hath presumed to that dignity; wherefore, if the King will now adventure himself in proceeding in this strange and unwonted case, so no doubt but he shall deeply incur the grievous displeasure of the Almighty, to the great damage of his own soul, and of many others, and to the utter ruin of this realm committed to his charge, whereof will ensue some sharp punishment at His hands; wherefore, I pray God his Grace may remember himself in good time, and hearken to good counsel for the preservation of himself and his realm, and the quietness of all Christendom."

At the conclusion of this discourse he was reconducted to the Tower in the same manner as he had been brought from it, only that now the edge of the axe was turned towards him. The interval of four days which intervened between his trial and execution he devoted solely to prayer and inner preparation for his last passage. The following account of his death and execution is taken from Dr. Hall's narrative:

"Thus, while this blessed Bishop lay daily expecting the hour of his death, the King, who no less desired his death than himself looked for it, caused at last a writ of execution to be made, and brought to Sir Edmond Walsingham, Lieutenant of the Tower. But where by his judgement at Westminster he was condemned as ye have heard before, to drawing, hanging, and quartering, as traitors always used to be, yet was he spared from that cruel execution, wherefore order was taken that he

should be led no further than Tower Hill,* and there to have his head struck off. After the Lieutenant had received this bloody writ, he commanded certain persons, whose service was to be used in that business, to be ready against the next day in the morning; and because it was very late in the night, and the prisoner asleep, he was loath to disease him of his rest for that time; and so in the morning (June 22, 1535), before five of the clock, he came to him in his chamber in the Bell Tower. Finding him yet asleep in his bed, he awoke him, showing him that he was come to him on a message from the King, and after saying that he should remember himself to be an old man, and that for age he could not, by course of nature, live long; he told him at last that he was come to signify unto him that the King's pleasure was he should suffer death that forenoon.

"'Well,' quoth this blessed Father, 'if this be your errand, you bring me no great news, for I have long time looked for this message. I most humbly thank his Majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me of all this worldly business, and I thank you also for your tidings. But I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant,' said he, 'when is my hour that I must go hence?' 'Your hour,' said the Lieutenant, 'must be nine of the clock.' 'And what hour is it now?' said he. 'It is now about five,' said the Lieutenant. 'Well then,' said he, 'let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night; and yet, to tell you the truth, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness.' 'The King's further pleasure is,' said the Lieutenant, 'that you should use as little speech as may be, especially anything touching his Majesty, whereby the people should have any cause to think of him or his proceedings otherwise than well.' 'For that,' said he, 'you shall see me order myself as, by God's grace, neither the King, nor any man else, shall have occasion to mislike of my words.'

"With which answer the Lieutenant departed from him, and so the prisoner, falling again to rest, slept soundly two hours and more. And after he was awaked,

* The place originally fixed for his execution was Tyborne.

he called to his man to help him up; but first of all he commanded him to take away the shirt of hair he always wore, and to lay him forth a clean white shirt and all his best apparel, saying, 'Dost thou not mark that this is our marriage day, and that it behoveth us, therefore, to use more cleanliness for solemnity of the marriage sake?' About nine of the clock the Lieutenant came again to his prisoner, and finding him almost ready, said that he was come now for him. 'I will wait upon you straight,' said he, 'as fast as this thin body of mine will give me leave;' then said he to his man, 'Reach me my furred tippet to put about my neck.' 'O my lord,' said the Lieutenant, 'what need you be so careful of your health for this little time, being, as yourself knoweth, not much above an hour?' 'I think no otherwise,' said this blessed Father, 'but yet, in the meantime, I will keep myself as well as I can till the very time of my execution; for I tell you truth, though I have, I thank our Lord, a very good desire, and a willing mind, to die at this present, and so trust to His infinite mercy and goodness He will continue it; yet will I not willingly hinder my health, in the meantime, one minute of an hour, but still prolong the same as long as I can by such reasonable ways and means as Almighty God hath provided for me.' With that, taking a little book in his hand, which was a New Testament lying by him, he made a cross on his forehead, and went out of his prison door with the Lieutenant, being so weak that he was scarce able to go down stairs. Wherefore, at the foot of the stairs, he was taken up in a chair between two of the Lieutenant's men, and carried to the Tower gate, with a great number of weapons about him, to be delivered to the Sheriffs of London for execution. And as they were come to the uttermost precinct of the liberty of the Tower, they rested there with him a space, till such time as one was sent before to know in what readiness the Sheriffs were to receive him: during which space he rose out of his chair, and standing on his feet, leaning his shoulder to the wall, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, opened his little book in his hand, and said, 'O Lord, this is the last time that ever I shall open this

book, let some comfortable place now chance unto me, whereby I, Thy poor servant, may glorify Thee in this my last hour;' and with that, looking into the book, the first thing that came to his sight was these words; 'Now this is eternal life; that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do And now glorify Thou Me, O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with Thee.'*

"And with that he shut the book together, and said, 'Here is even learning enough for me to my life's end.' And so, the Sheriffs being ready for him, he was taken up again among certain of the Sheriffs' men, with a new and much greater company of weapons than was before, and carried to the scaffold on the Tower Hill, otherwise called East Smithfield, himself praying all the way, and recording upon the words which he before had read: and when he was come to the foot of the scaffold, they that carried him offered to help him up the stairs. But then said he, 'Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone, and ye shall see me shift for myself well enough;' and so went up the stairs without any help, so lively that it was a marvel to them that knew before of his debility and weakness; but as he was mounting up the stairs, the south-east sun shined very bright in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands: 'Come ye to Him, and be enlightened: and your faces shall not be confounded.'†

"By that time he was upon the scaffold, it was about ten of the clock, when the executioner, being ready to do his office, kneeled down to him, as the fashion is, and asked him forgiveness. 'I forgive thee,' said he, 'with all my heart, and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily.'

"Then was his gown and tippet taken from him, and he stood in his doublet and hose, in sight of all the people, whereof was no small number assembled to see his execution. There was to be seen a long, lean, and slender body, having on it little other substance besides

* St. John xvii. † Psalm xxxiii. 6.

skin and bones, insomuch as most part of the beholders marvelled much to see a living man so far consumed, for he seemed a very image of death; and as it were death in a man's shape, using a man's voice; and therefore it was thought the King was something cruel to put such a man to death, being near his end, and to kill that which was dying already, except it were for pity sake to rid him of his pain.

"When the innocent and holy man was come upon the scaffold, he spake to the people to the following effect:—'Christian people, I am come hither to die for the faith of Christ's holy Catholic Church, and I thank God hitherto my stomach hath served very well thereunto, so that yet I have not feared death; wherefore I desire you all to help and assist in your prayers, that at the very point and instant of death's stroke, I may stand stedfast, without fainting in any one point of the Catholic faith, free from any fear. And I beseech Almighty God, of His infinite goodness, to save the King and this realm, and that it may please Him to hold His hand over it, and send the King good counsel.' These or the like words he spake with such a cheerful countenance, such a stout and constant courage, and such a reverend gravity, that he appeared to all men not only void of fear, but also glad of death. Besides this, he uttered his words so distinctly, and with so loud and clear a voice, that the people were astonished thereat, and noted it for a miraculous thing to hear so plain and audible a voice come from so weak and sickly an old body. Then after these words by him uttered, he kneeled down upon both his knees, and said certain prayers, among which one was the hymn of *Te Deum laudamus*, to the end: 'In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped.' Then came the executioner, and bound a handkerchief about his eyes; and so this holy Father, lifting up his hands and heart towards heaven, said a few prayers, which were not long, but fervent and devout; which being ended, he laid his head down on the middle of a little block, when the executioner, being ready with a sharp and heavy axe, cut asunder his slender neck at one blow, which bled so abundantly that many wondered

to see so much blood issue out of so slender and lean a body.

"The headless corpse was immediately stripped naked by the executioner, and left exposed upon the scaffold until eight o'clock in the evening, when it was carried by two of the men who had guarded it into Barking churchyard, and thrown without ceremony into a grave which they had dug with their halberts; and on the following day his head, being first parboiled, was fixed upon a pole and set up upon London Bridge, where it remained fourteen days, and was then thrown into the river to make room for the head of Sir Thomas More. It was said that the longer it remained, the more ruddy and venerable it seemed to grow. His body also was taken up and re-interred in the Tower."

Thus ended a noble and saintly life! Thus perished one of England's greatest sons a victim to a tyrant's lust and ambition, a martyr giving glorious witness to the sanctity of the marriage bond and to the supremacy of Christ's Vicar on earth!

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OR

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND PROTESTS

By the Rev. J. D. BREEN, O.S.B.

Those who claim the title of "Defenders" of the Anglican Establishment have repeated with much assurance the assertion that the Church of England reformed herself in Elizabeth's time, and that only 189 of the old clergy refused to conform. Such an important statement of alleged facts invites criticism.

Queen Mary died November 17, 1558. Elizabeth soon made known her intended policy by her first measures. Cecil, Becon, Parr, Russell, Earl Dudley and Sadler, all Protestants, and Lord Howard, Sir R. Sackville, the Earl of Arundel, and Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, professed Catholics, were summoned to the Council. Whyte, bishop of Winchester, was imprisoned for his sermon at Mary's funeral, and the clergy were forbidden for the present to preach. These measures seriously alarmed the bishops of the Church of England. The bench was constituted as follows: Ten of the sees, including Canterbury, were vacant by death; Nicholas *Heath* was Archbishop of York, and, during the vacancy

of Canterbury, head of the Church of England ; *Tunstall* was bishop of Durham, Whyte of Winchester, *Bonner* of London, *Thirlby* of Chester, *Day* of Chichester, Turberville of Exeter, Bourne of Bath and Wells, *Poole* of Peterborough, Bayne of Lichfield, Oglethorpe of Carlisle, Goldwell of St. Asaph's, Kitchin of Llandaff, Scott of Chester, Watson of Lincoln, *Pate* of Worcester.[1] The bishop of Man had been deprived already.

The bishops met to consider the situation, and, seeing that the Queen evidently intended not to keep the oaths she would have to take, resolved that they would take no part in her coronation and in the profanity of helping her to perjure herself. This may be considered the *first* protest of the Church of England in the person of her bishops against the proposed change of religion. Oglethorpe was finally prevailed on to perform the coronation ceremony, on the express condition that the Queen should take the usual oath to maintain the Catholic faith and receive Communion under one kind according to the Roman ritual.

The Acts of Uniformity and Supremacy were then prepared to present to the coming Parliament. The Prayer-book was revised by a Commission, all Protestants. In those days it was an easy matter to get a House of Commons pledged to pass any measures proposed by the crown. Lists of the persons to be returned were sent to the sheriff, and these were returned accordingly, for the ministers had good reason to fear any *free* expression of opinion on the part of the English people in matters of religion. In the House of Lords a stout resistance to the proposed measures was expected, and steps were taken to meet it. Two bishops were imprisoned, four others were not allowed to take their seats, and five Protestant peers were created in order to

[1] Those named in italics were bishops before Mary's time. Five bishops deposed by Cranmer were restored to their Sees by Mary and their deposition Hallam admits to have been wholly unjustifiable.

vote for the bills, thus making a difference of eleven votes. The Earl of Arundel and the Duke of Norfolk, the natural leaders of the opposition, were gained over —one by a promise to marry the Queen and the other by a promise of a nuptial dispensation he was anxious to obtain. The rest of the peers were promised that if they would only pass the bills they would personally be exempt from taking the Oath of Supremacy. The method in which a majority of three was obtained shows that had there been such a thing as a *free* Parliament these bills would have been rejected by a considerable majority.

In the House of Commons, too, in spite of its having been packed, the opposition was so strong that it was only by a *ruse* that the Supremacy Bill was carried. "The Supremacy Bill went back to a Committee; a week later it was reintroduced, slightly, though not materially, altered; and again the opposition was so violent that it would have been lost except for Cecil, who, in De Feria's words, 'flung the question into a garboyle,' and carried his point in the confusion" (Froude, *Hist. of England*, vi., p. 163).

While these measures were under discussion, the clergy met in Convocation and drew up, January 24th, a solemn declaration of their adherence to the Catholic Faith in five Articles which included (1) the Real Presence, (2) Transubstantiation, (3) the Sacrifice of the Mass, (4) Supremacy of the Pope, and (5) denying the right of laymen to rule the Church.[1] They were accepted by the bishops and presented to the Government only to be ignored. They constitute, however, the *second* protest of the Church of England, as represented by her bishops and clergy lawfully assembled in Convocation, against the new Anglican system. Froude points out that this was the protest of the whole *spiritualty* of England, and adds:—"And yet we are

[1] See Dodd, vol. ii.: Appendix xxxix.

told that the Church of England reformed herself,—meaning by the Church not the laity, who alone did the work, but the bishops and clergy, who never consented, as a body, to any measure of reformation whatever, except under the judicious compulsion of Henry the Eighth" (*Hist. of England*, vi. p. 165).

Not only so, but Archbishop Heath, as head of the Church of England, spoke strongly against the proposed bill in the House of Lords, March 22, 1559. Strype gives a summary of the speech. He says:—"Heath spoke of two points:—the former that by this act they must forsake the See of Rome and the weight and force, danger and inconvenience thereof; and the latter, to consider what this supremacy to be given to the Queen was. . . . As to the first, he said that by forsaking and fleeing from the See of Rome they must first forsake and flee from all General Councils; secondly, all canonical and ecclesiastical law; thirdly, the judgement of all other Christian princes; and fourthly, the *unity* of Christ's Church, and by falling out of Peter's ship, hazard themselves to be drowned in the waters of schisms, sects and divisions, &c., &c."[1] Protest number *three*.

When it came to a division *all* the bishops present voted against any change in religion. Protest number *four*.

The twenty-one days' grace allowed within which to take the oath having elapsed, the bishops were arrested like common felons and thrust into the Tower and the Fleet, and finally were *all* deprived of their sees, except Kitchin. Protest number *five*.

As the bishops form the executive of the Church, too much stress cannot be laid upon these facts when Church Defenders tell us that the change of religion in this reign was the doing of the Church of England herself.

The Government was placed thus in a position of

[1] Also Dodd, vol. ii. xxxv.

considerable embarrassment. The imprisoned bishops would of course never consent to consecrate intruders into their own sees; and yet they alone could legally consecrate. On 18th of July, 1559, a *congé d'elire* was issued to the dean and chapter of Canterbury to elect Parker archbishop. Only four of the canons would have anything to do with his election. They pronounced the rest contumacious, and left the matter in the hands of Dean Wotton, a man of "both gospels." He of course named Parker, who of course accepted "lest he should seem to resist the divine will," etc.[1] This was the first flaw in the proceeding: Parker was never canonically elected. The next step was more serious. How was he to procure consecration? By the statute 25 of Henry VIII. an archbishop and two bishops, or else *four* bishops holding office in the Church of England, must officiate to make a consecration legal, and the law of the Church directed that there should be *three* bishops, acting with the consent of the rest of the bench. On 9th September, a precept was issued to Tunstall of Durham, Bourne of Bath and Wells, Poole of Peterborough, and Kitchin of Landaff, also to Barlow and Scory, ordering them to confirm and consecrate Parker, and to perform all things necessary according to the laws and customs of the realm.[2] The first three had not as yet been actually deprived, probably in view of the present contingency. Had they been willing to act with Kitchin, using the consecration service of the old Church of England, there would be no ground to question the legality or validity of Parker's consecration.

To their eternal honour be it said, they refused to have anything to do with Parker's appointment, and were in consequence deprived. To ask them to consecrate as archbishop a man who was openly cohabiting with a person to whom he was not and could not be married by any law of Church or State was an insult to the whole

[1] Strype's *Parker*, 52, 53. [2] Rymer, xv. 541.

bench; and to associate them with two degraded clerics —Barlow and Scory—was a further insult, which they were bound to resent. This was the *last* and *final* protest of the English bishops against the establishment of Anglicanism.

On 6th December, a fresh precept was issued to Barlow, Scory, Coverdale and Hodgkins, and three others. The four first proceeded to act. They were broken-down friars, who had incurred excommunication by the law and practice of the Church of England for incontinence. Not one was holding any office in the Church of England. Hodgkins had been only suffragan of Bedford; Scory, who had resigned, and Coverdale, were in the same boat with Taylor, Hooper, etc., who had been deprived in Mary's reign on account of the nullity of their consecration; Barlow had also resigned, and the fact that he was ever a consecrated bishop has had to be assumed, for it cannot be proved. They had no more claim to act in the name of the Church of England than in that of one of the choirs of angels. A consciousness of radical defect in this process from the very beginning is evident from the fact that the Queen undertook to supply by her supreme royal authority every defect in the manner of their proceeding, or in the quality, status or power of all or any of them or in any point presented by the laws of the Church or State, the circumstance of the time and the necessity of the case so requiring; a clause inserted for six years in every appointment of a bishop. Not only so: Parker is said to have been consecrated by Cranmer's ordinal, which had been declared illegal as well as invalid in Mary's reign, when some of those in whose consecration it had been used had been deprived on the express ground of the nullity of their consecration.

Parker having thus illegally and sacrilegiously obtained the position of primate, proceeded to fill up the vacant sees with reformers, who were all Calvinists except Cheney of Gloucester, a Lutheran. A greater

outrage against the rights and liberties of the Church of England was never committed. The whole bench of bishops, except one, was deposed by a council of laymen, without being even charged with any offence that would entail their deprivation according to the law of the Church of England.[1] Men were thrust into their places who were not even members of the Church of England. They had been such, but had publicly and formally left her to join the sects of Calvin and Luther, sects which had as little in common with the old Church as the Salvation Army has with the present Establishment. Moreover, as long as a bishop lives and is not deprived of his see by the ordinary process of canonical law, no one else can, *in facie Ecclesiæ*, lawfully take possession of it. The claim to ownership is barred: there is another in possession. "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber,"[2] are the words of Christ: and yet Church Defenders are forced by the exigencies of their position to maintain that it was the old English bishops and not these Calvinist and Lutheran preachers who were the schismatics and intruders!

The illegality of the position of these intruders on the ground even of civil, as well as of ecclesiastical, law, was fully established in 1565. Bonner challenged the fact that they were bishops, even such as the law required, and the bench held that his plea was good in law. An Act had to be passed to make good by the *authority of Parliament* all that had been done in constituting the new hierarchy, *anything to the contrary notwithstanding*.

Seeing, then, that the bishops of the Church of England refused to hand on the succession to Parker, or to admit him to the episcopacy, and that the only right he and his following had to their positions rested upon

[1] The refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy was merely a civil offence.

[2] St. John x. i.

this Act, they were known henceforth as *Parliamentary* bishops, and such have they been considered ever since.

If it be within the power of Parliament to unmake and make a bench of bishops, "anything to the contrary notwithstanding," there is no more to be said, but most Christians hold that it has no more power to do so than it has to make or unmake a solar system.

It will be a happy day for the descendants of these intruders when they are able to shake themselves loose from the incubus of the royal supremacy, this fossilized relic of Tudor tyranny and the divine right of kings. It is a principle which makes the whole Anglican system a bye-word and reproach amongst Christian believers, for it places practically in the hands of the head of the ministry, who may be a sceptic or infidel, the appointment of all its bishops; and in the hands of a council, who may be all unbelievers, the settlement of all appeals "like as in cases of appeal from the admiral's court," from the archbishop's court even in matters of faith and discipline. It will be a red letter day for our separated brethren when they can say, even at the cost of half their possessions, "the snare is broken and we are free."

So much as to the position assumed by the bishops. The attitude of the lower clergy will be equally clear from the following facts:—

On May 23, 1559, a commission was issued to visitors to tender the Oath of Supremacy to the clergy. They had orders not to push any one to extremities on account of his oath, and thus their hands were tied.

The nature of the reception which the proposed change of religion was expected to meet with from the clergy may be gathered from the "Device for the alteration of religion," drawn up by the secret council whose members were Parker, Bill, May, Cox, Grindal, Whitehead and Pilkington, under Sir Thomas Smith. One of the obstacles to be dealt with was: "Bishops and all the clergy will see their ruin. In confession,

preaching and all other ways they can, they will persuade the people from it." [1]

In fact, this attempt to induce the clergy to take the Oath of Supremacy proved such a complete failure that in December the Queen sent orders to the visitors to stop all further proceeding. The extent of the failure may be gathered from the fact that out of 9,400 beneficed clergy they could only return the names of 806 as having subscribed the oath. Their report may be seen amongst the Domestic State Papers. Most of the clergy refused even to present themselves before the visitors.

Mr. Green says: "The higher dignitaries were unsparingly dealt with. The bishops, who with a single exception refused to take the oath, were imprisoned and deprived. The same measures were dealt out to most of the archdeacons and deans. But with the mass of the parish clergy a very different course was taken. The Commissioners appointed in May, 1559, were found to be too zealous in October, and several of the clerical members [2] were replaced by cooler laymen. The great bulk of the clergy seem neither to have refused nor to have consented to take the oath, but to have left the Commissioners' summons unheeded, and to have stayed quietly at home. Of the 9,400 beneficed clergy only a tenth presented themselves before the Commissioners. Of those who attended and refused the oath 189 were deprived, but many of the most prominent went unharmed." [3]

Mr. Simpson, in his *Life of Blessed Campion* (pp. 139–140), gives the following summary of the evidence of State Papers: "In the visitation of the province of York in August and September, 1559, out of 90 clergymen summoned, 21 came and took the oath, 36 came and refused to swear, 7 were absent without proctors, 16 were absent with proctors. Yet of the 36 the lists of

[1] Dodd, vol. ii. Appendix xxxiii.
[2] They were all Calvinists.
[3] *Hist. of the English People*, Bk. vi. ch. iii.

Bridgewater and Sanders only contain 5 names; of the 7, 4; of the 16, 7. If those lists are perfect, it proves that the rest were connived at and perhaps retained their livings till their death."

In a note the following further information is given as regards the province of York :—

"*S.P.O. Dom. Eliz.* vol. x. The calculations and the lists are based on the detailed proceedings in which all the names are given. At the end of the volume there is an abstract of the numbers of rectors, vicars, and curates who refused to attend the visitation when summoned. The numbers are 158 for York diocese, 85 for Chester, 36 for Durham, and 35 for Carlisle; total 314. There is no abstract of the numbers who attended and refused the oath. Probably the visitation was never completed, but broken off by the Queen's letters. The book, however, proves that in York province certainly 370 clergymen—probably 600—either refused to swear or would have refused if they had been pressed. This gives a total much higher than 172, which Protestant historians give as the number of recusant clergymen for the whole of England, or than 250, the number stated by Allen and Bridgewater after Sanders" (p. 374).

As regards the province of Canterbury, he says, "In the province of Canterbury we hear of the dean and canons of Winchester Cathedral, the warden and fellows of the college, and the master of Holy Cross, all refusing the oath (*S.P.O. Dom.* June 30, 1559). Yet only four of them are in Bridgewater's list." And for the whole country, "The visitors returned for the whole province the total of 49 recusants and 786 conformists (*Lansdowne MS.* cix. p. 7), significantly omitting the absentees. Thus, out of the 8,911 parishes (*S.P.O. Dom. Eliz.* vol. cvi. no. 7) and 9,400 beneficed clergymen (Camden, *Eliz.* i. 32) we find only 806 subscribers, while all the bishops and 85 others expressly refused to subscribe, and the rest were absentees. The assertion, then, of Camden, that only 189 clergymen were deprived in this

visitation, proves nothing. Archbishop Parker had orders 'not to push any one to extremities on account of his oath.' But Sanders and Bridgewater give many more names."

The Government were not prepared to deal with such wholesale recusancy. They were far too wise to attempt to do so, and the result was that three years' grace were given in many cases; while only a few, and those the heads of the clergy, were deprived in this visitation, *i.e.*, by the end of 1559, as a warning to others. Camden puts the number down as 189, and Collier 243; but these numbers included the bishops, deans, archdeacons, prebendaries and heads of colleges, —in fact, the pick of the clergy. Out of this grain of fact Church Defenders have built up a mountain of fable. Some have even gone so far as to say that all the old clergy of the Church of England conformed to the new order of things with the exception of 189. But this estimate includes only those *deprived* of their livings in the visitation of 1559, which, beginning in May and ending in December, lasted only six months. No attempt has been made to estimate the total number of clergy (1) who resigned rather than face persecution, (2) who refused to take the oath and were not deprived in the visitation of 1559, (3) who were deprived in subsequent visitations, (4) who were ejected to make room for the married clergy removed in Mary's reign. That the number was very great we have abundant evidence:

1. As to those who resigned, Cox, writing to Peter Martyr after the visitation of 1559 was over, says: "The popish priests among us are daily relinquishing their ministry lest, as they say, they should be compelled to give their sanction to heresies."[1] Lever writes to Bullingham, July 10, 1560, six months after, stating the result to be: "Many of our parishes have no clergyman, and some dioceses are without a bishop. And out of

[1] *Zurich Letters*, xxviii.

that very small number who administer the sacraments throughout this great country, there is scarcely one in a hundred, who is both able and willing to preach the word of God."[1] And Collier says: "Upon the Catholic clergy throwing up their preferments, the necessities of the Church required the admitting of some mechanics into orders."[2]

2. We have seen that in this first visitation only 806 clergy were prevailed upon to take the Oath of Supremacy, and that the attempt to induce the rest of the clergy to do so had to be given up as hopeless. Cox writes on May 21, 1559, thus of the attitude of the clergy: "At length many of the nobility and vast numbers of the common people began by degrees to come to their senses, but of the clergy none at all, for the whole body remained unmoved."[3]

3. The long and numerous lists given in Rymer[4] of presentations by the Queen to prebends, rectories and vicarages vacant by the *deprivation* of the last incumbent tell their own tale of the action of the Government subsequent to the visitation of 1559 now in one place, now in another. In 1561, a second general visitation began. In many dioceses a third of the parishes were vacant. In the Archdeaconry of Norwich 80 parishes were without clergy. In the Archdeaconry of Norfolk 180, and in that of Suffolk 130, were in the same condition.[5] In most of them the voice of the priest was silent in the desolate aisles. The children grew up unbaptized, and the dead buried their dead. So awful was the spiritual desolation of the country that "carpenters, blacksmiths and uneducated men of every mechanic art" had to be ordained to read the service. Nothing short of the direst necessity could have forced the government to resort to the extreme measure of filling the old parsonages with such a set of clowns who

[1] *Zurich Letters*, xxxv.
[2] Bk. vi. 465.
[3] *Zurich Letters*, xi.
[4] xv. 542, &c., &c.
[5] Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. See Froude, vii. p. 16.

were sure to bring disgrace upon their cloth. They were too ignorant to preach and had to be provided with the Book of Homilies. They were also so gross in their manners that the Queen had to interfere to check their nuptial vagaries. Cecil charged the Bishop of Lichfield with making seventy clergymen in one day for moneyed consideration. "Some were tailors, some stone-masons, and others craftsmen." "I am sure," he said, "the greatest part of them are not able to keep decent houses."[1]

This is no fancy picture. In the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1601–1603 with Addenda 1547–1565* (p. 576), will be found a return made by the new Protestant bishops of the livings vacant in their various dioceses in 1565, frequently with the name of the last incumbent. Eleven of them make no return, but of the rest, the following is the state of Durham diocese, which there is no reason to suppose formed any exception to the general condition of the country:—"Durham 3; with note that in many parishes, especially in Northumberland, the vicars have to serve from two to five chapels each—far from the parish churches which have no priests unless it be vagabond Scots who dare not abide in their country;—that they were better served when they belonged to abbeys; that in Durham were great parishes from which the Queen receives large revenues, and yet they have neither parson or vicar, but a lewd priest to whom the Queen allows £4 or £5 a year, and some have no curate at all."

If, then, all the clergy but 189 had conformed in 1559, what had become of them in so short a time? And whence the necessity for the searching visitation of 1561 and the savage statute of 1562, which visited recusancy with the penalties of *præmunire* and high treason? Hallam, adverting to this admission of illiterate mechanics to the ministry, remarks: "This

[1] *MSS. Domestic*, Feb. 27, 1585. Notes on a conversation between the Queen and Cecil.

seems to show that more churches were empty by the desertion of popish incumbents than the foregoing note would lead us to suppose. I believe that many went off to foreign parts who had complied in 1559, and others were put out of their livings. The Roman Catholics make out a larger list than Burnet's calculation (200) allows. It appears from an account sent in to the privy council by Parkhurst, bishop of Norwich, in 1562, that in his diocese more than a third of the benefices were vacant (Strype's *Annals*, vol. i.). But in Ely, out of 152 cures, only 52 were served in 1560 (*L. of Parker*, 72)."[1]

4. Of the numbers removed to make room for the return of the married clergy, ejected in Mary's reign, as well as of those who resigned when more pressure was brought to bear to force them to take the oaths, Hallam says: "It is however highly probable that others resigned their preferments afterwards when the casuistry of their Church grew more scrupulous. It may be added that the visitors restored the married clergy who had been dispossessed in the preceding reign; which would of course considerably augment the number of sufferers for Popery."[2] Burnet (vol. iii. 226) gives the number of these married clergy ejected in Mary's reign as 3,000, Lingard estimates them at 1,500.[3] It is clear from Collier's list that the lesser clergy ejected to make room for these men is not included in his estimate of those deprived in the visitation of 1559.

In the case of those clergy who were weak enough to temporize, the reforming party was quite alive to the fact that their outward conformity was only from motives of policy and implied no change of belief. Camden observes, "It seemed good to many of the popish priests both for their own sakes and the cause of religion to swear obedience to the sovereign, rejecting the authority of the

[1] Hallam, *Constitutional History*, p. 183.
[2] Ibid. p. iii., note.
[3] Ibid. p. 104, note.

Pope with this very purpose of excluding Protestants [1] from their churches and of helping those who had resigned. They look upon this as pious prudence and somewhat meritorious and hoped that the Roman Pontiff would by his authority dispense them from their oath." [2]

It is true that many Catholics attended the Church services till their doing so came to be looked upon as a distinctive sign of their having renounced their religion, on the same grounds on which till recently they went to the Protestant minister to obtain the civil recognition of their marriages, simply to avoid the legal penalties of not doing so. They persuaded themselves that the private observance of their own religion elsewhere would excuse a formal obedience to the civil power. "There is nothing in this statement of fact which serves to countenance the very unfair misrepresentation lately given, as if the Roman Catholics generally had acquiesced in the Anglican worship believing it to be substantially the same as their own. They frequented our churches because the law compelled them so to do, not out of a notion that very little change had been made by the Reformation."[3]

Hence it is clear how baseless are those *imaginative reconstructions* of English History, whose object is to persuade the unlearned public that the religious movement of Queen Elizabeth's reign was the Church of England's own doing. On the contrary, nothing can be more certain than the fact that as a body the whole *spirituality* of England protested earnestly against it. For (1) the whole bench of bishops except Kitchin of Llandaff preferred to suffer deprivation and imprisonment

[1] Writers of this school always speak of the new teachers as Protestants. They were evidently not aware of the theory of religious *identity* between themselves and the old Church. *Diversity* was their plea.

[2] See also Collier, Bk. vi. p. 436.

[3] Hallam, *Const. Hist.* p. 121, note.

rather than soil their hands with it. (2) Of the rest of the governing body of the Church, according to Collier, 12 deans, 14 archdeacons, 60 canons, 15 heads of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, 20 doctors, and 100 of the well preferred clergy shared the fate of the 14 bishops. (3) Of the lesser clergy besides those deprived in the visitation of 1559, spoken of by Camden and others, a large number, according to Burnet some 3,000, were expelled to make room for the married clergy removed in the previous reign. Others resigned, some before, some after this visitation. Others were deprived, now here, now there. Still, so stout was their resistance that, when the three years' grace allowed in many cases had elapsed, a fresh visitation, that of 1561, became necessary in order to break down their opposition. And as this, too, was ineffectual, the statute of 1562 which visited recusancy with the penalty of death, was passed, a fact in itself sufficient to explode the absurd fable that with the exception of between one and two hundred, the English clergy freely consented to take the Oath of Supremacy and to conform to the new gospel. Of course there were a certain number, who were "men of both gospels," ready to conform to any change, but their conduct is a proof of nothing but their own want of principle. Their action counts for very little when opposed to that of the lawful rulers of the Church of England, *viz.*, to that of the bishops and as a body the whole spirituality of the land.

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WHY SHOULD WE REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER?

ST. MATTHEW x. 21. "The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the son; and the children shall rise up against parents, and shall put them to death.

"And you shall be hated by all men for My Name's sake: but he that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."

From these words of our Divine Lord Himself, it is quite evident that His true followers are to expect persecution.

Indeed we may say, that to suffer persecution is one of the marks of true discipleship. "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you" (St. John xv. 20).

Brief, temporary, spasmodic suffering of persecution is not enough, neither are mere individual cases sufficient, but the continuous subjection of the whole community to the hostility of what the Holy Scripture calls "the world,"—*that* is the real test. "Because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (St. John xv. 19).

Now, the Church of England will not truly bear this test, that is to say, if you take the whole of its three hundred years' existence.

Made by a king, it came into the world with every earthly advantage; a fortune, taken from others, was given to it at its very birth, property in all directions was bestowed upon it, so that it could never say that it had "nowhere to lay its head." And if any one went out into the wilderness to see it, it was not to be found there, for it was clothed in soft raiment from the first, and dwelt in king's palaces.

True, during the few short years, an attempt was made by those who had fallen among robbers, had been stripped and wounded and left half dead, to recover their stolen property—and this surely was not unnatural. In the attempt some hard blows were dealt back—the outcome of human nature, which is prone to retaliate—but the poor stripped and wounded ones were soon overpowered again,

and subjected to a long, slow system of torture, which was more grievous than the first violence.

The history of the Church of England, from the Reformation to the present time, cannot be said to have been one of persecution suffered. Rather has it been petted and pampered; and if it has suffered at all, it has been from its own indolence, engendered by a life of too great comfort and ease.

How different has been the lot of Catholics in England during the same three hundred years! The rightful owners of all the stolen property, they have not even been allowed in peace to pick up the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. The very dogs were driven away if they attempted to lick their sores. Until quite lately, within memory of the living, Catholics have been subjected to a long series of persecutions. And from whom? From the Church of England and its heads, the sovereign and bishops.

Would you believe that the amiable, easy-going Church of England would ever pose as a persecutor? Yet it is no exaggeration to say that for three hundred years she has, without ceasing, cruelly trod upon and tortured the poor Catholic, until existence in this world became almost impossible.

People cry out about Queen Mary and her bloody reign, but what are *five short years* [1553—1558] compared with three hundred? As the Protestant Cobbett says: "Talk of the 'Fires in Smithfield'! Fires, indeed, which had no justification, and which all Catholics severely condemn: but what, good God! was the death of about two hundred and seventy-seven persons, however cruel and unmerited that death, to the torments inflicted for more than two hundred years on millions upon millions of people, to say nothing about the thousands of Catholics who were, during that period, racked to death, killed in prison, hanged, bowelled and quartered!"

Do you really know what Catholics have suffered from the Church of England kings and queens, bishops, clergy and people?

You may read it in history, beginning with the reign of Henry VIII., the founder of the Establishment, and onwards down to almost our own day.

If I refer you to Lingard's *History of England*, where full accounts may be seen, you may regard him as unduly prejudiced in favour of Catholics, he having been one himself; so I will take from the pages of the Protestant Cobbett the following facts, unknown or forgotten by thousands who are ready enough to denounce Queen Mary and the Fires of Smithfield:

"Catholics were fined £20 a month if they stayed away from the Church of England Service, to attend which was against their conscience.

"Catholics were not allowed to be guardians or executors; not allowed to practise Law or Physic; not allowed to travel five miles from their house.

"A Catholic woman, if she stayed away from the Church of England Service, might be imprisoned during her husband's lifetime, unless ransomed by him at £10 a month.

"If a Catholic, when called upon by any four Justices of the Peace to abjure his religion, refused to do so, he could be sentenced by them to banishment for life (without judge or jury), and if he returned, he was to suffer death.

"Catholics were not allowed to educate their children in their own religion, unless they paid a fine of £10 a month, while the Catholic schoolmaster was finded £2 a day.

"If Catholic parents sent their children to Catholic schools abroad, they were fined £100.

"The saying of Mass, which is the service most dear to Catholics, incurred the fine of £120, while those who were present at the Mass had to pay £60 for the privilege."

So much for the system whereby Catholics were gradually impoverished and reduced to starvation. But this was not all. Not only were their money and their property not safe, but not even their lives. If a Catholic priest returned from beyond the seas, to exercise his ministry in this once Catholic country, he was punished with hanging, ripping out of the bowels, and quartering: and the same fate awaited any one who returned to the Faith of his Fathers, or induced others to do so.

And this sort of thing went on sometimes with greater and sometimes with less severity, for about three hundred years, and yet we do not hear the Protestants of England denouncing *these* cruelties. Oh no! they are passed over in silence—and why? Because Catholics were the sufferers

because Protestants were the persecutors, and it would not do to make such facts known. So people have been kept in ignorance of *this* side of history, and have been taught to believe that for three hundred years in England the only persecutors have been those wicked Catholics.

We know that even a worm will turn, and there can be little doubt that had any other large class of Englishmen been subjected to such treatment as the Catholics received, they would not have remained passive under it, but have taken measures to vindicate their rights as freemen. If the Catholics as a body had risen against their oppressors, they would have done no more than a very few years afterwards was done, on far less provocation, by their bitterest enemies, the Puritans. But they did nothing of the kind, continuing to yield submission to their rulers in all matters except that of religion. There were, however, amongst the Catholics, as in all large parties, a few restless and turbulent individuals, prone to violent courses, who although they had no claim to act as the representatives of their co-religionists, from whom they studiously concealed their intentions, determined to avenge their wrongs by a crime as senseless as it was wicked. They accordingly embarked on the famous conspiracy known as the Gunpowder Plot. It is certain that this was the work of a mere handful of men, at most thirteen in number; that it cannot with any show of reason be charged on the Catholics at large; and that nevertheless it served as the most powerful of all weapons in the hands of their enemies, to secure the continuance of a policy of persecution against them. Beyond this it is imposible to describe the facts of the case with any certainty. There can be no doubt that the history of the Plot as related by the Government of the day, is utterly and deliberately untrue, and that they unscrupulously falsified the documents in their possession for their own purposes. There can be no question that they were fully aware of what the conspirators were about for many months before they pretended first to discover it, and that they allowed the mad scheme to go on that they might make capital out of it. At the same time, it is quite impossible to believe that the plotters ever did much that they are described as doing, or that their design was actually what it is said to have been.

They certainly intended violence of some kind, and therefore are worthy of all condemnation; but it is not wonderful that many people at the time, even amongst Protestants, should have believed that they were mere catspaws secretly incited by Government agents to embark on a project which served the objects of the Government so well.

As for the conspirators themselves, they tried to persuade their consciences that the violent means they proposed to use for redressing their wrongs were lawful, since milder ones had failed. "There could be no doubt it was lawful," Catesby argued with Robert Winter, "since God had given to every man the right of repelling force by force. If his friend thought it cruel, let him compare it with the cruelties exercised during so many years against the Catholics; let him reckon the number that had been butchered by the knife of the executioner; the hundreds who had perished in the solitude of their prisons; and the thousands that had been reduced from affluence or ease to a state of want or beggary."

But in spite of such arguments, the courage of some of them faltered, and the prorogation of Parliament caused delays, which damped the ardour of the less enthusiastic amongst them.

Yet at this very time, the persecution against the Catholics was daily increasing in severity. A priest and five laymen were executed, and several more sentenced to death, though reprieved. A Mr Pound, for simply complaining of the injustice of such sentences, was, being a Catholic, condemned to lose both his ears, to pay a fine of £1,000, and to endure perpetual imprisonment. The houses of Catholics were entered at night and searched, and gentlewomen even dragged out of their beds that these might be examined lest they should conceal any article of Catholic worship. The jails were crowded with prisoners, and some missionaries and laymen suffered, more were condemned to suffer, death for religious offences. Nor were the Church of England bishops behindhand in zeal against the Catholics. The penalties were exacted with such rigour by the Protestant bishops of Hereford and Llandaff, that in the county of Hereford alone, four hundred and nine families suddenly found themselves reduced to a state of beggary.

Such deeds as these served well to stimulate the failing courage of the conspirators, reviving again the bitter feelings of despair and desire for revenge.

The hiring of the cellar under the Houses of Parliament, the storage there of two hogsheads and about thirty barrels of gunpowder, the concealment of these beneath the supposed winter-fuel, the discovery of the plot through the letter to Lord Mounteagle, the arrest of Guy Fawkes in the cellar a little after midnight of the 4th of November, these are circumstances probably too well known, because so long kept before the public memory, to need detailed recapitulation.

Guy Fawkes, when examined, avowed his object to have been to destroy the Parliament, as the sole means of putting an end to religious persecution, and to a Scotch nobleman he declared, that so large a quantity of gunpowder had been collected for the purpose of "blowing the Scottish beggars back to their native mountains." This last remark of his showed one of the places where the shoe pinched. The heavy fines wrung from Catholics were needed by James to pacify his greedy Scotch favourites. This Catholics knew, and the knowledge did not serve to soften their sense of the wrong done to them.

All the conspirators met with the death which they had justly incurred and rightly deserved.

Four of them, including Catesby, were mortally wounded in the pursuit, and eight were arraigned. They pleaded "not guilty," maintaining that their intention was innocent before God. Some of them had already lost most of their property, all had suffered severely on account of their religion. The King had broken his promise of toleration, and the malice of their enemies daily aggravated their burdens.

No means of liberation was left but that which they had adopted. Their only object was to relieve themselves and their brethren from the cruelty of the persecutors and to restore a worship which in their conscience they believed to be the the true religion of Christ, and which had been the religion of England for a thousand years.

Thus they pleaded extenuating circumstances, but of course without avail. They suffered on the scaffold the punishment of traitors.

Why not let them rest? They were punished with death, in addition to all the punishment they had to undergo for their faith during their life. Why not leave them alone now? Are Protestants so revengeful and bloodthirsty, that even after two hundred and eighty years they must still rake up the misdeeds of the dead; and are they so unjust that they must also insult the innocent as well as the guilty? Where is the forgiving spirit, the charity of that Gospel of which they so loudly proclaim themselves the true followers?

But if somebody must be burnt, some memory execrated, why not turn upon the true authors of the Plot—the King and his favourites, and the Church of England, who, by refusing justice and mercy to the Catholics, drove that handful of them to desperation?

In conclusion, let the proverb be remembered, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Stones are thrown at Catholics for the attempt to blow up Parliament with gunpowder, but similar attempts have been made by Protestants, and at about the same period. At Antwerp, some of them endeavoured to blow up the Prince of Parma with his nobility; and one in the Hague plotted to blow up the whole Council of Holland.

Why are not these remembered?

Again, how continually has it been dinned in our ears that the Catholics massacred the Huguenots. This is never forgotten. But such horrible massacres as those at Drogheda and Wexford by the staunchly Protestant Cromwell and his followers are never mentioned. Reader! honestly, have you ever heard of these? Perhaps not, for the victims were Catholics this time. Yet I think if I tell you what Thomas Wood, one of Cromwell's soldiers, and an eye-witness, relates of the massacre of Drogheda, you will in common fairness allow that Catholics are not the only butchers.

Drogheda was taken by storm on the 11th of September, 1649. No quarter was given to the vanquished defenders, but what was worse, even the townspeople, including the women and children, who had fled to the Catholic Church of St. Peter for safety, were all put to the sword without mercy. In the crypt of the Church some ladies had taken refuge. Thither, after the general carnage in the church above, the bloodthirsty soldiers found their way. "I found there," says Thomas Wood, "the flower and choicest of the

women and ladies belonging to the town, amongst whom a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to me with tears and prayers to save her life. Being stricken with pity, I took her under my arm, with intention to put her over the works to shift for herself, but a soldier, perceiving this intention, ran his sword up her body. Whereupon, seeing her gasping, I took away her money, jewels, &c., and flung her down over the works." The same man records that three thousand at least, besides some women and children, were, after the assailants had taken part, and afterwards all the town, put to the sword on the 11th and 12th of September, 1649. He bears witness to having seen the soldiers, when making their way up to the galleries and lofts of the church, take "each of them a child, and use it as a buckler of defence, when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained."

On the 1st of October, Cromwell arrived near Wexford, and entered it through the treachery of the captain of the castle. The garrison and burghers assembled in the market-place, where also were crowded all the old men, women, and children. A stiff resistance was offered by the Catholics to the Puritan invaders, but the latter gained the mastery and put to the sword every human being found in the place. The women and children had clustered round the great cross, but its sacred shadow was no protection against the fanaticism of the Puritan. Fifteen hundred are said to have been put to death, and "thus," wrote Cromwell to the Government, "it has pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy, for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed, your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing, and that is the gift of God also."

Reader, *audi alteram partem:* hear the other side. You have heard a little bit of it now.

I appeal to your sense of fairness, and with greater confidence repeat the question with which I began—

Why should we remember the Fifth of November?

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

[2*s.* per 100.]

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB.

By M. M.

Gerald was eleven years of age; he stood at the top of the great entrance steps; and of the whole wide prospect of rich acres stretching far into the distance, he was heir. George was fourteen; he waited at the foot of the steps and he was the owner of eight shillings, his weekly wage, and nothing more.

Twelve months before, George Withers had been engaged to weed and otherwise assist the gardeners, but his young master had taken so great a fancy to him, and he had been proved so trustworthy, that he was now usually occupied in looking after Gerald, two or three years younger than himself, and bearing him company in his amusements and wanderings out of doors.

"I say, George!" bawled Gerald from his vantage-ground; "the pond in the low meadow is bearing; we'll be off by ten to-morrow and have great fun."

"To-morrow's Christmas Day; I can't go to-morrow, Master Gerald, I must hear Mass."

"O bother! no, you can't. We havn't had any ice yet, and I want to get on with my skating."

"It's a holiday to-morrow, Master Gerald; all the men have a holiday."

"Well, who wants to stop you having a holiday? I only asked you to come skating—real fun!"

"Yes, I know," said poor George, sorely put about and tempted: "yes, I know, I'd have liked it, but I must go to church."

"Rubbish! go twice on Sunday. Sunday's for church and church for Sunday."

"We've got to go other days as well; I *must* hear Mass to-morrow."

"Must! Now what's the 'must'?"

"It's a commandment to hear Mass, so it's a sin to stop away."

"A commandment indeed! I learnt the Ten Commandments with Miss Lee and 'tisn't in *them*. But ten aren't enough for you Catholics, I s'pose."

"We've got the Church's commandments too," said George Withers sturdily.

"There now! What does your Church want to go and stick on more for? I should think *God's* commandments in the Bible plenty!"

"Our Church doesn't stick on more," retorted the other; "the Church only shows the way to keep the other commandments, that is how the priest was explaining it last Sunday."

"That's all very fine; but look here now, the Bible says 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' and you want to make Christmas Day equal."

"Well, the Protestants say the commandment and they can't agree how to keep it holy and they don't keep the Sabbath at all, so they just say the words and are all mixed up in their minds, while the Church's commandment makes it quite plain to us; so you needn't call names, Master Gerald!"

At this point there was an interruption, and perhaps it was as well, for both boys were getting warm. A little girl flew along the terrace, her bright hair and crimson sash streaming behind her. At her brother's side she came to a halt.

"What are you doing, Gerald?"

"You oughtn't to be out here in your thin shoes, Blanche, you'll catch it!"

"You have only your slippers on yourself," retorted Miss Blanche.

"Well George," said Gerald in a persuasive tone—argument had failed so he meant to try blandishment—"Well,

George, you'll be here early to-morrow morning to go skating?"

"I can't come early, Master Gerald," said Withers, looking up anxiously at the cloud on the younger boy's face; as well as dreading his displeasure he was vexed to disappoint him and his difficulty suddenly inspired him with an idea. "Look here, Master Gerald; come you to church with me to-morrow; you'll like to see the Crib."

"Crib! a crib in church?" questioned Gerald.

"That's funny, a real crib like I sleep in?" cried the little girl in her sweet and fluty voice.

"No, Miss Blanche, not exactly, 'cos it means a manger as well; but they make up all the stable at Bethlehem where Christ was born, and there's the snow on the roof and the animals and the straw and the cave and everything," cried George, in his anxiety taking a step upward and nearer to the children.

"All that, really?" said Gerald; "I say, yours must be a jolly church!"

"Yes, come and see it; you'd like to see it."

"We'll come; let's go and ask now, Blanche."

Away raced the children for the desired permission and in a minute or two were back again, out of breath but with faces of triumph. They nearly hurled themselves over the wide steps in their eagerness.

"Yes, we can go; what time, George?" asked Gerald, forgetting his ill-humour and his skating.

"Half-past ten o'clook."

"All right, mind you don't forget, George, nor be late," dictated Gerald; then both children bounded across the terrace and disappeared within the house, banging the great hall door with a mighty noise after themselves.

Gerald had warned George, but it was Gerald and Blanche who were late the next morning. The Egerton mansion was not accustomed to early hours nor to much church-going, Mrs. Egerton rarely leaving her room before eleven o'clock; and Master Gerald produced a panic by demanding his breakfast at an hour at which breakfast never before had been eaten in that easy household, shouting to everyone and hurrying everything; but, not-

withstanding all his exertions of legs and lungs, only he himself was ready and marching about the hall when George arrived for them. It was not many minutes, however, before Blanche came in from another portion of the house, followed by her nurse pouring out admonitions and corrections.

"Now, Miss Blanche, please to remember you've your best white jacket on, and don't you go rubbing yourself against things and coming home like a chimney sweep; nor make a mess of your gloves nor nothing."

"Hallo! what's up, Nurse; what's this commotion?" asked Captain Egerton, sauntering out of the library holding in his fingers a cigar he was just about to light.

"Nothing, sir; I was only telling Miss Blanche to take care of her clothes, sir;" said the woman smoothing her tones with ready civility to her master; then, grumbling to herself, she went her way. She was not used to being upset in her arrangements by such quirks and pranks.

"Where are you youngsters off to?" cried Captain Egerton in his easy good-humour.

"O, father! we *told* you," said Blanche.

"Ah! yes, I recollect now; well, take care of yourselves. —George, look well after them and get some dinner at the house when you get back, there'll be plenty of beef and plum-pudding going."

"Thank you, sir, but we've a fine pudding and piece of roast beef at home to-day," said George, his face shining at the prospect of the feast. "'Twas sent from the house, sir," added he.

"O, ah, I dare say, that's all right. Well, off with you!" said the kindly Captain, seeing that George was standing like a heron, first on one leg then on the other, with impatience, and the children's hurry was still more manifest. "Off with you! Hope you'll enjoy yourselves."

Richard Egerton waited a moment at the hall window watching the children's departure, the while he cut the end of his cigar, then he sauntered back into the library and took up the novel he had cast down. Egerton was a man who had done fairly at college; he had fought like a hero in one of the late wars, but now that he had neither

books nor boating nor active service he thought life exhausted. Politics he hated, and would have none of them; so he hunted a little, he shot, he smoked many cigars and read many novels, and had he known anything more profitable to do with his time he would doubtless have done it. Training, his children had none; they grew as they listed, developing in one direction and stunted in another as circumstances ruled; and that the little pair were as truthful, as brave, as upright as they were was due to inherited good qualities and naught else. At rare intervals Mrs Egerton would attend the parish church, taking the children with her and occupying a large square pew that belonged to the estate; the dulness of the proceeding she would relieve with sundry playthings in the shape of rugs and foot-warmers in the winter and fans and essences in the summer, while the children, screened by the high wooden side of the pew, would still more audaciously amuse themselves. On her return Mrs. Egerton would entertain her husband with a successful mimicry of the fat rector's wheezing speech and a clever copy of some of the pompous old gentleman's remarks; all of which could scarcely be said to help the children to understand that they possessed immortal souls and that God had made them for Himself. Yet Mrs. Egerton had no further lights upon her duties as a mother.

Both children returned home very full of the Crib: they insisted upon having a New Testament and comparing it with what they had seen, and finally they got their mother to read to them the story of the Nativity. Perhaps the Mystery of the Incarnation touched her frivolous heart, and, with the children's comments and interludes, went home to her as it never had done before, though she would have called herself a Christian. After the narrative, with such scant answers to their eager questions as they could extract, Blanche and Gerald were anxious for a second visit to the church; and so in one manner or another it fell out that they were constant visitors there for two or three weeks.

At the end of that time Gerald got himself into trouble. The frost had lasted well, but at last a thaw set in; and

Master Gerald, who would not be kept off the ice, got a ducking, from which followed a severe cold. For a few days the fever ran high and he was really very ill, but in a week's time he was on the way to recovery, and then his nurses' real troubles began.

"Mother, do you think George can play draughts?" asked he one afternoon.

"Indeed, my dear, I can't say," answered Mrs. Egerton, naturally neither knowing much nor caring much about the garden-boy's accomplishments.

"Because if he could I'd like to have him to play draughts with me."

"My dear, I'll play draughts with you."

"No, you are no good, mother; I always beat you. Send for George; he can tell me about my rabbits and things, any way."

So to please the wilful boy George was sent for. That young man required a good deal of dressing; but he ran home at the top of his speed and after a lavish use of soap and water and a change of clothes presented himself at the house. He was conducted to the bedroom, his heart failing him more and more with every step, but once within the door of the chamber he was seized with an actual panic and remained riveted to the spot, clutching the door-handle with his hands behind him. His face was red from his hurried run home and polished from a too liberal application of soap, but if it had been possible for it now to grow pale from fear it would have done so; but it was not possible, and so it only assumed a fine mottled hue.

"Call that there a place to go to bed in!" cried he trying later to describe the scene and the interview to his mother at home; "Why, the room was as big as our whole house, and there was tables and curtens and armcheers and books and picters, and lookin' glasses down to the floor as yer couldn't tell what way yer was goin' for, and a carpet yer was afraid to put yer foot on. But when I got to the bed, that beat all; yer never see such a bed, the quilt 'twas more like a silk gound nor a quilt, and the pillers they was all frilled like Nanny Evans's cap on a Sunday, and a nice

mess Master Gerald was a makin' of them, a rumplin' the lace and diggin' his fist into the pillers and thumpin' them as if they was nothin'. Master Gerald was the only thing there as looked natural."

The sick boy's eyes brightened as soon as he caught sight of his humble friend.

"Is that you, George? Come here," he cried as decidedly as his weakened voice would let him speak.

George, still holding on to the door-handle behind him looked over to the distant bed, then doubtfully down at the beautiful carpet at his feet, and at last essayed to cross the room. It was a dangerous tract of country, but was bound to be traversed sooner or later; so with cautious quiet steps he started and finally stood by the bedside.

"Sit down, there's a chair," said Gerald imperiously.

George took the chair indicated and sat down on the extreme edge as gingerly as though the piece of furniture had been made of spun glass.

"Are the rabbits all right?"

A pause followed while George looked from the bed to the ceiling and back from the ceiling to the bed.

"Are the rabbits all right, George?" cried the impatient Gerald again.

"Yes, Master Gerald; yes, they're all right," answered George in hoarse tones.

"Has the white one been loose again?"

This time George had not only to study the bed and the ceiling, but his eyes had to travel all round the room before he found a reply.

"No," he began huskily, then coughed behind his hand to clear his voice, "No, Master Gerald, not since you've been laid up."

"How long did Matthews have my pony out to-day?"

George coughed again behind his hand but was still too hoarse to speak, so he wheeled about and coughed again then managed to get out a few words.

"'Bout an hour, sir."

"Have *you* got a cold too, George?" asked Gerald bluntly, gazing up in his face.

"No, sir; not that I knows of, sir," answered George, standing up now in his dismay.

Gerald was yet more disappointed with the interview. The boys had been accustomed to play out of doors on an equality; in fact, George, with his superior size and strength and his knowledge of bird and beast and insect, was the leader in their sports in the fields and lanes, and Gerald had no understanding of how the changed circumstances oppressed the humble country-lad. So he gave him now a straight stare and interrogated him sharply.

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"Nothin' sir, there's nothin' the matter with me," George replied.

While the little boy was labouring away with his questions and getting only these brief replies, another visitor was walking up to the house. This was Father Congreve, the priest from the town, and just as he approached the door Captain Egerton who with his perpetual cigar between his lips was lounging in the wintry sunshine, sauntered forward. Perceiving the priest he advanced a step and gave him a courteous greeting.

"I was very sorry to hear, Captain Egerton, that your little son was ill; I hope he is improving?"

"Yes, he was very bad for a day or two, but he is now recovering fast."

"I am very glad to hear it. Thank you, I thought I would call and assure myself by making inquiries," said Father Congreve, turning to leave.

"I am very much obliged to you for your interest; but won't you come in, and I will look for Mrs. Egerton," said the other, leading the way into the house.—"Or come upstairs," added he in his easy fashion, "and you'll see that young scapegrace too. He's very devoted to your church at present, only I have misgivings as to how long his fervour will last."

The priest laughed and followed Mr. Egerton to the upper floor, where he was amused at the group in the invalid's room. After shaking hands with Mrs. Egerton, who was seated in a distant window, he turned to the bed.

"O, George Withers, you here!" exclaimed he.

The lad pulled his forelock respectfully; then, taking advantage of the stir to make his escape, he crept out of the room.

"Well, my boy, how are you? ailing?" said the priest, bending kindly over the sick child.

"O, nothing but a bit of cold," cried Gerald; "only they put a lot of nasty poultices on me, and give me such lots of physic."

"I am only astonished to find he is still in bed and not tied in with cart ropes," laughed Captain Egerton. "Well, I'll leave my unruly son to you," added he, in his turn disappearing from the room.

Father Congreve then drew a chair close to the bedside and began to talk to the little invalid. Neither bashfulness nor any other emotion ever tied Master Gerald's tongue long, and the priest, well accustomed to instruct children and to talk to them, knew how to soothe and interest the boy, so that in a few minutes the pair were fast friends.

"Look here, you only have that Crib for Christmas, have you?" questioned the boy.

"Yes, just for Christmas; you know what it represents, don't you?"

"O, yes: we've made it all out," said Master Gerald grandly; "but don't take it away till I've seen it again."

"I am afraid it must go at the proper time; you shouldn't have taken cold."

"Wish I hadn't! Have you got anything fresh since the Kings?"

"No, are you expecting fresh developments? There is nothing further to be."

"O!—well, tell me, what's the snow?"

"Isn't it real snow?"

"*Rather* it is not! Where'd snow come from in a church —from the roof?"

"Mightn't it be carried there?" asked the priest, laughing.

"No, it would melt. Besides, if it were snow it would be heavy and bend the branches, and your trees stick up as straight as needles."

"O, if you are going to be so particular, you must help to put it up next year,"

"I'll come," said Gerald; "I'd like to, it would be splendid."

From the subject of the Crib Father Congreve passed to tell him of various Christmas customs in the many countries he had lived in, and listening to him the boy forgot to toss to and fro on his pillows in the impatient manner he had been doing. But presently the priest was obliged to stand up to leave; all too soon for Gerald his visit had come to an end.

"Come and see me to-morrow."

"It is impossible, my boy; do you know that I am very busy?"

"Then come the next day; you *must* come, I'll be up then."

The wilful little lad would not have *Nay* for an answer, and Mrs. Egerton added her entreaties for her spoiled darling's sake; so Father Congreve at last consented to call again, and he did so in a few days' time. But, far from finding Gerald out of bed as he had prophesied, he learned that he had suffered a serious relapse, probably brought on by some rebellious misdeed of his own, and his second illness was more serious than the first; so that before Gerald could again race about, the first breath of spring had stirred the sleeping earth, and Father Congreve had become a regular visitor of the Egertons. He soon induced Captain Egerton to come once or twice to his church; and so step by step was taken until finally he and all his household were received into the One True Fold.

Space fails to tell the story in detail; moreover it is too common a one to dwell upon.

In the days when Christ walked upon earth men were busy buying and selling, planting and reaping, marrying and giving in marriage, rejoicing and sorrowing; but a few looked up from their work or their play and they saw the beauty of His countenance and loved the wisdom that fell from His lips and they became of the number of His followers. So now in this poor land of ours some men of goodwill look up from their work or their play and see the beauty of His Spouse, the Church, and listen to her wisdom and they are entranced; then, remembering no more this fleeting world nor counting cost, they seek her and are henceforward reckoned amongst the faithful. *Deo Gratias.*

THE SPRIG OF HOLLY.

By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

On a bright Christmas morning Lawrence Grey was walking to an early Mass. A clear blue sky, with the rising sun casting a tinge of gold on tree and bush and house-top—he lived just outside the town and was walking in—the air fresh, yet not unpleasantly cold, and the silver fringes of the morning's frost, all tended to invigorate and enliven those whom piety or pleasure had brought out of their houses at that early hour. Smiles were plentiful, and cheery greetings incessant. The air seemed to be full of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

And Lawrence smiled, and nodded, and echoed "Merry Christmas" in reply to the greetings—though he was acquainted with but few of those whom he met—yet all the while he was thinking of other things, and was sad.

Lawrence Grey had been started in life as an engineer. His parents had died while he was still young and his guardian, after giving him a good education, sent him to a large engineering firm in the United States. Here he prospered. Several works of importance were entrusted to him, and he carried them out very successfully; and before long he had made for himself a name and a fair fortune.

Some eight years before our story opens—it was just eight years to the day—Lawrence married a bright, warm-hearted Irish girl, whom he had met in one of his journeys through the States. They were married on Christmas Day and by the following Christmas there was a wee blue-eyed baby, the image, as Lawrence said, of his Maggie. And Lawrence thought that life was too happy to last. And so

it proved! Another twelvemonth passed, so swiftly because so happily, a twelvemonth of life's summer, during which Lawrence basked in the warm love of the true-hearted, devoted, young wife, and thought nothing so soul-stirring as the merry little laugh or the crowing of pleasure of their little one—and then Maggie paled, and, spite of all care, the short thin cough told that she was in consumption. "A sea voyage might do her good," he was told; and so she and the little Maggie were put on board a home-ward-bound vessel, Lawrence intending to follow them as soon as he could leave his work.

But the ship never reached England. A fierce storm arose when they were close to the end of the voyage; the vessel was driven out of her course on to some rocks, and foundered. Most of the crew and passengers were either drowned or perished through the cold and exposure; some few who had escaped in an open boat, were picked up, after going through fearful hardships and privations, and taken to England. But Maggie was not one of these. Her name and that of her child were amongst those of the drowned. There was no hope of rescue; some of the survivors had seen her perish. And Lawrence in his anguish cried: "If she had to die, would to God she had died here; I should then have had at least my little one."

And now, some five years after, as he walks this bright Christmas Day through the streets of a small sea-side town in England not far from the port where he had landed a few days before—no wonder that he thinks of what might have been were his dear wife with him and the little Maggie by their side; and no wonder that he is sad.

The church was reached in time for the service. It was a low Mass; but some hymns were sung by the children, and there was a five minutes' sermon in which the preacher with a few fervent words impressed upon his hearers the love of the Infant Jesus for men, and the love that each one ought, after His Saviour's example, to have for his fellow men. Lawrence Grey was deeply moved by the earnest words; and following the train of his own mood and thoughts—for he was still occupied with his lost child—he resolved that, while he himself could have

but little share in the joy of the season, he would gladden one home this Christmas by adopting some poor child.

Mass over, he went to the Crib, where he offered, and begged our Lord's blessing upon, his resolution. While he was kneeling there, almost hidden behind a pillar, he heard a stealthy step, and looking up; saw a little girl coming cautiously to the Crib, as if afraid of being seen. She held one hand tightly on her cloak as if concealing something underneath. Then kneeling just before the Bambino, and, leaning over, she stretched quickly the hand inside her cloak and placed something that seemed to glitter in the dim candle-light, for the chapel where the Crib stood was darkened, on the arms of the little statue; Lawrence heard a half-whisper: "From little Winnie, dear child Jesus," then she ran off.

What had she left there? Lawrence would go and see. It was a sprig of holly—a choice sprig, full of plump red berries. But what had made it glitter so? Ah, this was it: twisted round the holly, and evidently broken off from the child's neck, was a worn silk ribbon and, attached to the ribbon, a silver medal. Lawrence detached the medal intending to take it to the little girl. While he was doing this his thoughts were busy. "Can this be the child I am to adopt? I have only just made the resolution, am I even now to carry it into effect? At all events I will inquire into it."

He found her just outside the church.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Winnie."

"Winnie what?" Then, seeing that she did not understand: "What is your other name?"

"Winnie, only Winnie."

"With whom do you live?"

"With Grannie."

"Will you take me to Grannie?"

She put her little hand in his and they walked along together; the child now and then calling upon him to notice something, or prattling in a quiet pleasant way—he, buried in the thought of what might have been, were it not for that fierce storm and the cruel waters; now he would have to be content with a stranger's child.

Yet very pretty was little Winnie as she stepped out by his side; very pretty with her wavy yellow hair, her oval, somewhat pale face, and regular features; and as she looked up with her blue speaking eyes into Lawrence's, he felt a kind of charm he could not account for, and a half-formed question seemed to rise in his mind, yet he knew not what he would ask himself. But his thoughts were still on the past and on his little one. Then looking on Winnie: "Just what my little Maggie might have been, and just her age. If it is she that I am to take, I might have done worse."

Presently they stopped at the gate of a little cottage and Winnie led her companion through the garden to the door. Then, lifting the latch she stepped aside, and, with a smile on her lips invited him to enter.

"How late you are, child," said a voice from within; "what makes you so late? Annie Taylor and Jane have been home some time—you should have come with them."

"Here's a gentleman, Grannie!"

Then came forward a comely woman of about sixty years of age, of pleasing appearance, but in complexion and feature a contrast to the fair child. She was dressed with cloak and bonnet and had a book in her hand, evidently ready to go to the next Mass.

Grannie greeted her visitor cheerily and placed a chair for him by the fire. "I thank you for bringing Winnie home, sir," she said: "I'm always anxious when she's a few minutes late; though usually she comes and goes both to church and school with my neighbour's children."

"Winnie and I have made friends," replied Grey: "to say the truth, I have taken a fancy to her."

"Yes, she is a pleasing child; most people take to her."

"You are her grandmother—are her parents alive? Can I see them? I have something in view for the little one."

"Oh, no, sir, I'm not her grandmother. She calls me 'Grannie' and has done so ever since she could speak. But she's nothing to me, really—and as for her parents, Heaven knows where they are or if they're living. But I look upon her as my own, now."

"But how did you come by her?"

"My son brought her in one night—a bleak November night, with a fearful storm raging in which scarce any boat could live. He was a sailor, was my son."

"But the child—when did this happen?"

"Five years ago, last third of November. That's why we call her Winnie."

"Ah! . . . Go on;" and Lawrence rose from his chair in his eagerness to hear the end.

"Yes, it was a wild night. The wind had been high for some days before, and then had fallen somewhat, and my son and his mates went out in their fishing boat to try their luck at a cast. But they hadn't been long out of the bay when the storm came on afresh and they had to make for land again. On the way home they passed an empty boat, but hearing a cry from inside, my son, with much difficulty got in and found the child unharmed. But you're not well, sir?" for Lawrence had become white as the table cloth by which he was standing.

"No, no; go on."

Just then Winnie entered. She had gone upstairs to take off her hat and cloak. There was evidently something amiss with her; she was quite cast down and tears were in her eyes.

Grannie looked at her. "Why, Winnie, where's your medal?"

"I have it," said Lawrence. Then after one hasty glance, he threw his arms round the girl: "My child, my child! My own child! O, thank God!"

It was soon proved beyond mistake. The medal, the same that the father had with his own hands hung round the neck of the newborn babe, had the initials M. G. engraven on it. The clothes worn by the child the day she was found had been kept and were now produced; they, too, bore the same letters worked by hands now dead. And further, on one arm was still to be seen a "birth-mark," which the father had once thought of endeavouring to remove.

But why had she been there all this time? Why had no steps been taken to find out the child's parents?

Grannie's son had been severely injured in boarding that

empty boat, and was brought home merely to lie on a sick bed from which he was never to rise. During his long illness Grannie was too much occupied to make any inquiries, and in the small, out of the way, fishing hamlet in which they were then living there was no one to undertake the duty for her. Her son could not bear the child to go out of his sight, and she dreaded lest it should be taken from him then. After his death, she removed to the little town in search of work, and then she put off from day to day the task of seeking out the child's parents while the few to whom she did speak could give her no information—and indeed there was very little evidence to go upon—till at last she had given up all further thoughts of any one claiming her, and looked upon Winnie as her own.

But Lawrence Grey *did* claim her—and Grannie too, to be her nurse—and little Maggie allowed the claim.

Together they went to the last Mass, and together they knelt at the Crib when the Mass was over. And as the happy father was pouring out his thanks for the recovery of his child, a little hand tugged at his sleeve, and Maggie, pointing to her gift of the morning as it lay with its bright red berries in the arms of the Infant, whispered: "*I* gave that, father; what are you going to give?"

"Three poor children, my darling," he answered; "they shall be my Sprig of Holly to the Child Jesus."

MOLLY'S PRAYER.

By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

—

Dennis Connor lived in Thomas Place. It was one of the slums of the West End, not very far from the Marble Arch. As you went down the street into which it opened, you might almost have passed Thomas Place without noticing it, were it not for the constant noise and frequent fighting that took place there. The police knew it well; it was one of the alleys to which they could not go except in pairs. At the end of the court was a narrow archway leading to an inner court, and in one of the houses here Dennis Connor lived. Not much good could be said of him. He was a handy workman, and, when in work, earned good wages; but he was a sad drunkard, and the greater part of the week's money found its way to the public-house, and Dennis with it. His poor wife found it difficult work to pay the rent and get "a bit o' victuals," though she added the proceeds of her own labour to the little she could get from her husband. They had been married close on eight years, and Mary Connor had had a hard time of it.

There was just one bright spot in Dennis's character, and that was his affection for Molly. Molly was an undergrown, thin, white-faced child, something over six years old at the time we are speaking of, bearing unmistakable traces of the poor half-starved life that had been her lot through her father's evil ways. Yet the father loved her as tenderly as ever father loved a child, and when he could get away from work early enough, or when out of work—"sacked,"

perhaps, through "the drink"—it was his delight to wait patiently at the foot of the great stone stairs till the children came tripping down them from school—for the girls' school was on the first floor—and then, taking Molly's hand, he would walk quietly home, talking gently about her joys and her little troubles, and calling her by the sweetest names that he knew of. Many a resolution had Dennis made as he looked into the child's pale face, and knew that it was *his* fault that she was so thin and white; many a resolution had he made that for Molly's sake he would mend, and would save enough for her to be properly fed and decently clad. But the resolutions were usually broken the same evening.

Once Sister Monica, going with the children to the door, found Dennis waiting at the foot of the stairs, and spoke to him. She told him how the child was wasting for proper food and care, and how her little frame could not stand much longer the privations, worry, and racket of a drunkard's home.

"Do give up drink, Connor," she said; "if not for your own good, at least for Molly's."

Dennis promised that he would do so: he meant what he said, and—this was Tuesday afternoon—he actually kept sober till Saturday; but Saturday night's temptation was too strong for him.

Sister Monica taught Molly to pray for her father, and each morning on rising, each night before going to bed, even before the usual morning and night prayers, the child would join her little thin hands, and, with closed eyes, would say slowly and clearly, "Please, God, make father good."

Molly's birthday was drawing near. In a few days she would be seven years old, and Dennis thought he would celebrate the event by getting her a new frock. He calculated the number of days that he would have to keep sober in order to save up sufficient to buy the stuff. Mary could make it, he knew, and really it was a shame that the child should be going about in a poor patched dress, and he bringing in a pound a week. Molly should have the

frock, that was clear; and he knew the shop where Mary should get it.

His work was finished early that day, and just before school was over he was at the foot of the stairs, waiting for Molly. Then there was a clatter of little feet, and the children came down, calling and singing and shouting—but no Molly. Presently one of the children who lived in Thomas Place came down, and seeing Dennis said to him,

"Molly's gone home Mr. Connor. She wouldn't keep awake during school, so Sister sent her home with Katie Myers. I expec' she ain't well, 'cos I heard Sister say she didn't like the looks on her. There's Katie, coming across the street."

Katie Myers, one of the pupil-teachers. came up to Dennis at once.

"Please, Mrs. Connor says would you go home as quick as you can? Molly's very ill, and I have had to go for the doctor on the way. Perhaps you'll find him there."

Dennis hurried home, and found the doctor attending on his child. As he entered the room and attracted the doctor's notice, the latter looked at him reproachfully, and then turned away, scarcely acknowledging his greeting; but Dennis saw from his manner, and from the earnest attention he was giving her, that Molly's illness was a serious one. And, indeed, it was soon evident that she was sickening for death. She was ill but a few days, and through all that time Dennis spent every spare moment at her bedside, sharing with his wife the care of the dying child. For some hours before her death she lay quite still; once she raised her hands before her breast, her lips moved, and the father and the mother bending forward just caught the words, "Make father good," and a few minutes later she was dead.

Dennis was broken-hearted. His was a quiet grief, but it was real. He said little, shed no tears, gave few signs of what was going on in his heart; but he mourned for his darling bitterly. And more than that his wickedness had now come home to him; he now realized that the sunshine

of his life was gone, and that he, through drunken neglect, had killed her. The priest and Sister Monica had both visited the house frequently during the child's illness, and on the day of the funeral both spoke to the father—the former kindly, though somewhat severely, the latter entreatingly—and urged him to lead a better life. Dennis listened patiently and gave no reply. But he had made up his mind what to do; and that same night he went off to the boys' school, where a temperance meeting was being held, and at the close of the addresses stepped up to the platform and took the pledge. There were several in the room who knew him, and on his return from the platform some of them came and congratulated him. But Dennis wished to be alone; he left the room almost immediately, and walked about for an hour or more deep in thought. He would really make up for the past now; drink had been his curse; it had robbed him of his darling; he would never touch a drop of it again; the pledge he had just taken he would, with God's help, keep through life. He had neglected his religion; next Saturday would see him at his duties, and he would begin to prepare for them that very night before going to bed. Poor Mary! he had been a bad bread-winner to her; next Saturday she should have every farthing of his earnings. For the future he would stop at home after work, and would try and make the evenings pleasant for her, and no one should see him in a public-house again.

By this time it was close on midnight. Dennis had not noticed that people were rushing past him as though anxious to be present at something that was going on close by. He had not remarked anything peculiar in the sky, but on turning the corner of a street he found himself in the midst of a crowd. A house was on fire. The engine had just arrived; the firemen sprang quickly off, and at once set to work, fixing on the hose, and removing the horses, and were speedily breasting the flames and plying them with water. In the distance a fire-escape was seen hurrying up; but the inhabitants of the house had already been rescued, and had hurried down half dressed and taken refuge at a neighbour's. One woman, the mother of the family, had fainted on the way, and lay on the pavement, some of the bystanders

bending over her trying to revive her. The open door, while affording escape, became the means of feeding the fire. The flames rushed up from the kitchen where they had begun; caught hold of everything inflammable—woodwork, curtains, flooring, furniture. Soon they reached the staircase, and were seen flickering about the windows of the first story. The house was ablaze in almost less time than it takes to describe it. There was a lurid ghastly light in the street; it dimmed the gas; it quivered and danced in the face of the crowd; it lit up the thoroughfare, making everything look a murky red and showing the firemen moving like phantoms about the flames. Every now and then a shower of sparks and embers fell into the space which the police had kept clear in front of the house; and a thick cloud of smoke hung over all.

Dennis saw little of all this; he was busy with himself, and only cared to make his way through the crowd and get home. He was nearing the place where the woman lay on the pavement, when she revived, and starting up, shrieked out, "O Molly, Molly! Save her—she's in the top room!" Dennis staggered. "She's not *my* Molly," he said to himself, almost aloud, "but I'll save her;" and dashing forward he seized hold of the fire escape which had just come up, and ascended. The hot glass shivered in pieces as he passed the first floor, and the flames darted out at him like serpents, but still he sped on and reached the top story. Then, breaking a pane with his elbow, he pulled back the hasp, and lifting the sash sprang into the empty room. There was a silence in the crowd, broken only by the crackling of the timber and the hissing of the water as the firemen kept on at their work. Every eye followed Dennis. When he had disappeared through the window the cry was raised: "The escape is on fire!" The ladder was lowered, and it was found that not only had the canvas caught alight, but part of the ladder itself was damaged so as to make it unsafe; an axe was brought, and a portion, several feet in length, had to be cut off. A message was sent directly for another escape.

Soon Dennis reappeared at the window with a child in his arms. Seeing that the escape was not there, he set the

child down, and, rushing back to the room from which he had taken her, tore the sheets from the bed; then, twisting the sheets into a rope, he knotted them together firmly, and tied one end under the arms of the child. Meanwhile the escape had been set up again, sufficiently far from the fire, and held by several men. A fireman mounted, and Dennis, letting the child down by the sheets quickly, swung her safely into the fireman's arms.

The child was saved; but Dennis, what was he to do? The sheets were gone, and if he had had them they would not have been of any use, for the room was quite empty, and there was nothing to which to tie them. The stair-case was destroyed, and already the room was filling with smoke; the door-posts were alight, the door crackled and splintered, and would soon give way. The ladder was still being held straight some little distance of, but much lower than the window where Dennis was. Some one in the crowd recognized him. "Leap it, Dennis!" The fireman shouted, "No, no, stop; another is coming," but it was too late. Dennis had taken the fatal advice. He sprang from the window-sill towards the ladder, hoping to cling to it and so come gently to the ground. But he had ill-judged the leap, or his foot had slipped, and he fell on his chest across the wheel of the escape, and thence to the ground.

Some of the crowd came forward and carried him a little way aside, out of danger from the burning house. He was in great pain. He could only breathe by gasps, and each gasp was an agony. One of the bystanders folded a coat and put it under his head; another proposed that he should be taken for awhile to his house, which was close by; but they dare not move him again. Water was brought and his lips moistened, but the effect to raise himself a little to drink was too painful. Some one was going off for assistance, when Dennis said quietly, "Fetch the priest."

He lay there suffering intensely, gasping and moaning, his eyes closed, his lips moving between the groans. After a while the priest came, and approached the injured man. Those beside him withdrew; the policeman called upon the crowd to fall back, and himself stood out of hearing

Father Syme saw that there was no time to lose. Quickly and warmly the story was told of the Saviour's love; of the Cross borne and suffered for sinners; of Magdalen and the good thief saved through love; of Mary and the Saints pleading for sinners. Quickly and warmly the dying man was urged to sorrow, hope, love. And the words of grace fell on good soil. In a few minutes the crimes of years had been told and wept over, the priestly hand uplifted, the prodigal son received into his Father's arms, clothed with the robe of grace, the ring of love on his finger, and the shoes of merit on his feet.

The few Catholics in the crowd drew near and knelt; the man who had given the fatal advice to Dennis said the *Confiteor*, and the priest, drawing from his pocket a case, spread the little white corporal, and placed upon it the pyx. Then, taking the Most Holy, he gave Dennis the Food which was to be his strength and support through the long journey he was soon to take. As the Sacred Host was placed on his tongue a happy smile was on his lips; and his face, growing every moment paler and more drawn, was lit up with an expression which no one could ever have seen on it before. The Anointing followed, and the last Blessing; and there, amid the destruction of what was earthly, near the raging flames, with the black smoke overhead, the crash and fall of ruins close by, and an occasional shower of sparks around and among the kneeling group; there, with the prayers and ceremonies and Sacraments of Holy Church, Dennis was preparing, and preparing well, for eternity.

The doctor, who had now arrived, did what he could to relieve, if only a little, the terrible pain. To some who proposed that Dennis should be sent to the hospital he answered, "The poor fellow has but a short time to live; to move him would cause fresh suffering. Already, harm enough has been done by carrying him here." So Dennis lay there and lingered, praying and moaning. Some one whispered in the priest's ear, but Dennis caught the words.

"No, no! don't bring her," he cried in reply; "not here—poor Mary!" Then, turning to the priest, he said in broken

sentences, between the gasps, "You'll break it to her, Father? Tell her—I asked forgiveness. Tell her—I love her now—with the old love—as I loved her—before drink—" and the rest was lost in a faint moan. The end came quickly after that, and, with the Holy Name upon his lips, Dennis Connor passed away.

But Molly's prayer had been heard, and God had been pleased, in His own way, to "make father good."

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

By Lady Clare Feilding.

Rain, rain, nothing but rain from the murky sky above, nothing but slush and filth beneath, and nothing but busy pushing people all around. The air was full of the clamour and roar of the great city; everything and everybody seemed cold and pitiless and in a hurry; everybody, except a child who stood on the kerb-stone, and watching the surging rumbling crowd that rolled past him.

It was a child with fair and delicate limbs that would have made the joy of many a mother's heart and the light of many a childless home, but he stood now, ragged and dirty and barefoot on the edge of the pavement, so friendless and homeless that I could not tell you where he had come from, nor where he was going to, for I doubt whether he knew himself.

He did not look frightened or bewildered at his loneliness, though why he did not, it is hard to say: perhaps he was aware of what no one else could see, of the white shining angel who stood beside him with stainless outspread wings unruffled by the crush of the thronging crowd, and tender hands open to guard and direct him. However that may be, there was a fearless promptitude in the way in which he scrambled from off the high pavement, down into the gutter, and set off in a direct line straight across

the street. And the angel was with him still, with him as he dodged under the very wheels of a rattling hansom, with him as a policeman called to him to "look out," and made a little rush as if to seize him, with him as the big omnibus thundered down upon him with its three heavy horses, and with him still when the omnibus had passed and the child lay a crushed and mangled heap in the middle of the street.

There had been none to stretch out a hand to the little outcast before, or to ward the evil from him, but there were plenty, now that the evil was done, to weep over him and sympathize and offer remedies. Alas! is it not often and often so? But, happily, it was not too late this time for the remedy to be of some service. The child was carried to a hospital and laid in a little bed, and all that surgical aid and tender nursing could do was done for him.

But from the outset the end was evident. The angel had chosen a rough road to heaven, but it was to heaven the little soul was undoubtedly bound, and that speedily. But still the angel's task was not accomplished, for as yet the child wayfarer knew nothing of where he was going to, or of what awaited him there. So there came one with a gentle voice and kindly ways who sat day after day by his bed-side and spoke to him tender words of charity and hope. The first day she told him of Him who made us and of His exceeding love for the creatures He had formed, and taught the boy to say "Our Father" with hesitating lips and wondering eyes fixed upon her face. And the second day she told him of Him who died for us, and who so loved little children that He made Himself as a little child for their sake. And the third day she spoke of how we had grieved Him, and how He had forgiven us our sin, and had promised us happiness with Him for ever, bidding us only love one another for His sake, even as He had loved us, and forgive as we had been forgiven. The child's face blushed with eagerness and he hung upon her words as she went on—

"Our dear Lord forgave everybody, even the wicked men who put Him to death. and so we too, if we want to

go to heaven with Him, we must forgive everybody from our hearts."

"Me too?" said the child, "must I forgive?"

"Yes, even you."

He said nothing more then, and his friend rose up to go.

"I'll come back to-morrow," she said as she stooped over his bed, "and if you like I'll bring you a present. What shall it be? A picture book?"

"No, no, not a picture book."

"Well then, a Noah's ark?"

"No. Bring me an 'omblibus' and a pair of horses."

"An omnibus? What could you do with it? You are too ill to ride about on the floor with it. Think of something else."

"No, an 'omblibus,'" he persisted, and seeing that his friend still hesitated, he stretched out his arms and clasped them round her neck. "I want to have an 'omblibus,'" he whispered, "to cuddle and nurse it, and then our dear Lord will know I have forgiven it for running over me and He'll let me go to heaven with Him."

So the toy was brought and laid in the child's bed, and he took it in his poor maimed arms and hugged it and made much of it, and forgave the painted tin driver who sat on the front seat, and over and over again assured him that he didn't mind having been run over, and that his side didn't hurt "so very much."

So the days passed, and the end drew nearer.

"Has the child's mother never been to inquire for him?" the nurse was asked one day when the boy drooped more than usual, and the angel's task seemed well-nigh done.

"No," was the answer, "no one had ever been nigh the place to ask after him. They did not know whether he had a mother. They had asked him questions about his past life, but his answers were vague and unsatisfactory and they had no idea where his people lived, or how to get at them." And the kind nurse shook her head. "There are queer folk in this world," she said, "and the

little innocent is going to a better home now than he ever had before."

"Promise me," said the child that evening, as the nurse was arranging him for the night, "promise that you won't take the 'omblibus' away. I want it to go with me."

She promised, and said that no one should ever have it but him; and he went to sleep with it in his arms.

When the next morning came, and the winter sun shone in through the hospital window, the Sun of Justice had already risen upon the little soul in a land where there is no setting, and the great Father had received the child outcast into its everlasting home.

But the childish body lay on the hospital bed with the omnibus still clasped in the cold white fingers; and when it was placed in the coffin, room was found there for it also; so that Jesus and his angels might see that the last thought of the much wronged babe had been one of forgiveness and love.

HIS LAST PENNY.

A True Story.

By Mrs. Dominic Daly.

He was far from well, poor little boy—his cheek was flushed, his eyes were bright with the glow of a coming fever, and his cough was troublesome, though not as yet very bad.

It was Sunday morning, and he had never missed Mass.

"Darling, you do not look well," his mother said, as when the bells began to ring Charlie came downstairs with his brothers, and announced his intention of going to Mass.

"Oh I'm all right, mother," was his cheery reply. "I don't like to miss Mass; let me go with the others as I always do."

She was wrapped up in her children, this pale faced delicate lady, and Charlie's looking ill was already beginning to trouble her.

"Well perhaps, dear, if I tie a handkerchief round your throat, and you walk quickly you will take no harm."

It was done; and the three boys clattered down the steps together bound for the church they always attended. Somehow Charlie felt, as he walked along in the misty, oppressive morning, he could not run or talk like his two brothers.

His legs felt heavy, now he was out in the open air, and his throat felt full and hot; his head too ached ever so little, but he pulled himself together. Mother looked so

sad when he was ill, he would not tell her, and so he went on his way to church.

Mass began; he felt better now. The solo boy's voice never sounded so beautiful or so clear, as when he began the first notes of the *Kyrie Eleison.* Charlie listened attentively, his dark eyes wide open, and his little nervous face shone with delight, as the lovely music filled the church.

The other two boys read their prayer books, and Charlie fancied they paid far more attention to Mass than he did. But his head was so heavy, and his throat so dry, reading made his eyes tired—he would just sit and *look* at the high altar. Jesus would know, he thought, how ill he felt, and would help him.

A new statue of the Sacred Heart had just been placed near where he sat, a particularly beautiful one, and as Charlie sat quietly while the *Gloria in Excelsis* was being sung, his tired eyes wandered round to the plaintive face of the statue.

Our Lord's pitying, tender eyes seemed fixed on his, as He pointed to His Heart with one hand, and with the other seemed to bless him. The soprano boy's voice was flooding the church with his glorious notes, the other voices chiming in with his in the *Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe,* whereat Charlie bowed his pretty dark head reverently.

"Do the angels really sing as sweetly?" he murmured to himself.

But the service was long, the sermon had yet to come. Charlie felt tired and drowsy, and to the consternation and awe of his two brothers—for they sat very close to the pulpit—he dropped off to sleep.

Then, if one had been by him, could the mischief that was at work in that frail little body have been seen?

The flushed cheeks, heavy eyelids, and parched lips told a tale of some danger, but he only looked prettier, his dark curly hair dropped on his forehead, and encircled it like a dusky halo, and his black eyelashes rested on his crimson cheeks like a soft fringe.

The *Credo,* however, woke him up; he straightened

himself, and stood up manfully, and never again during the rest of Mass had another distraction.

The congregation one by one left the church, and the two boys were eager to go. Charlie, however, turned to the statue again, and whispered to his brothers how beautiful he thought it was. "Such a kind face, Willie," he said.

There was an alms-box attached to the pedestal, with a little illuminated card over it, "offerings for the Sacred Heart."

The church was not a rich one, and it had only been with great difficulty Father——had been able to pay a part of the money, before bringing it into church. Charlie fumbled in his pocket for a second or two.

"I'll put my penny in the box," he said in a whisper, to his brothers who were kneeling in front by the statue beside him.

"O don't," said the younger of the two, "we can buy some sweets as we go home."

"No," replied Charlie, "I think I would rather put it here," and so saying he dropped his penny into the oaken box.

He was very brave all day, but his mother felt uneasy; he ate little but seemed thirsty, and swallowed glass after glass of water.

Next morning he was worse, but got up, and even went for a walk. By evening his cough was troublesome, and the following day the Doctor was sent for.

There is no need to dwell upon the intervening days. Diphtheria had seized the poor little boy, and he rapidly sank under it. He was very weak, but patient and gentle. A priest came to see him—one known to the writer—the kindest and most affectionate man to children. And the dying boy's eyes lit up with joy whenever he came to him.

His mother told me, with pale calm face—she was dazed with grief, but appeared quiet and resigned—of her boy's last hours. The father was hourly expected

from India, only to arrive to find his boy lying in his little coffin.

The *Kyrie Eleison* this Sunday morning was sung as beautifully as it was a week ago—but the tired little boy is not in his accustomed seat; he is listening to the same words perhaps, but sung by the white-robed choir of heaven, where little boys, and other little ones are garnered, and where "The little ones always behold the Face of their Father in Heaven."

THE POPES AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH

BY THE REV. W. WATERWORTH, S.J.

[THE following sketch of the relations between England and the Holy See before the so-called Reformation, appeared in *The Month* for October, 1870. It is now reprinted as a reply to some of the assertions of those who maintain that the English Church was never Roman Catholic.]

It may be useful to lay before the public, as briefly as possible, the historical connection of this country with the Holy See during a period extending over nearly a thousand years, and to show what severed this union and separated England from the Catholic world. Anglicanism is, as at present constituted, hopelessly anti-Catholic. It is a sheer nationalism, and such a nationalism is destructive of one of the great marks of the Church, distinctly indicated in the Creed of the Apostles and the Creed of Nicé, namely, Catholicism—"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church": "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church."

What, then, is the religious history of this country, from the year 597, when St. Augustine began his mission in England, down to March 30, 1534, when England rejected the ancient faith? First, then, Augustine, who had entered the monastic state in Rome, was sent hither by the Pontiff Gregory, surnamed the Great, in order to convert the Saxons to the faith of Rome. Preceded by two of his brethren, who carried aloft a silver cross and a banner bearing an image of Jesus

Christ, Augustine announced to Ethelbert, the King, and his attendants the Word of Life.[1] As an old Saxon writer observed: "He told how the mild-hearted Healer of Mankind, by His own throes of suffering, set free this guilty middle earth, and opened to believing men the door of heaven." He explained the faith and morality of the Gospel, as ever handed down by Rome. He offered up the Holy Mass in the language of Rome, invoked the saints, venerated the holy Cross, wore the sacred robes of religion, administered Sacraments—in a word, at once developed the whole system of religion which was professed throughout Christendom. Ethelbert and thousands of his subjects were soon converted.[2] Moved by the example of the Bretwalda, other princes turned their attention to the study of religion; study was followed by conviction, and conviction by conversion; and thus kingdom after kingdom hurled down the idols and embraced the Catholic faith, the faith of the Pontiff Gregory.

2. The Pontiff, as Venerable Bede tells us, had arranged that if the missioners were successful in their endeavour to convert the Angles, then Augustine was to be ordained Bishop.[3] Accordingly, Augustine went to Gaul, and, in compliance with the *order* of the Pope, was consecrated, by the Bishop of Arles, Archbishop of the English nation, on November 16, 597, if the authority of Spelman can be relied on.[4] The Pontiff Gregory was overjoyed at Augustine's success, and, in evidence of his pleasure, sent forth missioners to aid him, the principal of whom were Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and Rufinianus. To them he entrusted the pallium, the badge of authority, for Augustine; as also letters of instruction regarding the establishment of the hierarchy. According to these instruments (1) the metropolitan dignity was to be attached to the cities of London and York, and the order of precedence was to depend on seniority of consecration. (2) These Archbishops were to receive the pall from Rome. (3) To

[1] Beda, i. cap. xxv.
[2] St. Greg. I, viii. Epist. 30.
[3] L. i. cap. xxiii.
[4] Tom. i. *Concil.* p. 29.

each were to be assigned twelve Suffragans, who were to elect and ordain their respective Metropolitans. (4) To Augustine was given a purely personal privilege —the privilege of ruling not only the new prelates, but also the older prelates of Britain ; and this power was given him, to use the language of Gregory, by authority of God and our Lord Jesus Christ.[1] Owing to the calamities of the times the original instructions could not be carried out in their entirety ; and so it happened that Justus, the last ordained by St. Augustine, was named by the Pontiff Boniface V, Archbishop of Canterbury and *head of the English Church*, and this latter appointment remained unaltered down to the time of the Reformation in 1534.[2] To Honorius, who succeeded Justus, the Pontiff Honorius sent the pall in 627. He conferred a similar honour, too, at the request of King Edwin, on the Archbishop of York, Paulinus, as appears from the following words addressed to this English Sovereign :—

"We are preparing with a willing mind immediately to grant those things which you hoped would be by us ordained for your priests ; which we do on account of the sincerity of your faith. We have sent two palls to the Metropolitans, Honorius and Paulinus, to the intent that when either of them shall be called out of this world by his Creator, the other may, *by this authority of ours*, substitute another Bishop in his place ; which privilege we are induced to grant, as well in regard to your charitable affection, as of the large and extensive provinces which lie between us and you, that we may in all things afford our concurrence to your devotion, according to your desires."[3]

Assuredly the language of the Pontiffs is unchanged. As Honorius wrote in the seventh century, so does his successor in the nineteenth. They knew that they, and not kings, were the rulers of the Church ; and, strange to say, even kings were better informed on this head twelve hundred years ago than some of their successors seem to be in this present year of grace.

[1] Epist. Greg. 271, and Beda, i. cap. xxix.
[2] Beda, ii. cap. viii. Cf. Malmesbury, l. ii. p. 208.
[3] Beda, ii. cap. xvii.

It was known and universally admitted that the Roman Pontiff's spiritual power extended over the whole world ;[1] nor was this authority questioned here so long as England remained Catholic. So far from believing that "all jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, spiritual and ecclesiastical, were united and annexed to the Crown,"[2] our Sovereigns, like Egbert and Oswi, sent ecclesiastics, like Wighard, to Rome, with a request that they might be ordained Bishops of the Church of England.[3] And when Wighard had fallen a victim to the plague which then raged in Rome, Pope Vitalian ordained Theodore of Tarsus, and sent him to England to rule the see of Canterbury as Primate of the English Church.[4] This dependence on the Pontiff is still further manifested in the erection of an archiepiscopal see at Lichfield. Offa, in the year 787, informed the Pontiff Hadrian that the province of Canterbury was too extensive to be governed by one prelate, and hence he requested him to raise Lichfield to the archiepiscopal dignity. The Pontiff assented ; and so the Churches of Mercia and East Anglia, which had previously been under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, were at once severed from that see. This arrangement did not, however, long endure. Cænulf, who had succeeded to the Crown of Egferth, son of Offa, wrote to the Pontiff—Leo III then occupied the Chair of Peter—in his own name and that of his Bishops and thanes, requesting him to state whether or not Hadrian had had sufficient cause for dividing, in opposition to the decree of Gregory, the province of Canterbury, and whether the metropolitan rights of Canterbury ought not, in accordance with Gregory's arrangements, to be transferred to London. He promised to submit to the Pontiff's decisions whatever they might be, "since no real Christian ought to gainsay a Pontifical decree." Whilst Leo was unwilling to interfere with the prescriptive rights of Canterbury, he yielded to the pleading of Ethelheard of Canterbury, who had hastened to Rome ; and

[1] Beda, ii. cap. i. [2] 8 Eliz. cap. i.
[3] Beda, iv. cap. i. [4] Beda, *Id.* and *Opp. Min.* p. 143.

restored to Canterbury, "by the authority of the Prince of the Apostles," what it had been unjustly deprived of "in consequence of false representations."[1] Bishop after Bishop was seen crossing the Alps, on his way to Rome, in order to receive the pall. This journey was looked upon as early as 801 *as a thing of course;* and Canute, in 1031, speaking of it, styles it *the customary journey*.[2] Naturally, aged men sought to escape the fatigues of so long a journey. They complained of it both as expensive and troublesome, and supplicated the Pope to free them from the odious custom. But their complaints were not attended to. The Pontiffs observed that such visits were of the greatest importance, since thus they became acquainted with the Metropolitans of every country; obtained correct information about the great dioceses of every kingdom; and were enabled easily to redress abuses and communicate readily with the most distant regions of the world. The firmness of the Pontiffs has had this further advantage in after ages: it has rendered the supremacy of Rome, and the dependence of the Churches of Christendom on Rome, a plain historic fact.

Not even a translation from one see to another was lawful without the Roman Pontiff's assent. Of this we have a striking instance in the case of Radulph, the successor of St. Anselm. He had been translated from Rochester to Canterbury at the wish of the King; and hardly had this been done, when Paschal II was entreated by the Sovereign and several prelates to confer upon the new Archbishop the pall. They besought him "to deign to transmit to Radulph the pall, which all his predecessors had obtained from the most Holy See of Blessed Peter." But the Pontiff was not disposed to assent. He was indignant at the translation; and his displeasure he expressed both by words of mouth and by letters addressed to the King and clergy. He tells the King and the clergy that they had encroached on the authority of the Holy

[1] Malmesb. i. 127, and *Codex Dip.* i. 225.
[2] Wilkins, *Concil.* i. 166, and Malmesb. *Gest. Reg.* i. 310.

See. "The liberty of making translations without having recourse to us is altogether unwarrantable; the regulations of such things essentially requiring the authority of the Pontiff. If, however, for the future you are willing to defer, as you ought, to the Holy See, we shall treat you as brothers and sons, and oblige you with any favours which are proper and practicable. But if you be determined to persist in your obstinacy, we shall then, like the Apostles, shake the dust off our feet against you, and look upon you as rebels against the Catholic Church." [1]

He further reproaches the King with his degeneracy, but, in hopes of better things, grants the favour asked of him. The pall was entrusted to the care of the Abbot of St. Saba, and by him placed on the Archbishop, after the usual declarations of fidelity and obedience to the Pontiff had been made.[2]

The words used on the delivery of the pall, as well as the oath taken by the new Archbishops, equally establish the fact of the dependence of the English Church on the Popes—for the dependence of the Archbishops involves the subordination of the whole of the clerical body. When, then, the badge of archiepiscopal authority was given, the following words were used:—

"To the honour of Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul and our Lord, Pope N. N., and the Roman Church, and also of the see of Canterbury, we give you the pall taken from the body of St. Peter, (the sign of) the plenitude of the archiepiscopal function, with the power of wearing it in your Cathedral upon certain days named in the Apostolic Bulls of Privilege." [3]

The episcopal oath declares that the prelate will be "faithful and obedient to Blessed Peter, and to the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and to the actual Pope and his successors canonically appointed," "will help the Pope to retain and defend the Roman Papacy," "treat honourably the Legates of the Holy See both

[1] Eadmer, v. p. 114. [2] *Ibid.* and *Saxon Chron.* ad ann. 1115.
[3] Godwin, *De Præs. Ang.* p. 133.

when coming and going," and "preserve and defend the rights, honours, privileges, and authority of the Roman Church and of the Pope."[1] Further, it enacts that the Archbishops shall, unless exempted by the Pontiff, visit at stated periods the threshold of the Apostles, either personally or by deputy, and that the possessions of the see shall not be alienated without the advice of the Roman Pontiff.[1]

Stronger evidence than this could not, surely, be required to establish our proposition. If further we remember the appeals made to Rome by Wilfrid both against his Archbishop and King; by Dunstan against his clergy; by Robert against the tyranny of Earl Godwin and Harold; by Anselm against Rufus; by Thomas à Becket against Henry II, the Bishop of London, and a band of unworthy courtiers; by Cantelupe against Peckham; and by several prelates against Archbishop Courtney; it must be evident to every one how absolutely the Pontiffs claimed, and how practically Kings, Archbishops, Bishops, and the nation generally, admitted the supremacy of the Popes as Successors of St. Peter. And not only men of the episcopal order went and appealed to Rome, but our Kings often visited the Holy See and exposed their grievances to the Pontiff; under a great variety of circumstances. Eight Saxon Kings—Cædwalla, Ina, Offa, Cænred, Offa, Siric, Ethelwulf, and Canute—repaired to Rome to do homage to the Pontiff; whilst others sought for and obtained his benediction by means of letters and ambassadors. This is distinctly affirmed by Cænulf in his letter to Pope Leo III:—

"All my predecessors who have ruled over Mercia have obtained a blessing from former Pontiffs. This I too humbly ask for and desire to obtain from your Blessedness."[2]

But it was not for blessings only, as we have stated, that our Sovereigns had recourse to the Holy See. Hardly had Edwin been baptized when he applied to Honorius for several privileges, which were readily granted out of regard for the faith of the King, his

[1] Rymer, xiii. 256. [2] Wilkins, *Concil.* pp. 40, 165.

affection for His Holiness, and the distance of England from Rome.[1] Egbert and Oswi requested Pope Vitalian to allow Wighard to be ordained Bishop of the Church of England;[2] and, as we have already seen, Offa requested Hadrian I. to raise the see of Lichfield to the dignity of an archbishopric, to which request the Pontiff acceded : whilst Leo III, solicited to do so by Cænulf, suppressed the new archiepiscopal see, restoring to Ethelheard what had been withdrawn from the Metropolitan of Canterbury. The words of Leo III deserve to be here recorded :—

"We, by the authority of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, . . . do grant to thee Ethelheard and to thy successors, by an irrefragable right, for ever to hold in subjection all the Churches of the English, as in former times they were granted to thy predecessors. And if any Archbishop or Bishop shall attempt to infringe the authority of this privilege, we ordain by Apostolical authority that he be deposed. If the like also be done by *any lay person, be he great or little, King or Prince*, let such a one know that for the same he is deprived of the participation of the Holy Communion."

After the receipt of this letter Ethelheard convened a Council at Cloveshoe, at which twelve Suffragans assisted, and they unanimously agreed, in virtue of the command of their Apostolic Lord, Pope Leo—

"That no King, Prince, Bishop, or other person whatsoever, shall hereafter dare to lessen the honour of the Apostolical See or divide it in any way. But should any one, which Heaven forbid, dare, in opposition to the Apostolical and our commands, to rend the garment of Christ . . . let him know that he will be eternally damned, unless he fully satisfy, before his death, the Church for the injury inflicted on it contrary to the Canons."[3]

In the year 785 a Council was held at Calcuith, at which not only the extraordinary Legates of Hadrian—Gregory, Bishop of Ostia, and Theophylact, Bishop of Todi—assisted, but also Offa, with many distinguished

[1] Beda, ii, cap. 17. [2] *Ibid.*, iii. cap. 28.
[3] Wilkins, i. 167, and Kemble, *Codex Dip.* i. 224.

clergymen and laymen of the kingdom. The eleventh Canon is very remarkable. It declares that—

"As the King is lord paramount in the State, so the Bishop's authority is supreme in matters relating to the government and discipline of the Church."

Offa subscribed this Canon, and Rome approved of what had been synodically done at Calcuith. Similar language was used by Archbishop Odo in the first chapter of his Constitutions. In 854, Ethelwulf, out of devotion to the Holy See, went to Rome, where he was received with every mark of esteem by Leo IV. Whilst there the King behaved with the greatest liberality to the Holy Father, nor did he forget him in his last testament. In this instrument he charges his heirs with the obligation of sending yearly to Rome three hundred mancuses; and what was prescribed was religiously executed by his son Alfred, who had been sent to Rome in 853 to learn well the faith and morality of the Gospel, and there he was confirmed by Leo, then adopted as his son, and finally anointed with the holy unction. In further testimony of love for and devotedness to the Supreme Pontiff, the legislature imposed upon the nation about this time the tax called *Rome-feoh*, afterwards better known under the name of Peter-pence.

Again, when Sergius III heard of the number of bishoprics which were void in 905, and was led to believe that King Edward was mainly to blame, he threatened the monarch and his subjects with his anathemas unless the sees were filled up as soon as possible. In consequence, Edward, in conjunction with the southern Metropolitan, caused a numerous assembly of Bishops, Abbots, and noblemen to be convened, in which resolutions were passed calculated to redress the evils complained of by His Holiness. The resolutions were submitted to the Pontiff by Phlegmund, who had hastened to Rome to pacify His Holiness, and by him were highly approved. In fact, so unquestioned was the supremacy of His Holiness in the ninth century, that even the Lutheran Centuriators are forced to acknowledge that Kings and Princes openly admitted that "the Roman Pontiff was the head of God's Church

and of all the priests."[1] Even in matters which may seem of minor importance our Kings had recourse to the Holy See. For example, when Athelstan became acquainted with the treason of Ethelfred, who had laboured in various ways to deprive him of his throne, he sent his sworn enemy to Rome—"there to purge himself by oath in the presence of Pope John, and this he accordingly did at the Altar of St. Peter. But as soon as he had taken the oath he fell down before the altar, and was carried by his servants to the School of the English, where on the third night afterwards he ended his life."[2]

Also, when, from a desire to reform the clergy, Dunstan was anxious to introduce monks in place of the canons who disgraced their profession by flagrant acts of immorality, he in conjunction with the Sovereign petitioned the Pontiff to sanction the proposed ejection and substitution. At once the Pope wrote to Edgar and the Bishops to sanction the proceeding. He tells the "illustrious King and his most dear son" that he absolutely grants what His Excellency has asked of the Apostolical See.[3] When Alfric had been nominated the successor of Sirig in the see of Canterbury he studied with care the history of the conversion and organization of this country, with the design of bringing back everything into its original state. For this end he called together the wisest of the land and from them learned the traditions which had been handed down to them. These he showed to the King, who gave him the following advice: "It seemeth advisable to me that thou shouldst go first of all to Rome after thy pall, and then inform the Pontiff of these things and act by his counsel." He went; was received most honourably by the Supreme Pontiff, who approved of the proposed changes; and on his return "both King and people thanked God that Alfric had so succeeded as was pleasing to them all."

In 1027, Canute, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made, visited Rome. Whilst there "he complained,"

[1] Cent. ix. 335.
[2] Malmesb., *De Reg. Ang.* ii. cap. 6. [3] Alford, iii. 349.

as he says in a letter addressed to Egilnoth of Canterbury, "of the immense sums which were extorted from the Bishops when they visited the Holy See according to custom, to obtain the pall. A decree was passed to stop this grievance. Whatever I demanded for the good of my people of the Pope, was granted willingly and confirmed by oath." Next he refers to Peter-pence, and he bids the Bishops to see that this is faithfully paid up and forwarded to His Holiness.[1] Edward the Confessor, finding himself unable to fulfil his vow of visiting Rome, as so many of his predecessors had done, sent a messenger to the Pope to ask what should be done under existing circumstances. The Pontiff decided that since the monarch could not visit the tombs of the Apostles, he should distribute alms among the poor to the amount of the probable expenses of his contemplated journey, and either erect or repair a monastery dedicated to St. Peter. What was done every one knows: the Abbey of Westminster bears evidence to the piety and liberality of the monarch. Anxious to secure to his monastery the lands and privileges which he had liberally bestowed on it, Edward sent three Bishops with the Earl of Northumberland to Rome to obtain the Pontiff's ratification of what he had done; and what was asked was joyfully conceded. It was ordained that the new abbey should be served by Benedictine monks, who should be exempt from episcopal jurisdiction; that there the Sovereigns should be crowned and the regalia preserved; and further that the charters made in favour of the abbey should be looked upon as sacred, because ratified and confirmed by the authority of the Pontiff. The very address used by Edward is proof positive of the estimation in which the Pope was held in England: "To Nicholas, the exalted Father of *the Universal Church*, Edward, by the grace of God King of England, due subjection and obedience."[2]

The Conqueror admitted the supremacy of the Pope as fully as any of the Anglo-Saxon or Danish sovereigns had ever done. He refused the spiritual services of

[1] Alford, ad ann. 1027. [2] Spelman, i. 622.

Stigand because he had been suspended by the Roman Pontiff; and when that prelate had been formally deposed at Winchester, by the Papal Legates whom the monarch had solicited the Pontiff to send to England for the correction of several abuses, he sought in vain for the protection of the Conqueror. William showed that what had been done had been effected by the authority of the Roman Pontiff, whom he was bound to respect and obey. William, indeed, was unwilling to see the prelates of this country journeying so often as they did to Rome, for Rome was sure to defend the good and condemn the bad, even though the latter wore a crown; still he durst not incur the displeasure of Peter, and so Lanfranc and others were permitted to visit the Apostolic See. Gregory VII had no fear even of the Conqueror. He told him that his forbidding the Bishops to go to Rome was a thing unprecedented and not even thought of by pagan sovereigns; and was sure to entail upon him the censures of the Church. William quailed and yielded, and became so docile as to merit the character of "a jewel of a Prince"—*gemma principum esse meruisti*.[1]

Rufus, who succeeded his father William, had all the vices but none of the virtues of his royal father. He was essentially a tyrant and persecutor—an avaricious, overbearing, and irreligious man: a baptized Tiberius: the inheritor indeed of great gifts, but the violator of every sacred obligation involved in his elevation. He had longed to see Anselm, the renowned Abbot of Bec, raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury, and at length his wish was gratified. But when he found that his own nominee would neither pander to his wishes by allowing him to retain the temporalities of bishoprics and abbacies and the property of the poor, nor resign his dignity, he secretly resolved to crush the man whom he hated, and force him to be his dependent. To effect his purpose, he wrote to Urban II for the pall for Anselm, but at the same time solicited His Holiness to forward it to himself. Urban consented, and Walter, the Bishop of Alba, gave to the

[1] Greg. VII, Epist. xxv.

monarch the badge of archiepiscopal authority committed to his care. He then called Anselm to him, told him what he had done, and then offered to invest him with the pall. But to this Anselm sternly objected. He knew that the object of his Sovereign was to enslave him and his Church, and he resolved to be free himself and have his Church free too. He stated positively that he would not thus receive it, for he could not do so without violating those Canons of the Church which it was his duty in an especial manner to observe. The monarch was furious: eventually the pall was laid on the altar at Canterbury, and Anselm placed it on himself. As our readers are well aware, with the pall came not happiness. He went to Rome eventually without the consent of the King. But before quitting England he made over Rufus the sign of the holy Cross, and then left him for ever.

The history of *investitures* and of *provisors* is too well known to require special notice. Suffice it to say that Archbishops and Kings are constantly found during the whole discussion appealing to the Roman Pontiff. Whilst prelates refused to comply with the royal wishes to invest, kings like Henry I were found through their agents in Rome urging their demands. Promises, indeed, to leave the decision to the Pope, and to be governed by his instructions and awards,[1] were freely made; but, as Paschal observed, whilst the promise of "paying the same regard to the Holy See which had been paid formerly was very specious and agreeable, it was quite clear notwithstanding that it was expected of the Holy See to grant to the English crown the right of investing Bishops and Abbots—a thing which could not be conceded."[2] "The mother," he adds, "should not be made the slave of the son." Royal letters, royal embassies, were of no avail: the Pontiff told Henry that he would rather die than yield; and to put a stop to a system of disobedience which had been too long pursued, he excommunicated the Earl of Mellint and others who had counselled Henry to prosecute this unworthy line of policy. Henry now

[1] Eadmer, iii. 55. [2] *Ibid.* 59.

feared for himself. He knew the meaning of the saying, *tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet*, too well not to feel alarmed. To avoid consequences he proposed terms of conciliation to the Archbishop and the Pope; and at length it was agreed upon that the King was to abandon all claim to investiture by ring and pastoral staff; whilst all Bishops and Abbots were to do homage to the Sovereign for their temporalities.[1] Then the vacant sees were filled; and the mischief caused by a long contest between Church and State began gradually to be repaired.

Of the action of Alexander III in the case of St. Thomas à Becket; of the letters and appeals of the Archbishop; and of the conduct of Henry, especially after the murder of the prelate of Canterbury, no one can be ignorant. Despatch after despatch, letter after letter, was sent from the Pontiff to the Archbishop and King, and from the latter to the Pontiff. Alexander not only reprobated the Constitutions of Clarendon, but returned them to the King's messengers as insulting to himself and destructive of some of the most important rights and privileges of the Church.

The Archbishop was basely murdered: then the Church received her freedom. The Constitutions were no longer spoken of, for they reminded men of Henry's tyranny and oppression, and of the foul criminality of his steel-clad minions. To exculpate himself the King gave up the murderers to be judged by the spiritual courts, and despatched five messengers to the Pontiff to defend their master's innocence. Still, they declared that it was Henry's wish to be judged and abide by the decision of the Holy See. The Pontiff pronounced the sentence of excommunication against all who were either directly or indirectly implicated in the murder, and gave instructions to his Legates in France, Theodin and Albert, to examine carefully the merits of the whole case. Henry expressed himself satisfied, and agreed to everything proposed to his agents by the Pope. He revoked his acts of violence, swore to protect the liberties of the Church, and to be thence-

[1] Eadmer, iii. 77.

forth a faithful child of the Roman See. Eventually à Becket was canonized, and his festival was ordered by the Pontiff to be celebrated through all the English dominions every year. The order was joyfully obeyed.[1]

The history (1) of John, who, after the kingdom had been placed under interdict by the Pontiff for five long years, in consequence of the obstinacy of the Sovereign and his rejection of Langton, did penance, and on bended knee promised to be faithful to the Holy See, and to defend the patrimony of St. Peter against all men; (2) of the Edwards, who, notwithstanding their endeavours to obtain the possessions of the Church, and their violent appeals to Rome against certain episcopal appointments, never seem to have lost sight for a moment of the *spiritual* authority of the Pope or the dependence of the English Church on Rome—in fact, their appeals afford the best evidence of the supremacy of the Pontiff and the impotence of our Sovereigns where spiritual interests were involved;[2] (3) of the dispensations asked ceaselessly of the Pontiff by our kings, as by Edward the Confessor in favour of Westminster; by Henry III to be absolved from his promise of going to the Holy Wars; by Henry VII and Prince Henry to marry within the prohibited degrees; as also by prelates, such as Whittlesey, who petitioned the Pontiff to exempt the University of Oxford from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lincoln; and Arundell, who, on the contrary, besought the Pope to rescind all grants to the University unfavourable to the free exercise of his power as Archbishop; (4) of the excommunications so often launched against kings, nobles, and prelates, and the sentence of interdict directed against the whole kingdom; (5) of the appointment of legates, to whom even the Archbishops were subjected, to examine into the state of the English Church, and pass such decrees in the name of the Roman Pontiff as might correct faults, establish discipline, and promote the interests and honour of the Church; and (6) of even the grievances resultant from the disposal of benefices to men who neither

[1] Matt. Paris, ad h. ann. [2] Walsingham, *Hist. Ang.* p. 161

knew the language nor ministered to the spiritual wants of the English, and from the demands of money made by the Papal Court; all establish the same great fact that England was in its entirety subject to the Holy See, like the rest of Western Christendom. Even when complaining of oppression, the Suffragans of Canterbury as well as the English Abbots kiss His Holiness' feet, and refer to the *special* devotedness of England to the most holy Roman Church.[1] They call him the Chariot of Israel and the Charioteer, and appeal to him because they are in trouble on his account.

Finally, the close union of England with the Holy See was made manifest from the assistance of our Prelates with those of the rest of Christendom at the Councils convened by His Holiness. Agatho actually delayed the time for meeting in Council to ensure the presence of Theodore. Wilfrid sat with the hundred and twenty-five Bishops assembled in Rome, and in that august assembly held a most distinguished place. To Anselm was assigned, at the Council of Bari, the task of refuting the error of the Greeks relative to the procession of the Holy Spirit, and his efforts were praised by the Pope before the hundred and twenty-three Fathers there assembled together. At the Synod held in Rome in the time of Innocent II, not only was the Archbishop of Canterbury, Theobald, present, but Simon of Worcester, Roger of Coventry, Robert of Exeter, and Reynald, Abbot of Evesham, also assisted by order of the Pope. The Canons of this Council were eventually brought to England, and there published by the Bishops in their respective dioceses. Eugenius III held a Council at Rheims, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury and three other prelates were invited; and at the Councils of Lateran, Florence, &c., the Church in this country was ably represented.

How in the face of facts like these, which constitute indeed the history of English Christianity from the sixth to the sixteenth century, some men who have the

[1] Matt. Paris, pp. 611, 612.

name of scholars, and who are supposed to be too honourable to palm a falsehood upon the public, can maintain that the Church of this country was always independent of Rome—was in fact an isolated, national Church, disconnected from the rest of Christianity—and that the idea of the Pontiff's supremacy is the greatest of historical delusions, is a mystery which can never be explained. Even Henry VIII, the founder of the Church of England, teaches them something very different from this in his work entitled *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, published by him in refutation of the errors of Luther, whilst he was himself still a Catholic and subject as such to the Roman Pontiff, Leo X; to whom, in fact, his work was dedicated, and for which the title of "Defender of the Faith" was given him by His Holiness. We will for the information of our readers translate a portion of this work regarding the Papal Supremacy. From it the reader will learn not only what was the Faith of Henry on this head, but also of Christendom. He will further see that this doctrine was looked upon as old; so old indeed that its origin could not be assigned to a period later than the apostolic days.

"I will not," he says, "so far wrong the Pontiff as to discuss anxiously and carefully his right, as if it were a matter of doubt. It is sufficient for my present purpose that his enemy is so much carried away by fury as to destroy his own credit, and clearly show that through malice he is neither consistent with himself nor knows what he says. For he cannot deny that every Church of the faithful acknowledges and venerates the Roman See as its Mother and Primate, unless indeed distance of place and intervening dangers hinder access thereunto: although if those who come hither from the Indies speak the truth, even the Indians, separated from us by so many lands and seas and deserts, are subject to the Roman Pontiff. Therefore if the Pope has obtained this wide and greatly extended power neither by the command of God nor the will of man, but has seized it by force, I fain would know of Luther when he rushed into the possession of so great a territory. The origin of such immense power cannot be

obscure, especially if it began in the memory of man. But should he say that it is not older than one or two centuries, let him point out the fact from histories; otherwise, if it be so ancient that the origin of so great a power is obliterated, let him know that it is allowed by the laws that he whose right ascends so far beyond the memory of man that its origin cannot be traced, had a lawful beginning; and that it is forbidden by the consent of all nations to move those things which have been for a long time unmoved. Truly, if any one will study the monuments of past deeds he will find that formerly, after the pacification of the world, nearly all the Churches of the Christian world obeyed the Romans. We even find that though the Empire was translated to Greece, it was subject, except in times of schism, to the Roman Church. In respect to the primacy of the Church, St. Jerome clearly shows how much we ought to defer to the Roman See, when he openly declares that though he himself was not a Roman, it was sufficient for him that the Roman Pontiff approved his faith whoever else might disapprove of it. When Luther so impudently asserts, and this against his former declaration, that the Pope has no kind of power over the Catholic Church, no, not so much as human, but that he has by sheer force usurped the sovereignty, I greatly wonder how he should expect his readers to be either so credulous or dull as either to believe that a priest, without any weapon or company to defend him (as doubtless he was before he became possessed of that which Luther says he has usurped), could ever have hoped to gain, without any right or title, such empire over so many Bishops, his equals, in so many different and distant nations; or that all people should believe that all cities, kingdoms, provinces, had been so reckless of their own affairs, rights, and liberties, as to give to a strange priest an amount of power over them, such as he could have hardly dared to hope for. But what matters it what Luther thinks about this matter, who through anger and malice is ignorant of his own opinion, whilst he clearly shows that his knowledge is darkness, and that his foolish heart is blinded and given up to a

reprobate sense to do and say those things which are not fitting? How true is that saying of the Apostle: 'Though I have prophecies and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so as to remove mountains, and have no charity, I am nothing'; of which charity Luther shows how devoid he is, not only by himself perishing through fury, but much more by endeavouring to draw all others with him into destruction; whilst he strives to dissuade them from obeying the Chief Bishop, to whom he himself is bound by a triple bond, as a Christian, as a priest, and lastly as a friar—hereafter to be punished by God in a 'triple way."[1]

In his Prefatory Letter, addressed to His Holiness—"the most Holy Father"—Henry expresses his love for his faith, and dedicates the work to the Pope, that under his protection, who is Christ's Vicar upon earth, it may pass public censure. "If," he adds, "we have erred in anything, we offer it to be corrected as it may please your Holiness." The Pontiff, in reply, praises Henry's faith, and in the following emphatic words confers on him as a reward the title of "Defender of the Faith." "We, the true Successor of St. Peter, whom Christ before His Ascension left as His Vicar upon earth, and to whom He committed the care of His flock, presiding in this Holy See whence all dignities and titles have their origin, have decreed to bestow on your Majesty this title, Defender of the Faith. And as we have by this title honoured you, we *likewise command all Christians that* they name your Majesty by this title, and that in their writing to your Majesty, immediately after the word King, they add, Defender of the Faith."

Such was the faith of England as avowed by Henry. And this belief continued for many years afterwards. When Warham died (in August, 1532) the approbation of his successor, the vile, vacillating Cranmer, was procured from Rome; and no fewer than thirteen Bulls connected with this appointment and the transmission of the pall were sent from Rome to England. The

[1] *Assertio*, &c. Lond., 1521.

new Archbishop took the usual oaths, promising allegiance and submission to the Holy See. Henry, too, applied to the Pontiff for permission to divorce Catherine and marry Anne Boleyn. For this purpose messengers after messengers were sent from England to Rome and from Rome to England, nor did the appeals cease so long as hopes could be entertained of inducing the Pontiff to accede to Henry's wish. Hope failed, and then the English Sovereign, notwithstanding the belief of his fathers, and the belief of his kingdom, and of all nations in communion with Rome ; notwithstanding, too, his own belief and his recently published profession, separated himself at the suggestions of an unprincipled favourite, Cromwell, from the Holy See and from the whole of Christendom, and established a new Church which was to derive from him as supreme Head all its jurisdiction and authority. "The authority and jurisdiction of the Pontiff was excluded from the realm," [1] and all clergymen were forced to swear "that they freely renounced the jurisdiction and authority of the Bishop of Rome," and that "neither the See nor the Bishop of Rome hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, or authority within this realm." Martin Luther must have laughed at the royal theologian and his sycophants in this hour of Henry's vacillations and Boleyn's power.

The oath is still taken, notwithstanding the history of Christendom, and especially of England. In consequence of this change, the Church of England forfeited every mark of a true Church ; she was divided, isolated, the Church of a nation—Protestant. And so little did the Sovereigns of the land imagine that the Church of England would stultify itself by assuming the title of Catholic, that they honestly declared, as they still declare, on the day of their coronation that "they will to the utmost of their power maintain . . . *the Protestant reformed religion, established by law*," and not the faith of Christendom, known then, as well as now, by the glorious name of *Catholic*.

[1] Wilkins, iii. 769, 771.

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St. Philip Neri,

"Apostle of Rome,"

AND

FOUNDER OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE ORATORY.

(1515–1595.)

BY G. AMBROSE LEE.

"The fear of the Lord shall delight the heart, and shall give joy and gladness and length of days." Ecclesiasticus i. 12.

PHILIP—or as his name is registered in the Church of St. John Baptist, "Filippo Romolo,"—the son of Francesco Neri and his wife Lucrezia Soldi, was born on the 21st of July, 1525 in the city of Florence. His parents were members of wealthy Tuscan families, and moreover were pious Catholics, whose care was, by example and good instructions to bring up their four children in the careful practice of their holy religion.

From five years of age Philip was remarkable for the implicit obedience which he paid to even the least commands or wishes of his parents; and this obedience was extended to his father's second wife, between whom and the subject of our sketch the tenderest attachment existed, his step-mother on her death bed constantly repeating Philip's name, saying that it refreshed her even to think of him. From his infancy, Philip showed an

unusual affection for prayer, mortification, and religious exercises; taking pleasure in such things, rather than in dressing altars and the like. Nor did this early piety, as is not unfrequently the case, render him distasteful to his companions, for it was accompanied by such good humour and gentle gaiety, as to gain for him amongst them the affectionate title of "Good Pippo." He had an ardent desire to share in the sufferings of our Lord, and bore with the greatest patience all his youthful illnesses, rejoicing when the pain was severe and protracted, inasmuch as it brought him nearer to Him Who had endured so much for his sake.

When Philip had successfully completed the ordinary course of studies of a youth of that period, his parents, anxious also for his worldly success, sent him to Naples, to the establishment of a relative, who was there the head of an extensive commercial establishment and had himself felt a great attraction towards "Good Pippo." Philip, however, had already secretly determined to devote his life to the service of Almighty God; and though in obedience to his father's wish he applied himself very diligently to the studies of his new position in his relative's establishment, he spent all his spare time, including often whole nights, in prayer, generally before a crucifix in a little lonely chapel among the mountains, at the foot of which St. Germano is situated. Thus two years passed, Philip becoming more and more detached from the world and worldly things, and his purpose of forsaking them becoming stronger and clearer; while his relative found the diligence in business and amiability of character of his young assistant both profitable and attractive.

At the end of this period, when he had reached his eighteenth year, Philip, in spite of his relatives affectionate entreaties and offers of the inheritance of his great wealth, bade farewell to St. Germano; and alone, with no provision for the way, no money, no plans, trusting all his future entirely to God, turned his steps towards Rome. In 1533 he entered the Holy City, and from that

time till the day of his death never left the neighbourhood of Rome. An accidental meeting with Galleotto Caccia, a Florentine gentleman, procured for him a home and the tutorship to Caccia's two sons, whom he educated in habits of great piety and virtue. Here Philip's life was one of great austerity. Ordinarily he ate only once a day, his meal consisting of a small loaf and some water, to which was occasionally added a few olives or some vegetables; and even this poor food was sometimes omitted for three days at a time. He slept on the floor only, his few clothes hung on a cord stretched across the room. His duties towards his pupils did not prevent Philip from making marked progress in his own studies, and becoming distinguished both in Philosophy and Divinity. It was impossible that so clear a light should be hidden, and the fame of his sanctity began to be spread about, and even reached Florence. From piety, curiosity, or want of excitement, numbers sought his acquaintance; but reserved and cautious, Philip formed but few intimacies, dreading the loss of time or the weakening of his hold on spiritual things consequent on useless or idle conversations; and he therefore gave up from prayers and studies, only that time which duty or charity demanded.

Philip's humility, piety, and love of virtue did not exempt him from some of the usual and most insidious temptations of youth. On one occasion he was addressed by some evil persons resolved to corrupt his morals and lead him to sin, but he spoke to them with such strength and fervour that they not only abandoned the attempt but were touched with true sorrow and repentance. On another occasion some persons had been hidden in his room, and these, when he entered, closed the door to prevent his escape; but the Saint betook himself to prayer, and in shame and confusion his tempters presently retired. Interior temptation also he suffered, until he was over fifty years of age; but although tried, God never permitted him to fall, humility and constant mortification of the senses, even in the smallest things, being his chief safeguards.

Having led a very solitary and austere life for about two more years, Philip determined to add to his former studies, that of Philosophy and Theology, and these he pursued most successfully under some of the first professors of his day; he also constantly read and meditated upon the Holy Scriptures, acquiring great readiness and accuracy of applying them, of which on occasion he would avail himself, to the great edification of his hearers. Having now made, as he considered, sufficient advancement in learning, both religious and secular, Philip laid aside his studies and gave up his life entirely to God. Long and frequent prayer, constant mortifications and penance, the nightly practice of the pilgrimage known as "The Seven Churches,"*—a distance of twelve miles—and frequent visits to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian outside the city, kept him separated almost entirely from the society of men, though often he would stop to instruct the groups of poor who congregate around the entrances of the principal churches and basilicas. At this period, as before, although favoured by Almighty God with many great sensible consolations, Philip was constantly exposed to grievous and distressing temptations. When he was twenty-nine years old, shortly before the feast of Whitsuntide, and while he was engaged in prayer to the Holy Ghost, to whom he had a most fervent devotion, Philip experienced so extraordinary a rapture, that, on recovering from it, he found by his side just over his heart, a swelling as large as a man's fist, which after his death was ascertained to be caused by the opening of two of his ribs, which was thrust forward, apparently to allow his heart or other vessels full play, for from this time till his death he was affected by an extraordinary palpitation of the heart, which came on when he was performing any spiritual action, and which was often so

* The Seven Churches are :—St Peter's ; St. John Lateran ; St. Mary Major ; The Holy Cross of Jerusalem, situated on different sides of the city ; St. Laurence's outside the walls, two miles out of the city on the Tiburtin road ; St. Paul's on the Ostian road, five miles from the old Forum, and St. Sebastian's on the Appian road.

vehement as to shake his chair or anything with which he came in contact. In addition to this marked manifestation of Divine favour, Philip sometimes felt in the region of his heart such an extraordinary heat that even in the middle of the winter he could scarcely bear his doublet fastened, and on the coldest nights his window was often open, and other measures taken to moderate the intense heat. No remedies however—and many were tried—affected these visitations, and though the Saint strove to hide them, their effects were too patent to all, and even the physicians who attended him in his illnesses had no doubt of their supernatural character. When he had lived thus a retired life for a considerable time, Philip feeling himself called by God to the conversion of souls quitted his solitude and began a sort of missionary life amongst the frequenters of the squares, shops, and other places of resort in the city. His success was marvellous. For by his natural sweetness of manner and power of attraction he gained a great and salutary influence over men, even over many of those who were leading the worst lives. Numbers of his converts left the world and either served God in religion or as secular priests; indeed so many were these, that St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, who was at that time in Rome, used to call him "the Bell" because while calling others into the Church, Philip himself remained in the world. Nor were the efforts of Ignatius to induce Philip to enter his Society successful, God having another sphere of work for his chosen servant. To his great zeal for souls, Philip joined the exercise of many corporal works of mercy, which at this time were not much used, at least by men in the world, such as visiting and serving the sick in the hospitals, attending them when dying, and helping and cheering them by his bright and refreshing conversation and presence. In these good works he was soon joined by many devout persons, both lay and ecclesiastic, and sometime afterwards, the Order of Ministers of the Sick was founded for the same object by St. Camillus of Lellis, one of Philip's spiritual children.

One of the results of Philip's labours for souls was, about the year 1548, the foundation of a sort of gild or confraternity, the members of which met together for the reception of the Sacraments, prayer in common and for other pious works. On the first Sunday in every month and at other holy seasons they took it in turns to watch before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for the Forty Hours Prayer, a devotion but recently introduced from Milan. Some two years later, on the occasion of the Jubilee of Pope Julius III., they added to the above good works, that of receiving and caring for the poor pilgrims who daily arrived in Rome to visit the holy places. For this purpose a small house was hired, and as the work increased, a larger one; and here Philip and his companions constantly laboured with the most perfect charity to assist and help all who came to them. This confraternity, which was known as that of the Most Holy Trinity, rapidly increased, and on the occasion of subsequent Papal Jubilees, received enormous numbers of pilgrims, who were attended to by pious people in the city; cardinals, prelates and princes being often among those who came out of devotion to assist in this good work.

Philip had long ago determined to devote his life to the service of Almighty God, but in his humility had intended to do this as a layman. His confessor, however—a holy priest named Persiano Rosa—seeing his great power with souls, persuaded Philip to submit to his direction and prepare for Holy Orders, and in consequence, he was ordained priest on the 23rd of May 1557, being then thirty-six years old.

Philip was about the middle height, with a fair complexion and cheerful countenance. In his youth he was very handsome; his forehead was high and broad; his nose aquiline; his eyes small and blue, rather sunk, but of a very lively expression; his beard was short and black, but in his old age became quite white.

After his ordination Philip went to live in community with Persiano Rosa and a small company of priests, at the

church of St. Jerome of Charity. No special rules were observed, nor was there any superior, all living together a very tranquil and holy life. Meals were not eaten in common, but by each one in his own room, though they all constantly united in prayer and the frequentation of the Sacraments. Her Philip began the practice, which he never afterwards interrupted, of saying Mass daily, unless hindered by some serious illness, and even then he always received Holy Communion. His Mass was always a wonderful act of devotion. Often during it he fell into raptures, in which his body would be seen raised from the earth; his hand trembled with joy at contact with the sacred elements, and so absorbed did he become in prayer and ecstacy that he had often to be roused to continue the Mass, which, on account of these raptures, was, towards the end of his life, always said, privately in a little chapel in the house. After the *Agnus Dei*, the server was accustomed to retire, lock the door, and leave the Saint for two hours alone. What passed then between God and His servant none can tell, but his server said he looked as one who had just breathed out his soul to God.

The times in which St. Philip lived were very troubled ones. Civil and other wars distracted the Continent, and while religion often formed the ostensible cause of long and sanguinary conflicts, men themselves lived, as a rule, very remissly, observing the rules of the Church rather in the letter than the spirit, even when they did not disregard them altogether. Philip with his holy companions looked on this state of affairs with great solicitude and anxiety, and made it their first aim to lead men back, through the Sacraments, to God. Frequent confession and communion were the remedies he employed for the fatal laxity of the age. He was always ready to hear confessions; early in the morning, in his own room; after daybreak in the church, where he often spent the whole morning in the confessional. To young men and boys he most especially devoted himself; he would invite them to his room, speak to them, in the most winning

way, of the things of God, and often take them about with him to different churches to Mass or office. The younger children when with him often made a great deal of noise, romping and playing as children always do. A Roman gentleman once, wondering at the uproar made by them, asked Philip how he could possibly bear it. Philip instantly replied, "They may chop fire-wood on my back, so long as they do not sin." He never allowed any of his children to be in low spirits, and directly he noticed a want of cheerfulness in any of them, he would ask him why he was in such a mood, perhaps accompanying his question with a playful box on the ear, and concluding it with an admonition to be merry.

As the number of those whom he attracted round him increased, Philip, finding his own little room too small to hold them all, obtained, in 1558, permission from the authorities of St. Jerome to fit up one side of the church above the nave, and here he furnished an oratory and transferred to it the spiritual exercises which had hitherto taken place in his room.

Here every day Philip used to assemble his disciples, and after a time began those familiar discourses—still given in the churches of the Congregation of the Oratory—which partake more of the character of spiritual conferences than of regular sermons. The lives of the Saints, ecclesiastical history, and spiritual subjects, illustrated from the Word of God or the writings of the Fathers, formed the staple of these discourses, or—as not unfrequntly they then were—dialogues. Prayer and the singing of psalms or hymns* concluded the exercises. Formed on the model of the ancient apostolical and primitive assemblies, and approved by the authority of the Holy See, these were, and have been since, the means of sanctification to myriad of souls.

* It is not generally known that "Oratorios" or performances of religious music, vocal and instrumental, derive their name from having been first introduced by St. Philip at the Oratory in Rome, in order to attract people to the Exercises. Thence they spread to other cities, and are now a popular recreation in Protestant England.

Philip also instituted the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches, to which allusion has been made above. Several times a year, generally at the seasons of public feasting or holiday-making, such as the Carnival and the days after Easter, the Saint, accompanied by his spiritual sons, would start from the Basilica of St. Peter, and in the course of the day accomplish this long and tedious pilgrimage. When this devotion was first instituted Philip had between twenty and thirty companions, but before his death this number swelled to upwards of two thousand persons.

Philip's great devotion to the Passion of our Divine Lord led him at one time to conceive a fervent desire to go to India, to which country the reports of the Jesuit missionaries were then first attracting attention, in order that he might if need be shed his blood for the love of Christ; but a holy monk, whom he consulted on this subject, told him that it was the will of God that *Rome should be his India.* Philip accepted his mission, and never after left the city.

In the year 1564 the Saint was desired by the inhabitants of Florence to become the head of a confraternity of ten priests established by papal authority at their church of St. John in Rome. Philip however declined, saying that he could not bring himself to leave St. Jerome's. The Florentines pressed their request, and when they had obtained the countenance of the Pope, Pius IV, Philip yielded, on condition that he should not be obliged to leave St. Jerome's.

Philp found in the small community at St. John's a fair field for the undertaking, towards which his attention had long been turned. He saw clearly the immense advantages that might be derived from a congregation of secular priests living together in community: and, to this end, drew up forthwith a few constitutions which all at St. John's began to observe with great satisfaction. Twice a day all went to St. Jerome's, either to confess to the Saint, or for the sermons and spiritual exercises, while at home each took in turn the various domestic offices, waiting on each other, cooking, and the like. During the

two meals that were eaten in common, some portion of the Holy Scriptures or a spiritual book in the vernacular was read, after which some case of conscience or moral doubt was proposed by one of the community, and each in turn answered according to his own opinion. On the last day of the week all assisted in sweeping and cleansing the Church, this being the origin of the custom, still observed in the churches of the Congregation, of always omitting on this day the usual discourses and exercises.

About ten years later, in 1574, the Florentines prevailed on Philip to transfer the exercises, which it will be remembered had hitherto been held at St. Jerome's, to a spacious church which they had built for this purpose at St. John's. The multitude that assembled here to take part in them increased very much, many bishops, prelates, and religious being amongst the number, and a great improvement in the manners and morals of the city was the result.

It must not however be supposed that Philip, during this period had met with no trials or crosses such as always beset those who work for the glory of God and the good of souls,—either from tepid brethren or malicious enemies. When in 1552 the exercises were first started at St. Jerome's, many illnatured persons did all in their power, both openly and secretly, to abuse and calumniate both the Saint and his work.

Amongst those who felt themselves most aggrieved by the success of Philip's spiritual labours were the two sacristans at St. Jerome's, who, for about two years, did all in their power, both by calumny, and even personal insults to drive Philip from the church. The Saint, however, did not allow himself to be in the slightest degree disturbed by these injuries and affronts, making light of them and laughing about them, but always behaving to their authors with the greatest kindness and humility, and never letting an opportunity slip of doing them a service. The eventual result of Philip's great and long-continued patience was that one after another his enemies were touched with remorse and compassion,

humbly asked his pardon, and went about publishing everywhere the sanctity of the holy Father.

But these were slight matters compared with the storm that arose in Rome in 1559, against the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches. On account of this, every base and selfish motive was imputed to the Saint,—pride, a desire for notoriety; and even the pilgrimage was by some described as a flimsy excuse for a mere pic-nic or merry-making. Philip bore all this ill-natured abuse with the greatest patience and tranquillity, making excuses for those who were his chief detractors and always speaking most kindly to them. The rumours against him increased however, and at last reached the ears of the Pope's Vicar, who, misled by their purport, sent for Philip, and admonished him with great severity, commanding him to discontinue the exercises till he obtained fresh leave: not to go about with any company of persons, and to abstain from hearing confessions for a fortnight, threatening him also with imprisonment if he disobeyed, and generally treating him with extreme and unnecessary harshness. The Saint very modestly explained, that, as he had begun the exercises for the glory of God, so for His glory would he leave them off; that he should always prefer the injunctions of his superiors to his own plans; and that his only object in introducing the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches had been to give his penitents recreation and to keep them out of the sins so general during Carnival time. The Vicar was not however to be pacified. "You are an ambitious man," he replied, with violence, "and what you do, you do not for the glory of God, but to make yourself head of a party." Philip, turning to a crucifix and saying "Lord, Thou knowest if what I do is to make myself head of a party, or for Thy service," went away. He was not however at all disconcerted at this undeserved opposition to his work, but excused the authors of it in the best manner he was able, and constantly said to his followers, "This persecution is not for you but for me; God wishes to make me humble and patient; and be sure

that as soon as I have gained from it the fruit which God intends and am thoroughly mortified, the persecution will cease." And indeed a short time afterwards, the Pope, Paul IV, hearing of the whole affair and of the Saint's patience and modesty, concluded that his actions were under God's guidance, and gave him full leave to resume both the exercises and the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches. Several other attacks on the Saint are recorded, but as they were very similar in outline and detail, to the above, and ended in like manner in the discomfiture of his traducers, a mere reference to them is sufficient.

It will be recollected that Philip had at the earnestly expressed wish of the Florentines and the special desire of the Pope undertaken the charge of the Florentine Church of St. John. The outcome of one of the malicious persecutions above alluded to was, that the removal of Philip and all whom he had placed at St. John's was discussed and advocated by certain of the Florentines, who had listened to some wretched calumny of his enemies. No resolution was however arrived at, but the Saint, considering the danger which menaced his people of finding themselves without either church or house, in which to meet and carry on the exercises, concluded that the community now needed a more secure foundation and a church of its own. Two churches were proposed for this purpose, and by the advice of the Pope, Gregory XIII, Philip chose that of St. Mary of Vallicella, which, being in a much frequented part of the city, was well suited for the exercises. Here, in 1575, Pope Gregory confirmed by Bull, dated July 15th, the constitutions of a Congregation of secular Priests, named "The Congregation of the Oratory."* St. Mary's was but a small

* Priests of the Congregation of the Oratory are, in Italy, called Filippini. The French Oratory, although formed upon a similar plan, differs in several material points from the Italian Oratory. It was founded by Cardinal Peter de Berulle in 1611. This Berulle accompanied Henrietta Maria to England, on her marriage with King Charles I.

church and in bad repair, and although they had no funds, Philip, having the greatest faith in the providence of God, ordered the church to be pulled down and plans prepared for a grand and spacious building to replace it. Although he refused to beg, money came in unexpectedly and in sufficient quantities to complete the handsome building near the Monte Giordano, which is still known as "La Chiesa Nuova."* On the third of February 1557, the first Mass was celebrated in it by the Archbishop of Florence, in the presence of an immense multitude; and in April of the same year, when Philip had given up all connection with St. John's, the community and the exercises were moved to St. Mary's; and, the former increasing to a hundred and thirty persons, some extra buildings had to be provided in which to lodge them.

Although the Oratory was thus securely established, so much did Philip shrink from being looked upon as its founder, that for six years, in spite of the entreaties of the Fathers, he continued to live at St. Jerome's where it will be remembered he had never ceased to reside, even during the time when the exercises were being held at the Florentine church of St. John. He excused himself from their entreaties in his usual playful manner, but the Fathers, feeling how essential for the Congregation was the presence of its head, at length petitioned the Pope to give Philip an obedience to live with them at the Vallicella. This petition the Pope considered reasonable, and ordered Philip by all means to take up his abode at the new church. The Saint, always a lover of obedience, especially to the Vicar of Christ, instantly obeyed, and on St. Cecilia's Day 1583, left St. Jerome's, where he had lived for three and thirty years, and went to St. Mary's. He could not avoid being chosen Superior for life; but stripped the office of every outward distinction, and would have no other title than that of "Father." He had no idea of introducing a new Order, saying that his children were to be

* "The New Church." It is one of the largest and most highly decorated churches in Rome.

bound by no tie but that of charity, and that though he wished them to imitate religious in their perfection, they were in all outward things to live as secular priests and clerics. Nor were they required to renounce such worldly possessions as they might have, the Saint wishing in fact, to make the community life a tempting refuge for those who could not join any of the religious orders on account of the severity of the rule, and yet who wished for a retirement where they could serve God more freely and more perfectly than in the world. The constitutions of the Congregation, which, with the advice of several persons of piety, learning, and prudence, the Saint drew up, were finally approved and confirmed in an Apostolic Brief dated February 24, 1612, by Pope Paul V, and were generally formed on the same idea as those which Philip had established at St. John's, which we have briefly sketched above.

Hitherto it has been endeavoured to give the reader a short and concise account of the rise and progress of the Congregation of the Oratory and the Saint's connection with it. We may now briefly consider some of his virtues, and the extraordinary favours and graces granted to him by Almighty God. He had the most tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, feeling the greatest sensible delight in Its presence, and at Communion he could scarcely restrain his raptures and ecstacy. His little silver-gilt chalice may still be seen at Rome, the gilding worn off, the silver even dented with the marks of his teeth, as if he could not separate himself even from the vessel which had contained the Blood of his Lord. Once when he was so ill that the doctors thought he was dying, the priest who was waiting on him, fearing the effect on Philip of his tears and devotion, gave directions that he should not be communicated. After a delay which seemed to the Saint endless, he sent for the priest and said, "I tell you I cannot sleep for the desire I have for the Blessed Sacrament; make them bring me Communion; I shall go to sleep as soon as I have received it." And indeed as soon as he had communicated he began to amend. Another time

when he was near his death, the priest who was giving him Communion, held the Host in his hand for some time and was slow in giving It to him. "Antonio, why do you hold my Lord in your hand, and not give Him to me?" said Philip, unable to endure the delay: and the priest was so touched by his devotion and simplicity as to burst into tears. Philip's devotion to the Mother of God was most childlike and touching. He spoke of and to her as if she were actually his mother, calling her "Mamma mia," and by other endearing titles. He had two ejaculations which he was constantly making in her honour. The first was "Virgin Mother of God, pray to Jesus for me a sinner;" the second, simply, "Virgin and Mother," for he said that in these words all the possible praises of Our Lady were briefly comprised. Of these two prayers he taught his penitents to make a chaplet or rosary, while he himself almost always carried beads in his hand in order to practice this devotion.

Philip's humility and self-mortification were remarkable and unusual, and clearly indicate the great height of sanctity to which he attained. One of his chief studies was to get himself looked upon as a mean and worthless person, and to do this he would mortify himself both in public and private with every variety of mortification. Indeed he constantly said and did things, which, if looked at externally, only seem frivolous and foolish; but beneath which those who knew Philip's estimate of the world's approbation were able to detect the spirit of a real saint. Distinguished foreigners and great people would sometimes go to see him whom Rome and elsewhere proclaimed so saintly, and would be astonished to find the old man apparently absorbed in listening to somebody reading aloud some silly jest or story book, of which he kept a supply near him for this purpose. Once he had half his beard shaved off, and enjoyed the ridicule thus brought upon him; indeed he seldom let a day pass without devising some mortification or means of making himself a laughing-stock.

Nor was he less solicitous of the spiritual advance-

ment of his penitents than of his own. To keep his children humble and make them regardless of their reputation and the esteem of men, was his constant care; and numberless were the inventions he hit upon to do this. One of the most influential men at court had a dog which he prized very much, and petted in the most extraordinary way. It happened that one morning a gentleman of his suite brought this dog with him to St. Jerome's, and directly Philip began to caress it, the dog took such a fancy to him that it would not leave his rooms, although the Saint sent it back to his master time after time. At first the owner of the dog was very much annoyed at this; he petted it more than ever to hinder it from running away, and even kept it tied up for some days. At last seeing that it always ran off to St. Jerome's as soon as it was let loose, although Philip had nothing to give it but a bit of bread, he said laughingly, in allusion to some of his gentlemen who at Philip's persuasion had left his service in order to serve God more perfectly, "Father Philip is not contented with taking men from me, but must needs take even my animals." The Saint made great use of this dog in mortifying his spiritual children. Although it was very large he would sometimes carry it himself, and often made one or other of his penitents carry it in their arms through the streets; sometimes he set them to wash and comb it; and sometimes he made them lead it, tied with a chain or cord, through Rome, when he himself went out walking, making use of it for his own mortification as well as theirs; for the dog, in dog-fashion, was always trying to run on, dragging his leaders after him—an undignified and trying position. The various mortifications in which this dog played a part lasted for fourteen years, and it became known as "the cruel scourge of human minds." It would never leave Philip, and died in his room.

When he went to live at St. Mary's, for a similar purpose Philip left a cat at St. Jerome's, and for six years daily sent some of his people to look after her, and to fetch meat from the butcher's for her. When they re-

turned, though they were often noblemen, in the presence of whoever happened to be there with him—cardinals or prelates—he always asked after the cat, how she was, whether they had made her comfortable, if she had eaten well, and other questions, as if it were a matter of the greatest and most pressing importance, to the intense astonishment, as we may well imagine, of his illustrious visitors. It is worthy of remark however that all the mortifications which Philip imposed on his penitents and others, were most carefully adapted to their dispositions and needs, and were almost invariably accepted cheerfully and willingly, thus producing in the penitent's souls the fruit at which the Saint was aiming. He often repeated the sentence of St. Bernard, "Despise the world, despise nothing, despise yourself, despise being despised," sometimes adding, "But these are the gifts of the Most High," or some expression showing the importance he attached to mortification, or his opinion of its difficulty.

It has been said by theologians that the virtue of patience is both the most difficult, and the last to attain to in the order of grace. Philip possessed this virtue in the highest degree. No one ever saw him angry or depressed. He was always cheerful and innocently gay, and his community used to say "You may say or do what you like to Father Philip and insult him as you please, but you cannot put him out of temper." Sometimes indeed, for the good of his spiritual children, or to correct them if needful, he would put on a severe look or pretend to be greatly displeased; but as soon as the desired effect had been attained he would laugh, and perhaps say, "Did not you think I was in a passion?" or, "Well, are you scandalized at me, eh?" Being of a delicate constitution, scarcely a year passed without Philip being attacked by fevers, which lasted a long time, and during which he suffered much and keenly. But he bore all without murmuring or showing the least impatience. "Lord, increase my suffering, but increase my patience too," he would pray, and he would tell any of his disciples who

grumbled at troubles or crosses, that there is no surer or clearer mark of God's love than adversity, and that they should never fly from a cross, for they would be sure to come upon a greater one instead. It was remarked too, that when he was ill, instead of receiving consolations from his visitors, he ministered consolation to them, entertaining them in his usual winning way. He did not however advise his penitents to ask for troubles from God, saying that it is no little thing, to bear patiently what God sends one day by day, these being sufficient for our sanctification.

Philip was so favoured by God with ecstacies and divine visions, that it may almost be said that half his life on earth was passed in the sensible presence of his God. He was often seen by many people with his whole body raised in the air; sometimes during his Mass, or often when he was praying in St. Peter's or other churches. Once a little girl who was at his Mass at St. Jerome's saw him raised nearly a foot from the ground, and turned to her mother with childish simplicity, saying, "Mother, I'm sure that Father must be possessed, see how he stays in the air!" but the mother replied immediately "Hold your tongue, it's a saint in an ecstacy." Others saw a bright light round his head during Mass, and relate how they rubbed their eyes with their pocket-handkerchiefs to, if possible, change the impression, which however remained as plain as before.

Philip had a great admiration for the founder of the Company of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola, whom he met in Rome. He used to say that the interior beauty of that holy man was so great that he could discern it in his countenance; and after his death, although he was not yet canonized, Philip used to go to his tomb to ask his prayers, and recommend himself to his protection. Philip was also known to bear a particular affection for the students of the English College in Rome, lately founded by the Pope to supply the oppressed and persecuted English Catholics with a missionary clergy. And whenever it happened that they met him in the streets

of Rome, he would most commonly return their salute with the words "Hail, flowers of martyrdom," for he knew that the noviciate commenced in Rome too often ended in the bloody profession of the gibbet and quartering-block in apostate England. Towards the end of his life, it also became customary with the students, as they left the Holy City to return to the dangers and honour of the English mission, to pay a visit to him, to ask his blessing and prayers.

Philip had a wonderful gift of reading the thoughts of his penitents and knowing the secrets of their hearts. Eventually this became well known among them, and if they chanced, when together, to begin any conversation not quite free from sin they would stop and say, "No, no, we must take care, for Father Philip will find us out." Many instances are related of him reminding his penitents of particular faults or sins which through carelessness, forgetfulness, or human respect, they had omitted to confess. Needless to say this knowledge was always for their spiritual good, and the penitents themselves were always the first to recognise this. Cardinal Frederick Borromeo (brother of the great St. Charles), speaking of Philip's power of detecting the secrets of men's hearts, says, "Philip possessed this power to such a degree that he perceived the changes from bad to good and from good to bad however brief the time in which they took place; so that when a certain person went into his presence on one occasion he said to him 'You have a bad look,' upon which the man retired and made some acts of contrition; and Philip, without in the least knowing that he had been praying, said to him when he saw him again shortly afterwards, 'Ah, since you went away, you have changed your look.'" And numbers of his penitents and disciples, at the process of his canonization, gave evidence to the same effect.

Cases of actual bodily possession by devils were at this period, as at other times, by no means uncommon, and God had bestowed upon our Saint the gift also of successfully exorcising possessed persons. Once, a young

woman was brought from a distant city to Philip, in order that she might be exorcised, as she was possessed by evil spirits. Being utterly uneducated, she spoke both Greek and Latin fluently, and was endued with such preternatural strength that several strong men were unable to hold her. Every time that Philip sent for her to perform the exorcisms, she had a knowledge of it, and used to say, "Now that priest is sending for me," and would then try to hide herself in various parts of the house. By the prayers of the Saint she was delivered from the power of the demons, and returned in peace to her own country, never afterwards being molested. Another time a woman, who said she was possessed, came to Philip, who laid his hands upon her head saying, "Go away; he will not molest you so much as before; let me see you again;" and some months passed without the evil one giving her any annoyance. After this however he returned upon her with such vehemence that five persons could not hold her, and a priest from St. Cecilia's church was sent hurriedly for. When he arrived he adjured the spirit to tell him where he had been during all this interval, and the devil replied that *that old man* had charged him not to harm the woman for that length of time.

Philip was the object of the most extraordinary esteem and reverence from his spiritual children and indeed of all who were brought into contact with him. Many looked upon him as a saint, and even before his death, used to preserve, and regard with great reverence any objects that he had touched or blessed. St. Charles, the great Archbishop of Milan, who knew him intimately, spoke of Philip to his own people as a saint, and recommended himself to his prayers with great earnestness; St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Catharine of Ricci, St. Camillus of Lellis, and many other holy servants of God reverenced him as a person of great and wonderful sanctity, and it is related that people came to visit him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and more distant parts of Christendom, even

infidels and Jews revering him as a good and holy man

In April of the year 1594 Philip was attacked by a tertian fever which lasted several days; and in the following month when he had scarcely recovered from this, he was seized by very violent pains in his loins, which in a few days utterly prostrated him, his pulse being scarcely perceptible, and his voice almost gone. He suffered indeed the most acute agonies, all of which he bore in great peace, with his accustomed patience. The doctors despaired of him, and his spiritual children and the community were overwhelmed with grief on hearing of the approaching end of their beloved Father. This however was not yet to be. For suddenly the watchers in his room heard the Saint begin to cry out with a loud voice, "He who desires aught else but God deceives himself shamefully; he who loves any other than God falls shamefully. Ah, my most holy Lady, my beautiful Lady, my blessed Lady." This was said most distinctly and with great earnestness, and on drawing the curtains of the bed which were closed round it, the aged Saint was seen with his hands held up, and his body raised about a foot in the air, while tears fell from his eyes. "I am not worthy," he continued, "my dear Lady, for who am I, that you should come to see me and take away my pain? and what shall I do if I get well, I who have never yet done any good?" All who were present felt a thrill of dread, wondering what would be the end of this mysterious change. Philip sank back on his bed, and the doctors then ventured to ask him what was the matter. He replied, "Did not you see the Blessed Virgin, who came to free me from my pain?" Then looking round as if to return to himself, and seeing so many persons present, he covered his face with the sheet and burst into tears. The doctors, fearing that this copious weeping would injure him seriously, entreated him to stop, saying, "No more, Father, no more." Philip answered openly, "I have no longer any need of your services, the Madonna has come and healed me;" and indeed the

fever was found to have quite left him, and the next morning he quitted his bed.

In the following year 1595, at the close of March, he was again seized with a fever, from which however he recovered sufficiently to say Mass and give Communion on SS. Philip and James' Day (May 1st) who were his special patrons, and this he continued to do daily up to the twelfth of May. On that day so violent an effusion of blood from his mouth occurred, that his life was immediately despaired of, and, as Viaticum could not be given an account of the hæmorrhage, Extreme Unction was administered, in the presence of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo. When Philip had received this Sacrament, he seemed to revive a little, and the Cardinal, seeing him better, left the room, to return with the Most Holy Sacrament, as he wished to give Philip Viaticum with his own hand. The instant he entered the chamber, the Saint opened his eyes, which till then had been closed, and joining with the most touching devotion in the customary prayers, received his Lord with the greatest ardour and devotion. Contrary to every expectation, Philip, although he had lost a great quantity of blood—a most serious thing to happen to a man of his age—to all appearance completely recovered, saying to the doctors who came to see him on the morning after this alarming seizure, "Be off with you; your services are not wanted; my remedies are a great deal more efficacious than yours; I sent the first thing this morning to give alms to several religious houses, to say Masses and pray to God for me, and from that time I have not lost any more blood, am free from pain, have no longer any difficulty in breathing, and feel so much better than I seem to have perfectly recovered." It was indeed true as the Saint said, for from that day until May 26th, Philip continued in perfect health, saying Mass and Office, hearing confessions and fulfilling all his priestly duties.

But the end was near. Long before, the Saint had foretold the time and all the circumstances of his death. The day before the Feast of Corpus Christi—which in this

year fell on May 25th—he sent for Fr. Peter Consolini and asked him, as if bidding him farewell, to say Mass for him. Fr. Consolini replied that he had done so that day, and that he always said Mass for the Father when he had no other obligation. "But," he added, "I hardly consider you are in want of it now, for you are quite recovered." Philip replied, "The Mass that I ask of you is not the Mass you speak of, but the Mass of the Dead."

On the morning of Corpus Christi he began hearing the confessions of his spiritual children very early; speaking to them with great earnestness, and embracing them with unusual tenderness and many marks of affection. He then said Mass two hours earlier than usual, and on coming to the *Gloria in excelsis*, he began to sing, a very unusual thing for him, and sang it through with great joy and devotion. After Mass he gave Communion to several persons, and again went to the confessional. During the day he was, as usual, visited by many people, among them his physician, who told him he had not been in better health for the last ten years. He heard the confessions of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo and some of the community, and conversed with all with his usual sweetness. Shortly after eleven he retired, laid down in bed, and dismissed all who were with him. At about two o' clock in the morning, Fr. Gallonio hearing him move, went to him and found him coughing violently and the blood flowing from his mouth. "Antonio," said the dying Saint, "I am going now." He then raised himself to a sitting position, whilst Fr. Gallonio hurriedly summoned the doctors and the members of the community. "Do not trouble yourselves to apply remedies," Philip said, "for I am dying," and it seemed as if he were only waiting for them all to be present, before he passed away. Amid the tears of the assembled community Fr. Baronius made the commendation of his soul to God, then, seeing that his last moments had come, said to him in a loud voice, "Father, are you going to leave us without saying a word to us? Give us, at least, your blessing." Philip slightly lifted his hand, and opening his eyes raised

them towards heaven, and kept them fixed there for some moments; then, turning them on his sons, he gently inclined his head towards the kneeling group, and closed them for ever in death.

His death was immediately followed by many striking miracles; and long before the Holy See had decreed to him the honours of the Blessed, he was generally regarded as a saint. The formal process of his canonization was, however, concluded by Pope Gregory XV in 1622, and since then his Congregation has spread through Italy to other countries, incurring a deep obligation of love and gratitude from all who have had experience of the happy and cheerful spirit of the good priest, who, in his lifetime, would accept no other name or title than "Father Philip."

It is perhaps impossible to overestimate the importance of the life-long work of this great servant of God. Like St. Charles in Milan, and Savonarola in Florence, his life was one long and successful battle against the influences of a licentious paganism, which under various disguises and often high-sounding titles, was then paralyzing so many limbs of once-Christian Europe. St. Philip, to meet and conquer the luxury and vice of his city and time, revived and made popular, amongst the most luxurious classes, the Christian simplicity of primitive ages; and showed thereby that it is quite possible to use and enjoy the good things of this life, without, on the one hand, seeking the solitude of the cloister, or, on the other, becoming besmirched and soiled by the world and the things of the world.

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